

Don't Stop (Featuring Kurupt & War Zone)

Snoop Dogg

Damn, I still hear my mama's voice
Snoopy get your ass up and go outside and play
Hah, if she only knew what I was 'bout to get off into
BangDon't stop being you, don't stop being G
Egotistical, mystical, officially
Shuffle my feet to the beat with my heat in the stash
G in the bag with the C on the flag
We some real OGs baby
I was getting money in the 80's daily
Niggas like me don't never quit
And I still go hard on a bitch, ya bitch
You got to tell 'em what it is, don't play with the game
I love it when you call a bitch out of her name
Don't you dare try to save that ho
I know that you like her but you can't wife her
I'm going on a tour 'round the world, probably fuck a whole bunch of girls
Probably get a whole bunch of money, sho' can you save some for me?
Nah, but you can come and work for meStop
Don't stop it, don't stop, don't stop it, don't stop
Don't stop it, don't stop, don't stop at all
Stop
Don't stop it, don't stop, don't stop it, don't stop
Don't stop it, don't stop, don't stop at allDon't stop being real, don't stop that rap
Don't stop showing homies how to shake that trap
I mean I seen so much but I'm still in touch with it
I don't stop 'cause I know y'all gon' fuck with it
We keep going, full speed ahead with this
Niggas ain't did the shit
Niggas ain't real as this
We came through and peeled his bitch
So quick
From the eighties with a dope sack in my hand
To the nineties with a DJ and a microphone stand
Can't stop now, I'm in way too steep
Tech savvy with this cavy, come way too deep
Short dog, Snoop Dogg, this for all my dogs
The ones who real in the streets, the ones who locked in the halls
Hall of fame with this game, legendary to y'all
Another 100 point game, now you can bury the ballStop

Don't stop it, don't stop, don't stop it, don't stop
Don't stop it, don't stop, don't stop at all
Stop
Don't stop it, don't stop, don't stop it, don't stop
Don't stop it, don't stop, don't stop at all Don't stop getting lit with the shit I spit
I know you're down with the Dogg, I know you're fucking with this
Don't stop, won't stop, this is all I know
From the uprocks to the crack rock in the bowl
Don't stop getting money, bring that shit back
Don't stop, fuck a cop for all the times I was jacked
Can't say much now 'cause I'm moving a crowd
I'm moving real weight, I mean hundreds of thous
I mean hundreds of pounds, green leaves
I made it out the motherfucking mean streets
And I still go back and touch the youth
I teach 'em how to ball and I teach 'em how to shoot
In the pursuit of my dreams, while I'm cool with my team
Teach 'em how to rise to the top just like cream
Remain supreme by any means
Badda bang, badda bing Stop
Don't stop it, don't stop, don't stop it, don't stop
Don't stop it, don't stop, don't stop at all
Stop
Don't stop it, don't stop, don't stop it, don't stop
Don't stop it, don't stop, don't stop at all

Songwriters

COMBS, SEAN / VANDERPOOL, DAVIN / BROWN, ANDRE / KELSIE, TYRONE JAMES / LLOYD,
JAMES KOWAN / MC INTOSH, ERIC Published by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd.,
Universal Music Publishing Group, BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC, SONGS MUSIC
PUBLISHING, Ultra Tunes, Royalty Network Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>