

They Can't Stop Us (feat. Gucci Mane)

Ralo

These haters done tried everything but ain't no way to stop us
Them haters hate on everything, they say everything 'bout us
I hear y'all niggas talkin' shit but I'm not worried 'bout ya
We did this shit without ya, I'm the nigga they watching
You keep buying pistols man but we keep buying choppers
If you fuck with Gucci Mane, we gon' shoot the block up
Niggas keep on poppin' shit, my niggas gon' pop up
These haters done tried everything but ain't no way to stop us

Ain't no reason for stoppin'

Catch me squeezin' and poppin'

Gucci speedin' in that Rari

My Lamborghini beside it

I'm the god of the trap, call me Ralo LaFlare

What you make in a year, we throw that shit in the air

My interviews got more views than your video

Movin' them birds got a nigga walking pigeon toed

I can't believe I got away with all that shit I sold

You brought your jewelry out for show, I got my shit off dope

I bet you won't believe I got more money than your favorite rapper

He can have more followers than me but I won't follow after 'em

Any time we go to war I promise we don't lose a battle

If you fuck with me it gon' be your life on the ground that matter

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These haters done tried everything but ain't no way to stop us Man my pockets look like I just did a bank robbery

An armored truck heist, all this motherfuckin' jewelry

And when I start sending slugs I'm the jury and the judge

I'm a hybrid, a mixture of a robber and a plug

I'm so violent, might have my youngins kill you in the club

I'm a tyrant, I'm texting everybody in the hood

These niggas lyin'

But I done made so much cheese I'm retiring

And I'm hiring

My shooters firing, you hearing sirens

Was scheming, lost some cooking blocks so tryna make it lock up
My traphouse like a pop up shop, I'm tryna run the guap up
Like a jack in the box I hit one button, my Rolls Royce top'll pop up
And if these niggas keep on poppin' shit, my niggas'll pop up
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I pull up in a Lam, it sound like a helicopter
You keep buying pistols man but we keep buying choppers
I hear y'all niggas talkin' shit but I'm not worried 'bout ya
Gucci Mane Sinatra, let me get that out ya
Don't you give me shit 'cause I'm gon' take it from 'em
I hated from 'em

Pull up on 'em, now we take your bomb, he lookin' dumb
We got more cabbage than a farm
Got more game than a don
Ain't gotta give a bitch a crumb
And she still gon' give me some nigga
I get that cash on the regular
All of these bitches be negative
None of these niggas competitive
Tell the robbers that there's better deals
I won't fall man, I never trip
I'ma ball and buy another whip
Tell me dog, I'ma get him killed

Instagrams, extra clips
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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