

Stop (ft. Foxy Brown)

R. Kelly & Jay-Z

Yo, Duro, tell Rob to hurry up back in the booth, man
We got the Track joint

Yo, this Tone the referee, while I got your attention
I gotta say we set out to bring you the best possible heat
For your two step, me, Jigga and Kells
You know, so y'all just enjoy, alright

Yo, Rob you there? Yeah, your mic sound nice, uh-huh, uh-huh
You first to blow, yeah, alright, you ready to blow, uh-huh
Alright, let's go Hold up, wait a minute, stop

Jigga, I'm about to put the shit down

Hold up, wait a minute, stop

I'm about to make these niggaz get down

Hold up, wait a minute, stop

Guaranteed, these niggaz gonna feel us

Hold up, wait a minute, stop

Tone and Poke, blow the motherfuckin' speakers

Grab a bottle, get two models

Thugs at Apollo's, niggaz wanna follow

I'm about to show you, how wild it gets

That nigga Hov', is the craziest

Stop at the club, 'bout a quarter to six

With a bottle in my hand, yellin' "Bitch, I'm rich" Hey, y'all niggaz see me, I can't believe it

You startin' to sound like you don't want it

Tony's on the drop, blue and yellow rocks

He keep yellin', stop, Sisqo's album flopped

What you wanna do, if you drinkin', I'm hangin' out with you

Five, four, three, two, one, hang on y'all, let's have some fun Hold up, wait a minute, stop

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It's Young, uh, mack alone, I'm back in the zone

I'm out they way, still these rappers won't leave me alone

I can give a fuck what these rappers sayin' 'bout me

That just let's me know, they can't go a day without me

Scared of me succeeding, that's the reason you doubt me

'Cuz if you ain't believe me, you wouldn't be thinkin' bout me Sorta how like you, never crossed my mind

Until you crossed the line, stop
Then I gotta come across a rhyme
To let the world know you come across a mime
I do so much sauce with lines with someone who saws my climb
From Marcy to party where you soakin' up blue nine
Prude, am I, got a du-lema, I'm a dude from the hood
Who loves jewels, who am I? You where placed in the same shoes, size 10/5
With a sick view of the place you grew, dude, can I
Live, what I did for this whole rap circus
I open up more doors for y'all fuckers than car service
Y'all nervous, I ain't back yet
I'm on extended vaca', I ain't unpack yet, stop worrying
Five, four, three, two, one, hang on y'all let's have some fun Hold up, wait a minute, stop
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Hold up, wait a minute, stop
I'm about to make these niggaz get down
Hold up, wait a minute, stop
Guaranteed, these niggaz gonna feel us
Hold up, wait a minute, stop Shit, she back with the nigga inf dot
Uh-oh, somebody better tell this broad
I'm a nine year veteran, I'm back with my brethren
I swear to God, it feel like '96 again
Bitches snatchin' bags, see, they fuckin' with my shit again We 'bout to let them hammers pop
In the stud, dudes, callin', you a problem, Fox'
I got the Automore Pierre watch
Butterscotch, GT, good toe on, three eight cock
Y'all ain't see this much love since they cried for 'Pac
Since Big passed or since Jay passed the Roc I'm in a clearport, full length mink in a G4
Fuck I'm lookin' like rhyming for a hundred G's4
No, I don't talk to media guys
I don't chatter with the best, ain't no question whose the best
Shawn and Kelly, Fox, best of both worlds, I see y'all
Aiyo, Kel, nigga, holler at your peoples
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Tone and Poke, blow the motherfuckin' speakers
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