

**Bottomley John****"Stop-N-Go"**

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[Cam'Ron]

Dipseeeet!, Killa, In the buildin, Wanna welcome y'all  
back

Diplomatic Immunity Vol. 2

You know alot of shit been goin' on

Lot'a niggaz in Harlem runnin' snitchin' but I'll holla..

Nah mean...Wit all that bein' said I wanna give a shot  
out to all my partners

Koch Records, Roc-A-Fella Records

And my muthafuckin' niggaz down in sizzurp

Know we done smashed the whole muthafuckin' liquor  
game...I'll holla

Dipset all day long, go get Jim Jones album in stores  
now

Freeky Zeeky hold ya head, you already know what it is

Sarge hold ya head, Purple Haze will be out this

December 7th

Sorry for the delay, but its business never personal

New people, new money, I had to get that check

So wit that bein' said, The team lookin' right

And look like we ready to go, its all solitified

Jim Jones, Rider of Riders, Santana, Human crack in the  
flesh

My nigga Hell Rell is home, I jus' brought my niggaz

S.A.S over from London

40 Cal., Jha Jha what up ma, I got Miami in the house

And the Writer of Writers, J.R

{Hook}

[J.R. Writer] {Cam Still talking}

This is how we roll (roll)

{We about to set this shit off}

This is how we flow(flow)

{Killa}

Can they stop us no

Dipset stop and go

{Here we go Vol. 2}

Whoa (whoa), no (no), we don't stop we go!

Leave you like Good-Bye, Au revoir, Adios

This is how we roll (roll)

This is how we flow (flow)  
Can they stop us no  
Dipset stop and go  
Whoa (whoa), no (no), we don't stop we go!  
Leave you like Good-Bye, Au revoir, Adios

[Verse 1 - J.R. Writer]

YO, I'm jus' miraculous, accurate, gots ta have it  
The master, jus so I can laugh at it, show you jus how a  
savage get  
{talkin} - Lets get this shit started man, (uh), J.R. Writer  
I'm in the buildin'  
YO, yo yo, From the baggage to baggages  
Shook them baggages had 'em lit  
To me passin them half a bricks  
Out the back of the Acura whip (whoo)  
{talkin} Uh, I'm jus gettin warmed up, let's warm up,  
I'm still in my warm up suit y'all  
YO, that's how I had it locked  
Through the bags on the baddest block  
Newest Jag wen I pass the cops  
Who's as bad as a savage, I (I)  
You niggaz brag alot, talkin bout you brought raw  
You'se a ball hog you ain't never passed the +ROC+  
I still dip and dab, stick my hand in bigger bags  
Link a gram or give 'em slabs, trips wit tan in gypsy  
cabs (outta tan)  
I be badder than Krueger, speedin' rapid confuse ya  
Keys backin' from Cuba, Tea bags for the users  
Relax you're a loser, ease back or get fuller  
These cats out the tula, Lean back in Madulla  
V's matchin' my mula, sleeves actually cooler  
Wrists look like I been playin freeze tag wit the Jeweler  
So I'm extra good, runnin' through this reckless hood  
I floor, slide off, never would these hefers could  
Til' they seen me stun harder then I ever should  
Now woody ain't the only bird peckin wood

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[Verse 2 - J.R. Writer]

YO, it's a miracle snakes, how I skip through the states  
And the crispiest Apes, all my whips up to date  
See this pistol and 8, It'll sit you in space  
You won't be able to sleep when I get you awake  
That's a funeral, holla, get a funeral, holla  
Necessary you'll get pretty at the funeral parlor  
Roses, Dandelions send a few to yo father  
We maneuver for dollars, in the newest impalas  
Listen beat it I'm hot every season I rock  
Chinchilla filler, leave you niggaz to freeze on ya block  
We don't believe that you pop, I'll put this eagle to pop  
You'd rather cop the plea and go plead to the cops  
And say shit like J, I don't need to be locked  
The year, the week or a day, I got a seed on the way  
{talkin'} What?, Stop cryin' now, Let's keep it movin'  
Sissy I'll let a rattle clap, 60 up in this bastards cap  
Dig me I'm what you rappers lack, sicker than all your  
battle raps  
Slither up in the asta hatch, or watch young move  
On junk food, Twinkies sit on the caddillac  
Shit I go glock for glock, let's see you dodge a shot  
I get the hotties hot, just off my rocky rocks  
Them make the goggles drop  
Tyra Banks find the top models, shit I'm lookin' for the  
models top

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[Verse 3 - Killa Cam]

Dipseeeet  
Y'all niggaz is feeble born, feinds I keep the heaters on  
You get the easle drawn, gettin' ya legal on  
Chico, glock cocked, pop goes the weasel's gone  
Desert on my waist I get my eagle on  
Padico, e-hola, lethal lethal, ya peoples on  
Donde viva, La vida loca, pop up like nezels on 'em  
Triple x sex, yes that Vin Diesel form

Send ten winds, We like the black beatles tour  
I pick up the tools, lick up and hiccup you fools  
We bitter and bicker wit blickers nigga you'll sit in a  
pool (not water)  
Agua nada, you figure that my figures are cool  
Change my clothes for what, I switch up my jewels  
Ya'll sing sing sing, I'm from the sing sing bing  
Right to the wing ding bing, on to the spring bling fling  
Now it's round one dun, ding ding ding  
Cash ching ching ching, show me the bling bling king  
And I get fresh, shit yes, wrist blessed  
Necklace, reckless, look like a piss test (all yellow)

{talking} What the fuck else I got to say(nothin'), Got  
damn B, I'm that nigga, Killa!

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