

We Ain't Stoppin' (Feat. Hot Boys)

Big Tymers

Whoa, whoa, the Big Tymers, nigga
Who? Who? The Big Tymers, nigga
Huh? Get it right Bentley interior, I lay back on it
Every time a nigga see me, it's a Kodak moment
Now, I ain't the one to brag, nope
But I bought myself a Hummer, my brother a Jag, for sure I'm takin' all the hoes, and I'm makin' you mad, yeah
You violate my household, I'm bustin' your ass
Is you listenin'? Do you see my ice when it's glistenin'?
'Cause if you're with that baller blockin', niggas comin' up missin' then I need a [unverified] to get right up in
my new Prowler
And put her lips tight on this pipe to suck out the problems
Need a Rolex with princess cuts all at the bottom
Need a kit with twenty-inches on the car that I'm drivin' Went from dimes to quakes, to money like Bill Gates
Doin' a-hundred on interstates in Hummers on thirty-eight's
See, we are the CMB, my nigga
Fresh, Baby, Hot Boys, and Wheezy Whee, my nigga, what? Wherever it's poppin', we stoppin'
But if it ain't hot then, we not then
Wherever it's twurkin', we workin'
She got to be slurpin', for certain Project and hood rat bitch is who I like
A bitch that's 'bout ridin', and goin' on flights
What? I met this bitch in Cabrini Green, a nasty hoe
Liked that dick from the back and you could in her throat
A bitch that's 'bout hustlin' and smugglin' work
Head bustin' and thuggin' just like Turk A wild bitch off Grave Street doin' her thing
Big ass, big tits, and she loved eatin' ding-a-ling
I need a black hoe, black hoe, one with the braids in her head
Workin' with some ass that could give good head Can't forget about this bitch up in Philly on Richard Island
Freak-nasty bitch that's always swallowin'
Stickin' to the G-Code, Ree's, and Girbauds
Got hands and 'bout strappin', quick to beat a hoe
Oops, almost forgot about Tasha up in the watts
A hot girl for sure that stayed drop-me-like-it's-hot Wherever it's poppin', we stoppin'
But if it ain't hot then, we not then
Wherever it's twurkin', we workin'
She got to be slurpin', that's for certain Bitch, I'ma be stun'n until the day I go, what?
Bentley's and Hummers, and drop Di-a-blos, what?
Runnin' with niggas that don't love no hoe, what?
Platinum grill 'cause, bitch, I'm done with gold Hey, now, you know it's Lil' Wheezy off the heezy
Believe me, whoa

Hot like pepper, slidin' out the Kompressor slow
Me and your wife, slut, don't slam my door
Cut on the lights, look how the damn watch glowHold up, Wayne, what
You know what, Wayne, whoa
I'ma get in this bitch and do donuts, manNow wait, Bubble
You gon' make me go buy a Grape Hummer
And put my name in diamonds on the license plate, cousinNow, peep me, slick
I got a hoe out the project that eat the dick
She a freaky bitchNigga, you know it's Iceberg, boy, straight off the block
With the number-one stunna, and we blazin' hot
What?Wherever it's poppin', we stoppin'
But if it ain't hot then, we not then
Wherever it's twurkin', we workin'
She got to be slurpin', for certainWherever it's poppin', we stoppin'
But if it ain't hot then, we not then
Wherever it's twurkin', we workin'
She got to be slurpin', that's for certain

Songwriters

THOMAS, BYRON O. / CARTER, DWAYNE / DORSEY, CHRISTOPHER NOEL / GRAY, TERIUS /
VIRGIL, TAB / WILLIAMS, BRYANPublished by

Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group, Ultra Tunes Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.
Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>