Who Gon Stop Me

The Throne

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 waitress
Heard Yeezy was racist, well, I guess it's on one basis
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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