

# Chingy "Can't Stop (Remix)"

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six figga ooooh remix!  
ooooh ok young gunnaz

Cant stop, wont stop  
Chingy and the Gunnaz  
Cuz we get down, baby we get down  
Girls uh girls they love us(Say What)  
(Look she Right Thurr, man she Right Thurr!)

VERSE 1: Young Chris

Yep, its only right that we makin a remix  
Young Gunnaz and Chingy just to give it a lil twist  
Next generation, you better stay focused  
This is be'fo your time, and you already know this  
Ball 'em, never call 'em, kick 'em out before the mornin  
It seem like once you done, they start drawlin  
You never have 'em, so you cuff 'em when you grab  
'em  
I treat 'em all the same, even the bad ones  
Gold Magnum, rolls, gold chain  
Force yo aim, 4 4 magnum  
Tell C and P, when they done, better pass 'em  
I be laid back, smokin bags, playin Madden  
You know we tap 'em, middle grown, back room  
Living room, bathroom, send 'em home cap 'em  
You got it, its nothin, I had 'em, you can have 'em  
C and Neef, we the street's gunnaz, we the last ones

CHORUS: Young Gunz + (Chingy) (2x)

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VERSE 2: Chingy

Man I Cant Stop, Wont Stop  
Girl quit actin like you cant pop on tha drop  
To the floor, I move crowds like I moved out

In '94, on the block, heffers on my jog, you wanna know  
It's official when I step up in it  
You wanna party, let me get the YGs, and we a be there  
in a minute  
Maybe Chicken Head... with it  
I mean I offered to get it boy, Jersey GIB hat fitted  
Run and tell the world we did it (Did what!?)  
Copped the Boxed up Benz, Range, and got both of  
'em kitted  
Ching-a-ling, world-wide, play yo shit, and im grippin  
You never seen my thorough side  
Cuz the girls, the girls they love me  
You know I stay fresh to death like Dougie  
I steps in the spot, these cats, they mug me  
Got drinks and drunk, so meet me at the clubbie  
DTP

CHORUS: Young Gunz + (Chingy) (2x)

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VERSE 3: Young Neef

Now, Neefy and Chris, we can game any chic  
One that have to pay a dime, payin no mind  
Its quite as served, just sayin the right words  
I like nice hurr, tits, nice curves  
Gettin that dough, smokin on the best dro  
Shorties catch everything, everytime I let go(OK)  
I get it poppin and let 'em finish the rest yo  
And when Im lookin for a girl, thats what our checks fo  
Need me a chic, thatll see me squeeze the fifth  
Or the court, plead the fifth, never leave me for a chic  
Put the Visa on the whips, so its easy to get them bricks  
Bringin all that cake!, thats what i need for you to do  
Ill be heatin if you schooled, bring it all back straight!  
Roc homie, we pop homie, drink it all back straight  
Better want it, but fuck it, i warn you baby, all that hate  
Will lead to you losin all that weight, holla at ya

CHORUS: Young Gunz + (Chingy) (2x)

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Chingy:

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, look at those hoes

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, look at those hoes

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, look at those hoes

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