

# Can't Stop

## R.H.C.P.:

Mack OneDime excuse me playboy  
Aiight check this out aiight nigga check this out  
We crimeys right that mean you my partner in crime  
Like that check this out let's let 'em know summin'  
You know niggas should've been plugged up  
From L.A. to the Bay you understand we doin' big thangs  
Big thangs mothafucka big thangs fool, check it out  
Aiight One O this E. Feezee, I gotta, I gotta  
Thank my math teacher Count Dracula  
For just teachin' a brother to you know  
Count his marbles you know, what about you?  
You see I can't stop I won't stop 'til I check a mil'  
I need a super bad bitch and a house on the hill  
365, 7 days I believe crack pays  
My estates been guarded by pit bulls and AK's  
I'm straight cookin' them thangs, movin' weight like I should  
'Cause a nigga livin' good don't mean he went Hollywood  
Dog I practice my craft so each year I get better  
To stay ghetto and clever and be richer than ever  
Fonzerelli man I thought you was a rebel, I am but tell me this then  
Why you move up out the ghetto mothafucka I am the ghetto  
I beg yo pardon nigga I was grindin' tryin to take off niggas heads  
Flossin' and fuckin' hoes when you was in kindergarten  
Nigga this ain't Lenny and Squiggy this E-Feezee & Mack Teezee  
Fuckin' with Italian, Romaine pasta, chicken Tortellini  
Thirty odd six custodian, with the scope  
Far from Nickelodeon no shit no joke  
Southern Cali up North see we be rollin'  
Make a bitch purchase a gun report it stolen  
Plead the 5th but don't snitch, no case 'cause they're po po  
And they mami know that 12 gage equipment can be traced  
Stand on ya bunions nigga don't try to get caught in his drawers  
'Cause them 223's be penetratin' through walls  
Plus I got warrants and shit didn't pay child support  
Thinkin' about skippin' town movin' to Shreveport  
You see I can't stop I won't stop 'til I check a mil'  
I need a super bad bitch and a house on the hill  
From L.A. to the Yay see we be rollin'  
Make a bitch purchase a gun report it stolen

You see I can't stop I won't stop 'til I check a mil'  
I need a super bad bitch and a house on the hill  
See you my dude right that mean we pa'tnas in crime  
It's Forty Fonzarelli and Mack Dime Bitch  
Forty I'm the one bro that's in the mix like gumbo  
Now how can I stay humble and make feddy by the bundle  
Marv said we got bigger triggas Mack we got bigger figures  
Now throw the top back on the 'Rarri and bang gears on these niggas  
And watch what the money show you about niggas that don't know you  
Busters is gone hate real G's is happy foe ya  
It's Mack Dime on the grind fool it's my time to shine  
Now would you niggas kick back and let me get mine

Causin' havoc sparkin' up chaos bringin' the ruckus heavy metal heaters  
Mobb, under buckets if ya can't beat us then join us get on the team  
Streetsweepers grenades rifles and M1 car beams  
Dice games craps bets over car titlespink slips cash money  
Watchin' out for rival gang members beefin'  
Bad weather but it all boils down to who got the most paper  
You see I can't stop I won't stop 'til I check a mil'  
I need a super bad bitch and a house on the hill  
From L.A. to the Yay see we be rollin'  
Make a bitch purchase a gun report it stolen  
You see I can't stop I won't stop 'til I check a mil'  
I need a super bad bitch and a house on the hill  
See you my dude right that mean we pa'tnas in crime  
It's Forty Fonzarelli and Mack Dime Bitch  
I shoot 'em up like syringes I know what real ends is  
Lo lo's Harley Davis and big body Benzes  
Ain't been faded so far on my wrist  
I got a R hundred thousand dollar car 'cause I push the caviar  
So what's up what you need everybody huddle up  
Got that 2 for 1 special with the rock called double up  
So get lit take a hit shop is open all day  
From L.A. to the Bay it's Mack 10 and E-Fortaay  
Sometimes I wonder if it's worth this  
Fuckin' with the law tryna make it look like  
I'm runnin' a legitimate tow truck service  
With a 'Just Say No to Drug' bumper sticker on the back window  
Knowin' I been smokin' a gang of Indo  
Around the corner four houses down across the way way  
Make a right and then a left  
Over there by Safeway and when ya get there page me  
Punch in how much you wanna spend  
Seperate the 20's from the 1's, 5's and 10's

Slick, sly, sharp narcotic vendors  
Always do business in shopping centers  
Buck 'em stick 'em, stuck 'em don't ever fuck me  
Hate 'em, bleed 'em, love 'em shit can get ugly  
You see I can't stop I won't stop 'til I check a mil'  
I need a super bad bitch and a house on the hill  
From L.A. to the Yay see we be rollin'  
Make a bitch purchase a gun report it stolen  
You see I can't stop I won't stop 'til I check a mil'  
I need a super bad bitch and a house on the hill  
See you my dude right that mean we pa'tnas in crime  
It's Forty Fonzarelli and Mack Dime Bitch  
Who bang, who ride, who bang, who ride, who ride, who bang  
Who be ridin', who be bangin' westside ride nigga  
Who bang, who ride, who bang, who ride, who ride, who bang  
Who be ridin' who be bangin' westside ride nigga  
Fuck 'em and feed 'em cold sardines, cold sardines  
Fuck 'em, fuck 'em cold sardines, fuck 'em  
Fuck 'em, fuck 'em cold sardines

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>