

Don't Stop

Beanie Sigel

Ma, I think it's safe to say
You ain't seen a playa lay this way
Or playa game this way
Wit a attitude like and ya don't stop
Aficionado, so fashionable
Wit a confident swagger, international
Game so tight, the girls had to go
And you don't stop, stop
Sicka than your average
Money too long, can't stash it
In the closet or the mattress
Paper, stretch like elastic
Checks from advances, the bank can't cash it
So the price for that, never ask it
Just sign my name or pop plastic
Hating ass cops wanna harass 'em
Searching for a glock in the pocket of his fashion
Bitches wit SP stitches on they asses
And they left breast
Let's get dressed and toast to the occasion
Cops couldn't page 'em, flow so amazing, hot like Cajun
You fucking wit the champ
Pop corks on champ' like I just took the chip
Nigga took the stand when he coulda took the 5th
Yeah, eat a dick wit AIDS on the tip
Keep my name off ya lips, not guilty
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I said, I'm sicka than your average
Keep three shooters like the Mavericks
Short to the point like Nash is fucking wit a savage
Niggaz press they luck, get bucked like ashes
Three piece suits, linen fabrics

Three quarter croc, sharper than a pastor
B Sig bring the light to the masses
Of these rap bastards who gives street passes
One shooting can lead to three caskets
Jump suits, state boots, at least three stabbings
You softer than a Reebok Classic
Folding under pressure when confronted by them badges
I was taught, stay low and keep blasting
Po only know questions that was answered
Keep a number on the high price lawyer
It's five ways now days, everybody saw ya
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And you don't stop, stop
Now, let's toast to the man that when he get out
That he gon' do them thangs that he rap about
A true playa phar real, haters stay out my face
And know that thing still by my waist
Now, let's toast to the man that when he get out
That he gon' do them thangs that he rap about
A true playa phar real, haters stay out my face
And know that thing still by my waist
Once again, I'm sicker then 'em all
Niggaz, see C's start shitting in they drawers
When I kick in the door, stop the blood clot crying
Wipe the piss off the floor
The ape is back, my gate is cracked
My jumpsuit and my cuffs is off
Yeah, I'm back on them bricks
Raise your cups and raise your glass
And let's toast to the boy B Mack
Yeah, I'm back in the mix
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