Stop (Feat Foxy Brown)

R. Kelly & Jay-Z

Yo, Duro, tell Rob to hurry up back in the booth, man
We got the Track joint
Yo, this Tone the referee, while I got your attention
I gotta say we set out to bring you the best possible heat
For your two step, me, Jigga and Kells
You know, so y'all just enjoy, alight
Yo, Rob you there? Yeah, your mic sound nice, uh-huh, uh-huh
You first to blow, yeah, alright, you ready to blow, uh-huh
Alright, let's goHold up, wait a minute, stop
Jigga, I'm about to put the shit down
Hold up, wait a minute, stop
I'm about to make these niggaz get down
Hold up, wait a minute, stop
Guaranteed, these niggaz gonna feel us
Hold up, wait a minute, stop
Tone and Poke, blow the motherfuckin' speakers
Grab a bottle, get two models
Thugs at Apollo's, niggaz wanna follow
I'm about to show you, how wild it gets
That nigga Hov', is the craziest
Stop at the club, 'bout a quarter to six
With a bottle in my hand, yellin' "Bitch, I'm rich"Hey, y'all niggaz see me, I can't believe it
You startin' to sound like you don't want it
Tony's on the drop, blue and yellow rocks
He keep yellin', stop, Sisqo's album flopped
What you wanna do, if you drinkin', I'm hangin' out with you
Five, four, three, two, one, hang on y'all, let's have some funHold up, wait a minute, stop
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It's Young, uh, mack alone, I'm back in the zone
I'm out they way, still these rappers won't leave me alone
I can give a fuck what these rappers sayin' 'bout me
That just let's me know, they can't go a day without me
Scared of me succeeding, that's the reason you doubt me
'Cuz if you ain't believe me, you wouldn't be thinkin' bout meSorta how like you, never crossed my mind

Until you crossed the line, stop
Then I gotta come across a rhyme
To let the world know you come across a mime
I do so much sauce with lines with someone who saws my climb
From Marcy to party where you soakin' up blue nine
Prude, am I, got a du-lema, I'm a dude from the hood
Who loves jewels, who am I?You where placed in the same shoes, size 10/5
With a sick view of the place you grew, dude, can I
Live, what I did for this whole rap circus
I open up more doors for y'all fuckers than car service
Y'all nervous, I ain't back yet
I'm on extended vaca', I ain't unpack yet, stop worrying
Five, four, three, two, one, hang on y'all let's have some funHold up, wait a minute, stop
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Hold up, wait a minute, stopShit, she back with the nigga inf dot
Uh-oh, somebody better tell this broad
I'm a nine year veteran, I'm back with my brethren
I swear to God, it feel like '96 again
Bitches snatchin' bags, see, they fuckin' with my shit againWe 'bout to let them hammers pop
In the stud, dudes, callin', you a problem, Fox'
I got the Automore Pierre watch
Butterscotch, GT, good toe on, three eight cock
Y'all ain't see this much love since they cried for 'Pac
Since Big passed or since Jay passed the RocI'm in a clearport, full length mink in a G4
Fuck I'm lookin' like rhyming for a hundred G's4
No, I don't talk to media guys
I don't chatter with the best, ain't no question whose the best
Shawn and Kelly, Fox, best of both worlds, I see y'all
Aiyo, Kel, nigga, holler at your peoples
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