

Can't Stop, Won't Stop

The Lox

Come on, yeah

[I'm comin]Come on, yeah

[I'm comin]Come on, yeah

[I'm comin]Come on, yeah

[I'm comin](2x)

Stlyes:

Can't stop, won't stop

Everything drop like panties, hot like Miami

Move like little black kid stealing candy

Barely seen, honnies call me barely cream

Real generals never fail eighteen

Would you believe, I know what's up your sleeve

If you said in your last time, (?)

And thought he saw the devil, Jay kissed his feet

You think not, as if

Sheek won't bring it to you, give you asthmas

Is he rockin cashmiere? Y'all know we don't pass there

Matter fact, I scoped out there last year

Hit him on the head said there ain't no cash there

Stay home, Styles about to hit Tony Rhomes

Puff out his own with this chick from Rome

(?), funny how I'm greedy, used to be needy

But now the Sean-Don keep the (?)

Chorus-Puff Daddy:

Too many people worried about what we got

Everything we drop will be hot

Puff Daddy and the Goodfellas don't stop

Can't stop, won't stop

(2x)

Sheek:

Hey, yo it's crazy we here now every chick want my baby

My career clear while your shit look hazy

Bang with us? I don't think so, we platinum plus

With no airplay so ain't shit for us to discuss

But when we hit, you can't understand how we did it

At home praticin tryin to learn how we spit it

Fourty-eight hours of old tea like Nick Nolte

Young but O-G's at this rap shit nigga please

One hit for all of us to start eatin
And wild stack on three weeks on bowell leather beats
Our parents are sharp like cactuses
And you can tell by chips, we sleep on mattresses
Dimes flooded out in the hidous
Shit you see in magazines, cut out we freak them hoes
Drop them clothes, double expose you in the lens
Now relax as we videotape you in the bed
(Chorus 2x)

Jay:

If we talk about dollars, only thing I turn down is my collar
Pull out turn them around, if he reach make him holler
Who runnin the town? The Goodfellas
Puff is the godfather, dog, so why bother?
With the third-person, you might catch me surfen
Money I be jerkin, my newborn be burpin
Can't stop, won't stop, I want respect
And I only bum heads with checks
In the suite with this honey from Bangladesh
Pop a snapple, I (?) lay on my chest
All I had to do was get it there, she doin the rest
Take a L to the head, then we listen to flex
Yes, the black hood, and I mack good
With hydro and chocolate mixed in backwood
Ask yourself, do you rap good or act good?
Baby we ain't gon' stop, but you should
(Chorus)

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