

Stop It

McGruff

"yeah, this one of them joints right here....feel this...."I got the world in my world in my clutches

Gettin' smoked, twirlin' dutches

Jingle everywhere I go, girls wanna fuck this

Fly guy, i'm'a die high smokin' my lye

Be on the low, can't find me, why try?

Ends I'm holdin' 'em

Chumps with no dough? heads I'm rollin' 'em

Sportin' cartier glass frames with the gold in 'em

What, done it, cop the benz six hundred

If I ain't gettin' blunted I'm probably in some chicks stomach

Lustin', y'all ain't my girl, we only fuckin'

Out two lifestyles on 'cause one joint be bustin'

Shootin' thug sperm, what the deal boo

Give you little welts and rug burns plus a meal too.Chorus -

Hey yo, stop it, if y'all think y'all gon' make a profit, take ya eyes

Off my pocket, all I wanna do is knock it, I got a wife just keep it in

The closet, late night you might see me creepin' through your projects.

(repeat)Verse 2:

How you livin'? plenty limos mansion, twenty windows

Menage trois nymphos, smokin' cigars with indo

Mega large'n far from some crab nigga starvin'

Get money plus be robbin', push cars thats foreign

Crisp gear on, rapid flip heron

Yo, to hell with some beer, me and my crew share don

I be icey, known for hittin' chicks like ya wifey

Now you don't like me, playa hatin' nigga bite me

You gabless, I'm established, livin' lavish

Until I perish me and my crew gon' get cabbage

And thats that, publishin' from ascap

My ass rap, but feds still flash that.Chorus 2xVerse 3:

In the n.y. electric chair, here men fry

New kids flippin' pies, fuedin' with different guys

I'm on the rise, low key, baggy karl kani's

Flexin' on the celly, skully over my eyes

Street wise, got ties to crime thats organized

Never took no shorts so you oughta recognize

Tote tecks, sport a icey rolex

Picture gruff spendin' one night with no sex

Shit, all these dames know gruff got bread

Be puffin' mad lye, I stay bloodshot red
Like a maxi, I ain't got no paper so don't ask me
Bitch caught the vapors said I raped her, tried to tax me
Stop it, if y'all think y'all gon' make a profit
Keep ya eyes off my pocket
All I wanna do is knock it
I got a wife just keep it in the closet
Late night you might see me creepin' through ya projects, yo...Chorus 2xWord, these girls is crazy yo....gold
diggas, always somethin' they
Wanna hold from a nigga, you know? ain't fuckin' with these
Chicks...these bitches is sour.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>