I Can't Stop (Freestyle)

Chiddy Bang

Uh, Yeah, Uh, thiExplains year I'mma make more Gs, make more cheese
And I did songs with Skateboard P
Niggas is like" what kinda style is he?"
Designered by all the best things in life are free
I do this for my little brother, Lyvonte
Bitch my flow 'picante' and this is just the entree
I'mma do what the fuck I want, Waka
And if they say they nicer they sometimes they just Chaka?
And it's cranberry vodka
Hope these niggas don't disturb me
And don't you touch my back if your fucking hands are dirty
I'm up early

And I got racks on racks on racks and got plaques on plaques on plaques
Tell them to just calm down and relax

They'll slice out like cul de sac?
Yes, pass me the torch I'm gonna carry it
Catch me at the Marriot, an underground Harriet
Prolly caught the sackerton?, I'll tell her mom what's happening
I'll run all up in them laps we meeting like some track events
School more, milk and sweat, broom, chores, itunes, tune chords,
fit the kicks on my room floor
I was there when Vain came, bro what's up with that name change?
This shit is my main thing
Aim aim Bang Bang
That's wrong son, we the ones on now fuck it we on one
She just wanna kick it, no harm done
I can never stop it, I'm trending, I'm a topic
She make them other bitches hard to see, microscopic
Yeah, nigga I got it
Xap, just drop it

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by STEELE, JOSHUA KIERKEGAARD G
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/