

# Stop It

## Pylon

I'm a tell you broke niggas something  
Listen Make money, no vacation  
Pay cash don't make payments  
Getting high like I'm eighteen  
But I've been rich since the late eighty's  
Backstage, naked ladies  
Poppin pills and swallowing babies  
Bad bitches ain't come to play  
She gon' give me head before I go on stage  
New car, a couple, a hundred  
Ain't nothin' I call it play money  
Bugatti, Ferrari, the Benz, the Bentley  
Juicy stay stuntin  
Street niggas, we packin them 2's  
Play with it, make action news  
Put some money on your head, you worth a stack or two  
Real nigga I'm 100, I stay leanin, I chase money  
Niggas out here savin hoes, niggas need to be savin money  
Made mine, can't take it from me  
Hit the club, I take your woman  
Take her home, get some head, wake up breakfast in bed  
Yeah nigga that's grits and eggs  
Rich bitch don't forget the bread  
Up and down that interstate  
I move weight, that's Jenny Craig  
I'm a fuck me a model, I'm a fuck me a model  
You only get to live one time, so I'm a fuck me a model [Chorus]  
I make money all day then I ball with the profits  
Niggas hate on me, I tell em hatin' niggas stop it  
Go fuck with a bitch, get that becky then I'm gone  
Catch me on that loud pack, blowin on this strong [x2] Straight out of North niggas nigga  
20 years in  
Still rich and ain't gon stop getting rich  
Told you niggas I ain't never gonna stop getting money  
Let's get it Bitch you ain't no killa  
And real niggas don't talk  
Start shit in this club  
It's going down in the parking lot  
Niggas get killed and then we ain't shedding no tears

Niggas can't keep they mouth closed, judge give you them years  
Yo homie fuckin yo bitch  
And she ain't duckin yo cock  
Them noobies ain't holding you down  
And you call them niggas yo dogs  
They really out here hatin so stay strapped up like a tight  
They got guns, they got them rubies  
Except they not shootin blanks  
Pass straight them, broad daylight  
They don't care who lookin  
Young niggas got something to prove, niggas think he pushin  
Playin round in my hood and I'll smoke you like a swisha  
We don't care bout money and we don't play with them pistols[Chorus]

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