

J.R. Writer

"Stop - N- Go"

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Feat. Cam'Ron

[Cam'Ron]

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

Diplomatic Immunity Vol. 2

You know a lot 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 it's 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, it's all solitifed

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, that's the half of it
Masterd this, so I could 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 ock (ock)
You niggaz brag alot, talkin bout you brought raw
You'se a ball hog you ain't never pass the rock
I still dip and dab, stick my hand in bigger bags
Nick, a gram or give 'em slabs, trips wit tan in gypsy
cabs (outta town)
I be badder than Krueger, speed rapid confuse ya
Keys back in from Cuba, Tea bags for the users
Relax you're a loser, ease back or get full of (what!?)
These caps out the tool a, Lean back ya' Medulla
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 floss, slide off, never would these heffers could
Til' they seen me stunt 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 snake, how I skip through the states
In 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 a wake
That's a funeral, holla, get a funeral, holla
Necessary you'll be pretty at the funeral parlor
Roses, Dandelions send a few to ya' father
We maneuver for dollas, in the newest impalas
Listen beat it I'm hot every season I rock
Chinchilla fella, 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, a 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 caddilac
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 they needles
warm
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 arm
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 thing, on to the spring bling fling
Now it's round one dun, ding ding ding
Cash ching ching ching, call 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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