

Bob Geldof

"Don't Stop"

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[Intro: N-Tyce]

Yo, yo

[N-Tyce]

While you on interviews on M.T.V.

I'm in the country, sippin' beer, and I've done been
through three

Cuz see me, I'm just a regular person

You got a sound, I can make a remix and do a better
version

I keep it real on the mic because I hate an actor

I ain't sayin' I'm the best, but I'm your favorite rapper

Plus I'm hungry, I ain't ate in a year

My ends is runnin' high, and I'm debatin' wit scare

But I'mma, crank it and steer, sittin' butt naked wit beer

Thinkin' of ways how I can make it this year

If you're all ready platinum and probably got a plaque
or two

I'm still crackin' brew, ate up rhymes attackin' you

It's like I stick to the track wit glue

You think you hot cuz you so and so, well chick, I'm a
rapper too

And I don't care what you rap about

I got a check account, nigga we can put our own record
out

[Chorus: Pearl Handle]

Don't stop, don't stop, no time outs

It's hot, breathe, I need a loud mouth to scream

If you all, out and about, the street club or the house

And you need heat through your speakers, don't stop

[Chorus: Naisha]

Don't stop, don't stop, no time outs

It's hot, breathe, I need a loud mouth to scream

If you all, out and about, the street club or the house

And you need heat in your speakers, don't stop

[Champ M.C.]

Yo, don't speak cuz the Champ still got it

Might of took a fall, but keep money in my pocket

Hustle hard on these concrete's, these are my seeds
I gots to eat, my bodyguard is a heater ho
Pretty but bold, don't speak unless told
The more of some shit, think quick
Don't get caught up in a paint box of blood
Spread you wit another damn hit
Throwin' curve balls, hittin' a, herb all ya'll
Keep a gangsta rich, got ya'll hatin' this bitch
Venom, is the only type of present I give 'em
Deadly, but ya'll still fearin' the rhythm
Gotta get this paper, shit on all you haters
Especially them imitators, got you stealin' my favor
It ain't nothin', I'm callin' you bluff, just because I know
you ain't tough
It ain't over, the time out, nowhere to run and you're all
crimed out

[Chorus: Pearl Handle]

[Chorus: Naisha]

[J-Boo]

Yo, recognize a thorough bitch, when you see one
Pretty thug, 5'10", ya'll bitches got no wins
Why you wanna act up and front in front of your
friends?
Why you wanna test the skills that's bringin' me in?
The question still remains: Can Venom Rock?
Can Venom really blow the spot? Come on, now, stop
Ask yourself what chicks is keepin' it hot
Fitted bomb shit through your boom box, ridin' through
your block
Niggas always wanna know who's the best?
Deadly Venom, Fox Brown, Lil' Kim, fuck the rest
Yea, you heard right, I spit game, my shit is tight
And to the rest of you lame ass chicks, ya'll be aight
I keep it gangsta, I spit hood, it's all good
Why you actin' Holly Hood, when your album went wood
I call it how I see it, ya'll chicks is trash
Wanna bump me and my click? Don't make me laugh
It ain't a mystery why so many hatin' on us
I know you mad, cuz we got the world waitin' on us

[Champ M.C.]

I ain't over, the time out, nowhere to run and you're all
crimed out

[Chorus: Pearl Handle]

[Chorus: Naisha]

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