

Carol King

"Stop"

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[Ed O.G.]

I'm bringin fear and all that, the gear I wear is all that
You wanna doubt me talk about me I ain't hearin all that
Because I'm famous, for waxin the toughest and the
lamest, Amos
But not the same as, a sucker who's as plain as
crackers, and get no wacker
You step up, I bust your rep up, and then I smack up
the posse you're with - are they your backup?
They better back up before they get racked up
Just like a pool ball get hauled off like a U-Haul
or get played like a little girl's doll
A tough guy, who's rappin a A-B-C style like a child
is just an infant, with an old-ass style - you better

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

"Stop, think for a moment okay" -> Guru

"Stop-stop, think for a momeny okay"

[Ed O.G.]

Suckers are sufferin, Ed O.G. will get tougher than
all of the rest of them, they're waitin and wonderin
When will I get ill and bend, the comp like a piece of tin
You can't go against me, cause the sensei got you high
again
So don't pop your chops Hobbes, unless you're ready
to drop yo
I spoil your fun just like 5-0
Now the 'Bury's on the map, and saps with crap raps
perhaps will lay low before I blow 'em like a sax
Cool out and max like a jazz player
Toot a sucker down and lounge.. for a day or, two
Drink a brew and then say a
funky hypnotic I got it I flaunt it it seems to be ironic
that I'm spreadin like the bubonic, plague
I'm gettin paid, not played, and I'll invade
like a renegade, I'm all night, your man's a Minute Maid
Y'knahmsayin? Suckers you know what you got to do

[Chorus]

[Ed O.G.]

I'm gettin busy like a bee, tremendously it's the E
I'm rockin and keepin the people to partyin dancin with
girls you see
I commence, to drench wrench trench the pretense
of the past tense, cause I'm in it to win it
I'm gonna fly that head, and put some sense in it
So get your joint out your stash
But make it fast so you'll last
Pop weak you'll get dusted, I'll put a shell in your ass
When I'm whylin, smokin you sucker and then smilin
with laughter, after we beat you down
So get your uncle, the punk'll be pickin you from the
curb troop
And if he got beef, we'll serve him too
Y'knahmsayin you SUCKERS, you know what you got to
do

[Chorus]

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