

Jay-Z & R. Kelly f/ Foxy Brown**"Stop"**

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[Intro: Tone (R. Kelly)]

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 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, aight

Yo, Rob you there? (Yeah) Your mic sound nice (uh-huh
uh-huh)

You first to blow (yeah) lght, you ready to blow (uh-huh)

Aight, let's go

[Chorus: R. Kelly]

Hold 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

[R. Kelly]

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 fun

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]

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 me
Sorta how like you, never crossed my mind
Until you crossed the line, stop...
Then I gotta come accross 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
Ya'll nervous, I ain't back yet
I'm on extended vaca', I ain't unpack yet, stop worrying

[R. Kelly]

Five, four, three, two, one
Hang on y'all, let's have some fun

[Chorus]

[Foxy Brown]

Shit, 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 sware to god, it feel like '96 again
Bitches snatchin' bags, see, they fuckin' with my shit
again
We bout to let them hammers pop
In the 'Stuy, dudes, callin', you a problem, Fox'
I got the automore pierre watch
Butterscotch, GT, good toe on, three eight cock
Ya'll ain't see this much love since they cried for 'Pac
Since Big passed, or since Jay passed the Roc
I'm in a clearport, full length mink in a G4
Fuck I'm lookin' like rhyming for a hundred g's, for?
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

[R. Kelly]
Five, four, three, two, one
Hang on y'all, let's have some fun

[Chorus]

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