

# Can't Stop

Ace Hood

[Intro - Akon]Ooh yeah, oooh yeahhh

Ace Hood, Konvict Music

I know they want us to stop

But we immune to lose it

Hey

Hey

[Chorus - Akon]No I can't stop getting this money now

Because I'm out here living this hustler's life

I be working all day but no nine to five

And you know we don't play when it's time to grind

That's how it goes

You want to get that dough

I'm making but I'm still hungry

But whatever it takes I got to go get this money

[Verse 1 - Ace Hood]When I first jumped in the game I was seven years old

Kept the motto, get the money, give a fuck about a hoe

Serving porcelain to people, left a brick off in my coat

Always told to eat fast, never snitching was the code

I would never postpone, because the money get gone

Never waiting by the phone, got to get it on your own

Real niggas get paid every second of the day

Hit the mall blow a quote that I can't fit in this phrase

Just know it's two colors in that Def Jam chain

Little money want to scam

Bitch I'm out of your range

Make way

Feed me

Got to get this money

Smoking nothing but the best, yeah the boy so flooded

And I still want money

[Chorus][Verse 2 - Ace Hood]See you can slow down

My money keeps coming

You niggas take breaks

My team keeps running

They bring me back bags

Louis Vuitton something

Don't really know the price

Just know it costs money

And when it comes to money  
They know it ain't nothing  
Blow one hundred on jewels  
Make it back up on a Monday  
Why niggas trying to floss?  
They balling out to budget  
Everyday on the grind  
Bitch my mind is on the money  
Tell them roll up the trees  
And deliver me the scummy  
Forget a nine to five  
Overrated me to quit  
Now a day since legit  
I get it opposite legit  
Me and my nigga Kon so addicted to the chips  
He going to let you know the script  
[Chorus][Verse 3 - Ace Hood]And whatever it takes  
Ace Hood about money  
How much for the chain?  
I spent about a hundred  
See you can dim the lights  
But my wrist still sunny  
They know I'm on the block  
And my fitted in the Glock  
Dickies cut with a frame  
And a half up in my sock  
Got to get it anyway  
And keep it level from the cops  
Bitch you never play the grind  
First rule off top  
I been in it for the dough  
You niggas need props  
I'm just in it for the guap  
Hundred million in the pot  
Only know to go and get it so the printer don't stop  
Grab fifty hit a lot, and go and dump it on a drop  
I'm starving like Marvin  
And ain't no giving and bargains like Target  
[Chorus]