

## Evereve

### "It Don't Stop"

Visit "[It Don't Stop](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Verse One: (Free Throw)

Well let me introduce myself  
A young go getter mind locked on havin' wealth  
Livin' wild with this thug style, I got these hoes  
Tuggin' all on my Avirex clothes  
A young brown Mafioso, I put my foot through the door  
Infrared light smilin' title, desert eagle 4-4  
Layin' Cubans on the floor,  
I send my ghetto troopers to the mother load  
To snatch a bottle of A-1 yo,  
I'm hearin' rapid fire through the house  
Eternal warfare with heavy weaponry  
Me and my soldiers ain't scared,  
You get a bullet to the head in trainin' if you don't aim  
for the head  
So I know my young shooters left somebody dead  
around the corner  
Plus got the yola out the trunk bendin' over  
Its daytime I can't wait till it turns to night  
Cause that's the time when ghetto stars come out and  
shine

Verse Two: (D-Milli)

Quicker than outlaws I draw on haters with glocks and  
techs  
Buckin' at undercover agents dippin' off quick in the  
lex  
That's my trigger finger fuck 'em lets bring the heat to  
the street  
Gave him one to the head and there he dead eternally  
asleep  
Deep in this cold world where there's no love, what the  
fuck should I do?  
People be killin' they family for yola not trustin' in you  
But now I'm teachin' you some ackrite  
With forty-fives and flashlights  
Fuckin' around with thug niggas  
And drug dealers  
Manajetuahs and jaguars getting chopped in the drop

Killin' haters that act hard nigga like it or not  
Cause it's a hold up, your hands go up real slow  
Should've told ya that I'm a soldier who kills hoes  
Pullin' no mercy on these busters ain't no callin' the  
cops  
And my nine is comin' to fuck you nigga ballin' or not

Verse Three: (Dubee)

I'm off in this shit like Mr. Hanky, Janky, but when it gets  
stanky  
Time to rape fiends, my niggas take G's, make G's, but  
it ain't free  
Pimp niggas laced me when I was a baby, how to slang  
D  
And stained me, a suck ya up nigga lip locked but I  
can't speak  
Now it's crazy, niggas be lazy, imbecilic, milli vanillic,  
Can't speak on it but I feel it, I'm the villain stealin'  
scrillion  
Convo be thrillin' your brain waves get to healin'  
Just to reach out and touch you  
train of thought make a killin', Soldiers willin',  
So I do it for thug niggas and drug dealers through the  
snow and rain  
Focused on fetti fuck how it came, steady remain  
Paper over hoes, and stay on my toes  
And air these niggas out like sandals,  
Blow 'em out like candles  
Handle my business and listen to my theezo  
And in this thuggin' category I keep it sharp as a  
needle  
Breathe on busters and bust the tech and make it go  
blah blah  
Funkin' with cops and duckin' the law play boy it won't  
stop

Visit [Evereve](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.