

Jr. Walker & The All Stars

"Stop It 5"

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Ha... ha... ha... ha, stop it 5!
Stop it 5
You aint never sold bricks
I cop the pie and got no whip
But you tryin to ride [what!]
You'se a working man
When you ever ride or die?
You start work at nine in the morning
And you...
Stop at 5!
Stop it 5
These the guys you idolize?
Fuck you
Touch who? I'll get you niggas sodomize
Listen I am live
Shot at me but I'm alive
Before I hit your ass with the four
You need to...
Stop it 5!
Look I've been a shooter
And you, you've been a doodler
You need a lyric tutor
And I'm quick to school you
Shit I'm gettin mula
What's on my wrist a meilleur
You might not be outta shape
But you the biggeset loser
Forget aruba
I'm about to hit up cuba
For a couple cuban cigars
Just to twist my buddah
Might slide through a mat
If ya chick is cuter [why?]
She won't just dive in my lap
The bitch is scuba
Get them niggas fed
Like that's just a ruler
While she hit me with the head
Till she get a tumor
Face facts if I gotta get the luger
You walk around with your face patch richter ruler

Guess not I got it in a headlock
Your crew already pussy
Yall don't need a sex op.
Step not imma let the lead pop
You speedin, wheelie beam
Yall gon' need a rest stop
Before you rest in peace
Off a couple headshots
Put you in a coffin for playin
Fuck a xbox
Come to guap you hurtin around it [yeah!]
Shape up I run circle around it [squares!]
I don't care
These are the verses the spitters fear
High as a lire
I put the purple up in the air
Yeah
You in here? your man puff sticky
Nah! I don't do orgy
You can't fuck with me.
Writer!

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