

## Dee dee Bridgewater

### "Can't Stop"

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(feat. Mjg, Too \$Hort)

[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 than them niggaz movin  
weight  
The game been good to me, and I know that muhfucka  
bless you  
Thanks for passin game, now let's get out here and  
make this loot

[Chorus: Too \$hort, Eightball, MJG]

[TS] I won't stop rappin, I don't stop rappin  
[TS] I got too much money bitch I can't stop rappin  
[8B] We some presidential players, with money by the  
layers  
[8B] Ain't nuthin you broke ass niggaz do that can fade  
us  
[TS] I won't stop rappin, I don't stop rappin  
[TS] I got too much money bitch I can't stop rappin  
[MJ] I drive fast cars, eat lunch by lakes  
[MJ] and meet a hundred different bitches when I drop  
new tapes

[Verse Two: MJG, Too \$hort]

I had to sacrifice, get things right  
In this rap life, I paid my dues  
Learn how to crawl, before I walk  
Then I learned how to tie my shoes  
Tryin crime, but it just didn't work for me  
Matter of fact it did it worse for me  
Gettin eyes scarred, bein weak one time ya hard  
It can only do hurt to me  
So I sucked up my peer pressure, and my pride  
And realized that this rap shit was gon help me to  
survive  
Stay alive, go with the flow but don't be no muhfuckin  
fool  
Hell this music thing is all I got, I ain't makin straight  
A's in school  
And ain't wind up to be dumber nigga, only to be  
different  
So all the shit that you think we are, the shit that we  
isn't  
When you raised up, where I come from, make it out is  
a blessing  
Cause half the cats, where I come from, don't ever  
learn they lessons

My first love, even before I had a daughter, or a lady  
was rappin, sweet lyrics, I love you, my baby  
MJG, what you see, on TV, is fame  
But the rapper I let loose almost anything, I love this  
game

I won't stop rappin, I don't stop rappin  
I make too much money bitch I can't stop rappin  
I live the fast life of a MC  
and I sell a lot of records makin pimp beats  
I could do a show tonight and make ten G's  
Fuck til the mornin, sleep late and smoke weed  
Three cars in my garage, truck in the driveway  
I always, get my dick sucked on the highway

[Verse Three: Eightball, MJG]

My way (pimp til I dieee) fuck a hoe  
Unless that hoe is breakin me off some dough, to hit  
the studio  
Blowin, niggaz ain't knowin, how far this shit is goin  
I wrote all my shit, but niggaz always talkin bout what I  
owe them  
But I'm gon' show them, real niggaz stand on they own  
ten toes  
So I'ma make all the money, and try my best to fuck all  
these hoes  
Friend or foe, a bitch or hoe, rich or po'  
Eightball got flow, MJG

Here comes the one they call the P-I, M-P, never will  
retire  
The tree-high, green leaf, helps me to get higher  
Eightball and MJG, Too \$hort, we all must be  
the pimps of the industry, shit people pretend to be  
Fuck so why should we, settle down  
Leave the kitchen put the kettles down  
Stop from fillin all you hoes  
Give up the life of trues and vogues  
Hell no, it ain't gon' happen, this shit too deep  
So I hooked up with my comrades so we can all get  
rich, nigga

[Chorus]

[8B] Yea yea, one time, for your motherfuckin mind  
[TS] Pimp shit bitch  
[8B] Eightball and MJG, now what you weigh me  
[TS] \$hort Dawg in the house, slammin Cadillac do's,  
pimpin hoes  
[8B] Nuthin but the real shit, nine-eight, for these tricks

it's too late  
[TS] It's that old school pimpin all the way from  
Memphis, to Oakland  
[8B] Straight smokin baby, fryin em up fat  
[TS] Atlanta to Houston, we still doin it like this  
[8B] Yea, New York to L.A.  
[TS] Beyitch!  
[8B] Hah, that's right, Space Age forever, nigga  
[TS] T-Mix on the funk  
[8B] Dangerous Music, uhh  
[TS] Suave House  
[8B] I love that

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