

# Don't Stop (feat. 2Pac)

## Tha Dogg Pound

Yeah, 'Pac, Dat Nigga Daz

(Yeah)

Kurupt

All up in this bitch Don't stop, keep goin'

Don't stop, keep goin'

Don't stop, keep goin'

Don't stop, keep goin' Don't stop, keep goin'

Don't stop, keep goin'

Don't stop, don't stop Keep it goin', got my nigga Slip Capone

Ha ha ha ha, hell yeah, lot of fakers is out there

Niggaz get around these backwoods

Get around they mommas, pull up they pants

Hide they rags and start to act good, ha ha ha ha ha Who mashes with the crazy, illest niggaz in town?

(I do)

Killin' willingly, who got the right to make a sound?

My sound break block, corners, avenues and drives

It's about time the mashin' is arrived I take you on a mission, be on a mission, I'm packin' steel

Steadily givin' these niggaz no passes on livin'

(No passes)

I spend major loot on khaki suits

Nikes and kroker-saks to sweat suits and leather boots I box niggaz twice my size, I bust wit a fo'-five

Lick you up in yo' eye, blast, make the party live

I live the unusual, crucial life

So pay attention when I come through for you and your crew As just a man and his music, I ain't afraid to use it

Bruise you badly, you want confusion, I mean it's useless

To step to this, we in effect, we dangerous

Contendin' mental murderers and ain't afraid to diss, biatch

(Yeah) Now, I been called crazy to fade me it's not possible

(Ha ha)

I give a fuck, what you thought or who you brought witchu?

(Bad Boy killer)

A Bad Boy killer, Biggie annihilator

They wonderin' why he breathin' but bitches is dyin' later

(Ah) Better laugh now then cry when I come to get you

I hit you with two glocks and leave you with scar tissue

On some loco shit

(Loco)

My pistol smoke yo' shit

(Smoke) Let's go for dolo, biatch and watch me flow yo' shit

Mr, Makaveli movin' pieces like telekinesis  
It's like a chess game, let's play wit real pieces  
(Hell yeah)  
Shots rang and niggaz brains were split  
Another Bad Boy affiliated  
(Bad Boy killer)  
Nigga was kilt  
I hit the funeral and busted his folks  
And leave the scene like a shadow in a blaze of smoke  
Don't stop, keep goin'  
Well, it's that seventeen shot glock cocker, the block rocker  
(Fool)  
Hardcore hooligan, verbal assault chopper  
Finally televised, Kurupt, Daz reside  
(Resides)  
Lethal with mics like guns, bats and knives  
Those who oppose are my foes, all stand in rows  
Deadliest MC across the globe, Kurupt Capone  
(That's that nigga)  
I packs heat when it's cold  
Too much pressure makes ya fold so lo' and behold  
Why you waitin' for the poetical Satan?  
Creatin' slaughters, runnin' through camps like Walter Payton  
I snatch ya breath  
(Ah)  
And bust 'til there's no one left  
Who goes against the program, I'm the Man like Meth  
(I'm the man, nigga)  
I don't trust ya  
(I don't)  
The second I get a chance I'ma bust ya  
No matter where, you could be in Russia, I'ma touch ya  
(Like that)  
Vocal assassin, motivated by cash  
Shoot for the loot, brownies and black mags  
Don't stop, keep goin'  
Don't stop, don't stop  
Let the speakers bump, biatch  
(Let the speakers bump)  
For everybody out there that got the humps in they Jeep  
Big Suburbans, they Lexuses, they Beemers  
We gon' break it down a lil' somethin' like this  
For you to get yo' sub on throughout yo' neighborhood  
Turn it up, check it out  
They claim to be down, they say they down  
(Man, fuck you, man)

Number one

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