

## Azucar Moreno

### "Can't Stop, Won't Stop"

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Can't stop, won't stop  
Can't stop, won't stop  
Can't stop, won't stop  
C-K till my motherfuckin' casket drops

[LIL' HAWK]

Blood in, blood out  
Steppin' up in my fresh red Chucks  
All Crabs run up and all Crabs get rushed  
Damn now I gots to watch my back again  
Hooked up with the homies Mr. Mack and the 10  
Cause if it's on then it's on let the funk begin  
I'm goin' out like a soldier C and the M  
45 on my lap 4 extra clips and  
Lil' boy flue you don't wanna set trip  
It ain't no stoppin' this shit  
But you wouldn't have known  
That them Crenshaw Mafia niggas keeps it rollin'  
Cause if it's gon' pop then let it pop  
Cause nigga with me is like I can't stop and I won't stop

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[LANIAK]

Tanqueray is the drink that gots me fucked up  
So the first thang that I would like to say is West Up!  
To my motherfuckin' Damu down Figueroa, the Mafioso  
My East Side nigga Mango be up your homie but fuck a  
hoe though  
My intro so way you need to ?nickel? gangsterism  
I'm fadin' niggas, fadin' their evil back is gettin with  
'em, plus I'm  
Hittin' on a motherfuckin' ??  
Until I dizzie bitch  
I'll be high off chronic  
I got these shouts out to my nigga Hawk duece  
From Lil' Laniak duece  
Because my nigga gets loose

To y'all niggas that's strapped I respect that  
But still watch your back cause Laniak is bustin' Tec's  
back  
It don't stop

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[GREEN EYES]

Now as I'm takin' the motherfuckin' phoney to the  
brains  
My niggas claim that I'm insane on Crabs I'm goin' nuts  
main  
Pumpin' lead in they ass like everyday  
And make your fuckin' mama holler out C-K  
Green Eyes - the 104 Blood gangsta  
Promotin' Bloods and for Crabs I has no love  
Shouts to the W's, SWANS, LANES and A.P.B.'s  
FIVE LINE BOUNTY HUNTERS, B.P.S. and the I.N.G.'s  
?? I can't forget about the CRENSHAW MAFIOSOS  
And all my motherfucking homies claimin' WEIRDO

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[BATMAN]

Oh shit  
.9 millimeter Crabs get served  
I got the Blood, the G, the Cherry Koolay  
And the Thunderbird  
My motherfuckin' homies who be hangin' the Deuce  
??? Freeze and niggas like me  
We get loose  
I put in work I drop a Crab nigga with my Glock  
And when 'em hollow points spits I make his heart stop  
We Bloods is anybody killer when I'm watching my back  
Rebuilt the shadow of death  
Is killing all blacks  
?? the power is them eyes  
Keep them motherfuckers peeled  
And don't be a victim you get that ass killed  
Crabs don't get caught slippin'  
Don't stop won't stop  
Eastside Swans, head to tip to top, Blood

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[YANK]

Click-click-bang was the sound of Glock 40, main  
Five Lines four deep looking for some Rips to fade  
Stabbin' down Imperial but ain't nothing poppin'  
Buffle up on Brenshaw now we headed towards  
Bompton  
At the 120th he had got stopped by the redlight  
I grab the glizock I got the ?? and I grip that  
motherfucker tight  
And I just might circle back around I finished  
Pour one in your chest and watch your breath the man  
is quick  
Fuck it, I'm messed up  
And the Hunters is the blame, automatic is the weapon  
Gangsta Yank  
Is my name  
The Hunters can't stop and they won't stop

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[POPS & DOG]

It's the P-O-P-S finna roll ya  
C-K all day young motherfuckin' soldier  
It's the Y-G Gangsta creep that bank ya, fuck Crabs  
I break you down without a sound now I'm rollin your  
zig-zags  
Uh, the shit that they claim makes me laugh  
I tricky Rickets' life, we roll 'em up then I smoke their  
ass  
Bloooooooood, I'm comin with that flow of the gangsta  
shit  
I fuck this Crab bitch because she loved Bloods' dicks  
I guess this static just gots to be your downfall  
C-K when I'm sprayin' and I'm layin' down all y'all  
I move creep real swift from the shoulders  
If you press the issue then I gotta dismiss you  
I'm the G Poppa D and I can't stop  
I'm the Y-G D-O-G and I won't stop, fuck the Crabs

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