

M.J.G. "Can't Stop"

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[8B] Space, Age-in baby
[TS] Right right right right
[8B] One time
[TS] Beyotch!
[8B] Yeah, you know how they like it baby, nigga you
can't retire!

Verse One: Too \$hort, Eightball

From nineteen-eighty, through eighty-eight
I Don't Stop Rappin like my first tapes
When I was broke, I used to sell em instantly (instantly)
One look, you could tell it was the pimp in me (pimp in
me)
In eighty-nine, I went on tour with Eazy-E (Eazy-E)
A bunch of fine bitches tryin to sleep with me
Every night, sold out, turnin young hoes
Tell her baby, no doubt, stick this dick in yo' mouth
I smoked a lot of weed, I said a lot of rhymes
Always fucked up in niggaz bitches all the time
Now I'm ridin on twenties wearin nice clothes
but ain't nuttin like pimpin hoes, and ridin Vogues
I live a good life, in my pursuit of happiness
I'm so glad, to get to the point of havin this
opportunity, for you and me to pass it on
Two years ago, I thought it'd be my last song

Me, Squeaky, Flex and J, on Saratoga Street
Smokin white boys, bumpin dopefiend beats
Eighty-eight, my pockets wasn't straight, but I was
makin it
Niggaz like Lil' Tim was out there ballin sellin cakes n
shit
I was right there, on the Mob Circle, writin raps
All about my snaps, tryin to put Ball and G on the map
Nowadays I own my shit and bone bad bitches
Kickin it with rich niggaz in rollers, and candy sixes
Deliverin hot shit like Pizza Hut for them hardcore thugs
Niggaz who pimp bitches and hit the highway with them
drugs
Feel my flow, mix it in witcha chronic main

\$hort Dawg, I don't know why you tryin to leave this
game
State to state, plenty hoes and plenty money to make
Writing raps, makin more

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