

Clipse "Never Will It Stop"

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Never will it stop,
The 50 in the duffel won't crush,
It settles to the bottom like dust,
Fuck what ya heard,
You ain't countin' paper like us.
A million in the ceiling I can touch.

[Pusha-T:]

Go-getter.

I come from the corner like most niggas,
Now from afar, I toast niggas, roast niggas,
Anywhere, whichever the coast nigga,
Compare me to them 2 ghost niggas - Hail Mary.
Heart break when they tales fairy,
I kissed that girl and I likes it, like Kate Perry.
The tongue-tester, niggas f--- on the corner
Juggle Os for the king, like a jester.
Child of a lesser - God, so when I drop the top
It's my way of feeling closer to the Lord!
Reaching for the heavens; 'till then, I settle for the 7,
30 floors upper room key, at the Western.
With her on her back, and f--- her on her
knees,
My ghetto ass trying to pronounce they dungarees.
I say Rav, they say Roxy mon,
They think it's real cute while they giving me dome.

[Ab-Liva:]

Liva. Heh, the cross I bear,
So fly in that purple label cloth I wear.
No matter the cost, I make Porsche like fear,
Every stitch, every seam, when I floss, y'all stare.
Ferrari: f--- 500 them horse I tear,
I circle, I veer, y'all pause like deer
In the headlights, mami play red light, green light,
And hop that red torch I steer.
There's no Law I've feared,
Arm glowin' like a roadside flare,
King-pin, so the soft I shared,
I carried, I huddled, I dared,
I muscled, I bled, I sweated, I teared,
Got crowned 'n got cheered.

You 10 Grand quarter-pound ration,
Went 36 flat, that's a asking,
Now two-thirds got it for a fraction, a
cinder --
Put in the dash 'n the fender,
Dryer sheets, that cover that scent that it renders.
Never will it stop -- ever, never,
Never will it stop -- ever, never,
Never will it stop -- ever, never,
Never will it stop.

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[Malice:]

And still don't nothing move but the money,
Nothing like 50 bricks, wrapped like the Mummy.
With the return ensures the Second Coming,
So tongue-numbing nigga, you can bet your last.
Not a gram off either, you can bet your ass!
I stay with the fifth, since niggas want to grab,
Fassst-life, get it y'all is on the fast,
And them hos never say no, 'less they on they rag.
Louie bags, I trick 'em with good faith,
In hopes they return the favor, with good face.
Mentally, my mind in a good place,
Wake up e'ery morning admiring landscape --
Hell, even my garage a menage,
Like my hoes exotic, same as my cars.
Million-dollar deposit, you suffer from withdrawals,
I got in the game in the bag like I'm Clause.

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