

We Won't Stop

Big Moe

Son of a bitch's got my name in they mouth
I knock they woman down
And leave my drawers at they house Better not run up on Big Moe, leave that boy alone
Stankin' and swinging on niggas like I was Roy Jones
Motorola, Benjamin folder, slab holder
Crushing these motherfuckers bout the size of a polar Bear, I swear, you better beware
I'ma let it go leaving 'bout spots in your hair
Life is hard but it's fare ain't nothing for free
Get off my balls you niggas ain't taking nothing from me 'Cause I done mashed, for my cash
And if I got to go now I get down and mash
I'm still gangsta man, you better feel that
Ain't nobody wrecking the shop where nigga kill at
Get your wig peeled back M, my inventions, stay out of mine
Have you limping, to a crawl you out of time H town streets it be too hot, get your glock
It don't stop, unless you want to cop a burial plot
D town streets shermed out soldiers on the block
It don't stop, and it be quick to give your pistol a cock Little Rock streets it be too hot, get your glock
It don't stop, unless you want to cop a burial plot
Louisiana streets shermed out soldiers on the block
It don't stop, and it be quick to give your pistol a cock I'm a Mo City soldier and I'ma be quick to give my pistol
a cock
When I be dumping on son of a bitches bout a regular lot
Don't come around here with no plex
Fuck around and pull out the jaws of life
And snatch your dome smooth off your neck To my people when I call collect my fond money under my bed
And I'ma jump on when I touch down and keep bringing it to they head
Hell, naw I ain't never been scared, a bit of thing inside myself
'Cause I might accidentally bust me out these guns on myself Being the king of the Killa Klan and Disco Dan
and from the Tre
May a slug hit you spit your fuck miss and your uh reefer done J
Blue and gray or red and black ain't no set tripping 'cause we down Leaving a trail of bloody murders through
your city and through your town
Who would you run to, would you light up like a woman or pull a gun fool
And on top of decision making we ain't having none of that riff-raff
Fuck around and open you up just like a big slash Chi-Town streets it be too hot, get your glock
It don't stop, unless you want to cop a burial plot
New York streets shermed out soldiers on the block
It don't stop, and it be quick to give your pistol a cock [Unverified] streets it be too hot, get your glock
It don't stop, unless you want to cop a burial plot

Florida streets, shermed out soldiers on the block
It don't stop, and it be quick to give your pistol a cockWe got bars and stripes, boy and sprites
Polite on mics the type of cats that keep boys on pipe
With they jaws on extra tight, and they extra hype
Full of that shit to make us and they drawers igniteAnd we gone fatten the fire, fuel and flames
Get them brains, leaving gangsta we off the chain
Who run trains till they off the track, wolf pack
Up in Playboy mansion I have all these bunnies backWe got money stacks, homes and lacs
Farms and gats for any Tom, Dick, Harry and Jack?
Who want to know where our hearts be at, come hear the
Clickity clack, rock-a-bye baby baby, back backWe can do it like this and we can do it like that
Crack your hands high here's your skull cap to hoes
Snap a photo for your folks and close your favorite pack of smokes
Cheater, we ain't no joke it's cut throat style we won't stopMemphis streets it be too hot, get your glock
It don't stop, unless you want to cop a burial plot
L.A. streets shermed out soldiers on the block
It don't stop, and it be quick to give your pistol a cockDetroit streets it be too hot, get your glock
It don't stop, unless you want to cop a burial plot
Dirty Third streets shermed out soldiers on the block
It don't stop, and it be quick to give your pistol a cock

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