

Never Will It Stop (feat. Ab Liva)

Clipse

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Never will it stop,
The 50 in the duffel won't crush,
It settles to the bottom like dust,
Fuck what ya heard,
You ain't countin' paper like us.
A million in the ceiling I can touch.[Pusha-T:]
Go-getter.
I come from the corner like most niggas,
Now from afar, I toast niggas, roast niggas,
Anywhere, whichever the coast nigga,
Compare me to them 2 ghost niggas - Hail Mary.
Heart break when they tales fairy,
I kissed that girl and I likes it, like Kate Perry.
The tongue-tester, niggas on the corner
Juggle Os for the king, like a jester.
Child of a lesser - God, so when I drop the top
It's my way of feeling closer to the Lord!
Reaching for the heavens; 'till then, I settle for the 7,
30 floors upper room key, at the Western.
With her on her back, and her on her knees,
My ghetto ass trying to pronounce they dungarees.
I say Rav, they say Roxy mon,
They think it's real cute while they giving me dome.[Ab-Liva:]
Liva. Heh, the cross I bear,
So fly in that purple label cloth I wear.
No matter the cost, I make Porsche like fear,
Every stitch, every seam, when I floss, y'all stare.
Ferrari: 500 them horse I tear,
I circle, I veer, y'all pause like deer
In the headlights, mami play red light, green light,
And hop that red torch I steer.
There's no Law I've feared,

Arm glowin' like a roadside flare,
King-pin, so the soft I shared,
I carried, I huddled, I dared,
I muscled, I bled, I sweated, I teared,
Got crowned 'n got cheered.
You 10 Grand quarter-pound ration,
Went 36 flat, that's a asking,
Now two-thirds got it for a fraction, a cinder --
Put in the dash 'n the fender,
Dryer sheets, that cover that scent that it renders. Never will it stop -- ever, never,
Never will it stop -- ever, never,
Never will it stop -- ever, never,
Never will it stop. Never will it stop,
The 50 in the duffel won't crush,
It settles to the bottom like dust,
Fuck what ya heard,
You ain't countin' paper like us.
A million in the ceiling I can touch. [Malice:]
And still don't nothing move but the money,
Nothing like 50 bricks, wrapped like the Mu-mmy.
With the return ensures the Second Coming,
So tongue-numbing nigga, you can bet your last.
Not a gram off either, you can bet your ass!
I stay with the fifth, since niggas want to grab,
Fassst-life, get it y'all is on the fast,
And them hos never say no, 'less they on they rag.
Louie bags, I trick 'em with good faith,
In hopes they return the favor, with good face.
Mentally, my mind in a good place,
Wake up e'ery morning admiring landscape --
Hell, even my garage a menage,
Like my hoes exotic, same as my cars.
Million-dollar deposit, you suffer from withdrawals,
I got in the game in the bag like I'm Clause. Never will it stop -- ever, never,
Never will it stop -- ever, never,
Never will it stop -- ever, never,
Never will it stop. Never will it stop,
The 50 in the duffel won't crush,
It settles to the bottom like dust,
Fuck what ya heard,
You ain't countin' paper like us.
A million in the ceiling I can touch.