

Box Car Racer

"It Don't Stop"

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[VERSE 1: Prode'je]

The C-a-r-t-e-l's been here for ages
And ain't not one of them trick-ass radio stations
played us
But that didn't fade us because we still gettin it on
I put the heat up under my seat and I'm gone
Bumpin the tape as I let the sun hit my Dayton's
Fuck your ratings cause this gangsta shit make ends
I begins hittin them corners on the block
Servin the B.G.'s the double up on the rock
I shake the spot because my face comes with fame
And it's a shame the way them rats scream my name
And I'm fashionable, I'm hittin corners international
14 (?)
I'm on my phone to see if Rhime Son's at home
(I'm in the back polishin my chrome)
I be there in a minute so we can hit the zones
To let the U.S.C. know it's still on, it's on

[CHORUS: L.V.]

Gees still on the move
Westside and Eastside finna act a fool
You know it's all to the gees
Hittin switches with the S.C.C.
Radio don't give us props
It don't stop till the gangsta drop
So we gotta do it for the streets
And all the gees bumpin gangsta beats

[VERSE 2: Havikk the Rhime Son]

85 Cutlass on the creep from block to block on (?)
deep dish
Killin the radio, I'm turnin it off, I'm bumpin that
Bushwick
I gets my skate on, I'm flossin through the
neighborhood
It's Mr. Rhime Son to the good
[] as I swerve to the curb in the seat
Gone off that herb and the word is I'm a gee
As we (?) another block I lets the trunk vibrate
18's droppin them bombs like Kuwait

I put it on the Richter as the 9.2, puttin the heater in my
lap
Craps - yo, what they hittin fo'? Snap
Daps is what I give to Big Prod
Cartel Gang is finna hoo-bang when we ride
Check the rear-view cause you know bustas, them
muthafuckas
Are sneaky as hell might as well
Dip with the clip tucked, snug for the funk
B-l-u-n-t, let the system thump
And it's like that

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: Havikk]

How many of you busters...
Are thinkin about servin us? Proceed with caution
Pin him in a turnin lane before he bend Slauson
The 85 Cutlass cuffed on d's, at ease...
Up off my nut sacks, like I said ain't no get back
Trump tight as we slide on
In a Cut and Young Prod, time to get your ride on
(Locsters) Cartel ridin Rolls in the '96, unfadable
Cause we don't need no damn radio
[Prode'je]
Prod and Rhime Son on triple gold d's
Checkin out the frequencies
In a hour they ain't played the S.C.C.
But I'm a gee regardless how many marks gon' ride
On the S.C.G.'s from the Evil Side, Big Prod
(And I, Mr. Rhime Son comin with the nine gun)
In the cut slugs get bucked, so what the fuck
Is really goin down, it ain't no changing faces
The man in the mirror is a gangster
Fo' life

[CHORUS]

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