

K-Ci & Jojo

"It Don't Stop"

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[Seagram]

Click, click, boom

On your mothafuckin' ass, punk

Its that nigga name Seag bringin' funk

Straight from the O to the A to the K to the L to the A to

N to the D

(Bitch!)

S.N.V. is a hood that I roll through

Talkin' that punk shit, nigga, I told you

You cant fuck with the real loc gee

You niggaz dont know me

I fucked your dead homie

And I can give a fuck about the shit that you stress

I'm handlin' more mail than you B.S.

So you can jump up

And pump up your mothafuckin' Reeboks

I cant be faded not even with some Clorex

I'm funky like sweat socks

Funky like stink

Cock a hundred dee on that deal block

When you see me in the Benz

Jealous niggaz dont be talkin'

I aint sidin' on you, tricks

I'm just flossin'

So be aware of the late nite stranger

With 49 in the clip and one in the chamber...

[Gangsta P]

Mothafuckas want the rocks? Well, I got'em

Steppin' on the block

And never leave home without'em

Slangin' on the mothafuckin' Seminary street

Now I'm known to be a gee cause the nigga's 23

Step broke and get broke off some proper

My lil homie Ken

Pulled a trigga of a Chopper, nigga

Lets get ghost in the bucket

Cock the steel, fuck the police

Cause the niggaz is real

Comin' from the mothafuckin' sixties

Known to pull a trigga

Till the clip's on empty
Stranded in the jungles of the East Oaktown
Come through but i still slang my dope a pro
Ice creams, so wont you come and get it?
Niggaz try to jack get sprayed and be finished
Lil Gangsta P, S.N.V.
Till I die, layin' dead six feet deep...

[Seagram]

4-deep in the bucket
Rollin' with some convicts, East Side lunatics
Doin' shit, stack some dough, slap a hoe
Or jack a foe with my MAC-1-0
Straight from Oakland Cali
Slangin' birds in the alley
High performances on rallies
Fuck the police precinct
And a kitchen sink
They try to make us stink
I got killa instinct
They got me heated
So they gettin' treated
With this medication
AK's sprayin' with no hesitation
Aint no love for them mothafuckin' rednecks
Cause in the ghetto shootin' cops is a re-flex
As we swing low in the Cheriot
Shoot the cop, take the gat, then bury it
Caught up in the ways of the East Side
Aint no peace ride, the decease ride...

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