

# Who Gon Stop Me

# JAY Z & ĐŠĐ°Đ½ÑŒĐµ Đ£Ñ•Ñ•Ñ,

This is something like the Holocaust  
Millions of our people lost  
Bow our heads and pray to the lord  
Til I die I'm a fuckin' ball  
Now who gon stop me?  
Who gon stop me huh?  
Who gon stop me?  
Who gon stop me huh?

Black cards, black cars, black on black, black broads  
Whole lotta money in a black bag  
Black strap, you know what that's for?

Who gon stop me huh?  
Who gon stop me huh?

Who gon stop me?  
No brakes, I need, State Farm  
So many watches I need eight arms  
One neck but got eight charms

Who gon stop me huh?

Niggaas talkin', they bitch made, Ix-nay off my dicks-nay

That's pig-Latin, itch-bay

Who gon stop me huh?

Last night ain't go so well

Got kicked up out the hotel

Got a little freaky like Marvin Albert

Yes! Tell Howard Cosell

You just a commentator, if you get me paper

Everybody I know from the hood got common haters

In some relations, you just supposed to say none

Heard she fucked the doorman

Well that's cool I fucked the waiter

Yeezy was racist, well, I guess it's on c

I only like green faces

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Y'all weed purple, my money purple  
Y'all Steve Urkel, I'm Oprah circle  
I wrote the verse, that I hope will hurt you

Who gone stop me huh?  
Beat the odds, beat the feds  
It wouldn't be wise, to bet against the kid  
Start me broke, I bet I get rich  
Night shift, six to six  
Gimmie one shot, one pot  
I'll show up in all white, wearing no socks  
No ceiling, new coupe  
They know I'm a dope boy  
They don't have no proof  
I'm 3 steps removed, I know how to move  
It's looking like, I don't know how to lose  
I'm winning again, I'm at the Wynn  
I'm at the table, I'm gambling,  
Lucky lefty, I expect a seven,  
I went through hell, I'm expecting heaven, I'm owed,  
See I'm thorough and I stuck to the G-code,  
I'm here, oh yeah, I promise I ain't going nowhere,  
Okay here, like a hare, like a rabbit, I like karats  
I'm allergic to having bunny ears,  
Like broke, like nope, like ha,  
I ain't no joke, I can't be stopped  
Like nope, like nope  
Extend the beat Noah

2 seats in the 911 uh, no limit on the black card ah  
Told y'all I was gonna go HAM uh, to the ocean was my backyard eh  
No lies in my verses hey, please pardon all the curses hey

Shit gotta come some way, fuck, when you growing up worthless uh  
Middle finger to my old life ugh, special shout out to my old head uh  
If it wasn't for your advice uh, a nigga would have been so dead uh  
I'm living life, 'til these niggas kill me  
Turn this up, if these niggas feel me  
I'm riding dirty, trying to get filthy  
Pabalo Picasso, Rothkos, Rilkes  
Graduated to the MoMA  
And I did all of this, without a diploma  
Graduated from the corner, y'all can play me  
For a motherfuckin' fool if you wanna,  
Street smart, and I'm book smart  
Could have been a chemist, 'cause I cook smart  
Only thing that can stop me is me, and I'm a stop when the hook start, hold up

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