

# Stop (feat. Steve Roxx)

## Rapper Big Pooh

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Sample]

Take your time

Don't be in a hurry

You don't have to...[Verse 1: Rapper Big Pooh]

Luxury vehicle, not a drop of white in it

Personal license plate so they know it ain't rented

Cruising by the Cruiser so they got to see who in it

A young black male with the intent to sell

"Happy" through the speakers bump a lil' bit Pharrell

Go easy on the gas cause these cops now shell

Five miles later there's another on the trail

A nigger sweating bullets like he moving by the scale

Lights flash and life does too

Make a decision, what the fuck you suppose to do?

When the law is in the rear view to serve no protection

Firing shots off, no discretion

First impression can be your last one

You visualize when you pass 'em

We know the stories and the scene is a continuation

Quiet street to enforce this extermination

Through your mind reverse the situation

Mike shot with his hands held high

And John got killed because of a damn lie[Kasheem]

killed blocks away from where Big Mike died

Oscar got shot with his hands cuffed behind

Shawn killed the night before his wedding that was tough

Diallo shot at 41 times, these cops are nuts

Victor shot handcuffed in the cop car

They ruled it suicide so tell me I'm not far

From being off when I'm thinking just to run

It don't matter that I'm innocent when they pointing the guns

My life is in the balance

And I was never trained for this challenge  
So to me that's a lose/lose  
This ain't the way we trying to make it on the news  
Mama hearing stories 'bout her baby that ain't true  
Slander in the first  
Dehumanized before you even lowered in the dirt  
Shot at nine times when you was just leaving work  
Now who afraid of whom?  
Cops drawing guns on black males like high noon  
Guilty I assume what they thinking cause I look  
Like one of them guys featured in they book  
They ask me where I'm going  
State the violation  
Right on red light  
What's my occupation?  
License and registration  
Tell me where you coming from  
I search your car, any drugs any guns?  
"That's only if you plant it" I respond with a smirk  
He shot a look back, my response was knee jerk  
Let off with a warning consider myself blessed  
Only a few alive can understand that stress[Hook: Steve Roxx]  
And there is sometimes that everybody gets lucky  
And I know the feeling  
When I'm stopped  
I wanna go somewhere  
So far away from here  
But I don't think he getting me  
So what? When I'm stopped

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