It Don't Stop

Mac Dre

Verse One: (Free Throw)
Well let me introduce myself
A young go getter mind locked on havin' wealth
Livin' wild with this thug style, I got these hoes
Tuggin' all on my Avirex clothes
A young brown Mafioso, I put my foot through the door
Infrared light smilin' title, desert eagle 4-4
Layin' Cubans on the floor,
I send my ghetto troopers to the mother load
To snatch a bottle of A-1 yo,
I'm hearin' rapid fire through the house
Eternal warfare with heavy weaponry
Me and my soldiers ain't scared,
You get a bullet to the head in trainin' if you don't aim for the head
So I know my young shooters left somebody dead around the corner
Plus got the yola out the trunk bendin' over
Its daytime I can't wait till it turns to night
Cause that's the time when ghetto stars come out and shine
Verse Two: (D-Milli)
Quicker than outlaws I draw on haters with glocks and techs
Buckin' at undercover agents dippin' off quick in the lex
That's my trigger finger fuck 'em lets bring the heat to the street
Gave him one to the head and there he dead eternally asleep
Deep in this cold world where there's no love, what the fuck should I do?
People be killin' they family for yola not trustin' in you
But now I'm teachin' you some ackrite
With forty-fives and flashlights
Fuckin' around with thug niggas
And drug dealers
Manajetuahs and jaguars getting chopped in the drop
Killin' haters that act hard nigga like it or not
Cause it's a hold up, your hands go up real slow
Should've told ya that I'm a soldier who kills hoes
Pullin' no mercy on these busters ain't no callin' the cops
And my nine is comin' to fuck you nigga ballin' or not
Verse Three: (Dubee)
I'm off in this shit like Mr. Hanky, Janky, but when it gets stanky
Time to rape fiends, my niggas take G's, make G's, but it ain't free
Pimp niggas laced me when I was a baby, how to slang D

And stained me, a suck ya up nigga lip locked but I can't speak
Now it's crazy, niggas be lazy, imbecilic, milli vanillic,
Can't speak on it but I feel it, I'm the villain stealin' scrillion
Convo be thrillin' your brain waves get to healin'
Just to reach out and touch you
train of thought make a killin', Soldiers willin',
So I do it for thug niggas and drug dealers through the snow and rain
Focused on fetti fuck how it came, steady remain
Paper over hoes, and stay on my toes
And air these niggas out like sandals,
Blow 'em out like candles
Handle my business and listen to my theezo
And in this thuggin' category I keep it sharp as a needle
Breathe on busters and bust the tech and make it go blah blah
Funkin' with cops and duckin' the law play boy it won't stop
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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