

## Tela "Can't Stop Me"

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I'm off this red-eye shit  
Lost thinkers ain't seen shit  
My bitch bowlegged and shit  
Thick thighs with them hazel eyes  
Smell the air, the night is mine  
You busters think I'm lyin  
I'm fin' to go in this casino now  
and lean up on them tables, why?

Compulsive gambler with a compulsive hammer  
Bitches be takin pictures with the get'em'hoe cameras  
By this time a lot of niggaz got enter  
Throw my shit 'cross to the pit boss Montana  
Comin out cause I'm feelin real good  
with a look like, "Bitch I wish you would"  
try to slow my roll, hold me up  
It ain't gon' go, not this time bitch no  
I'm back up in this hoe, for the lights  
I want them D's, the titles, the rights  
I'm laughin loud cause I'm feelin real nice  
I spins around in my chair twice  
I tap the pad part real real hard  
This table heah, y'all can just disregard  
YOU hoes need to keep on walkin  
cause y'all gon' fuck me up with all that talkin

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Can't, stop me baby I'ma baller baby  
I'm too hot to ladies play-boys baby  
Can't, break me baby cause I'm paper baby  
Can't, hate me baby gotta love you baby  
Can we ball? Where my dogs?  
Where my broads? (Hook us up) Alla y'all  
Can we ball? Where my dogs?  
Where my broads? Alla y'all

[Tela]

I started last night but now it's sunny  
Long run like Marie in Dunny(??)  
Bitch on the side buggin, look honey  
All I'm thinkin is, big money  
Pussy don't come poke I don't fuck if I'm broke

That's how half these niggaz done, lost they stroke  
Now, slide them lights and blow on my throw I  
shakes 'em twice through the air they float, point  
Twenty-five on the line (6 the easy way)  
Thirteen in the field, 50 odds, oh my God  
My whole table charged  
I picks up a hundred eighty-eight yards  
Sparks, balloons, room, V.I.P. cards  
(Hook us up) You fuckers think y'all smart  
Who sent y'all? Hey fuck y'all  
Fuck these cards, I'm outta Dodge

[Chorus]

[Tela]

Towards the do' my ass done stopped  
You guessed it, I'm at them slots  
I drops two rubber bands, why not?  
I'm up a hand at the MG Grand  
Two mo' honeybuns the whole shit locked  
Big guns, seven across, jackpot  
My ass is hot, I'm heated  
I'm scorch, I'm holdin it down, I'm runnin the court  
In other words to make a long story short  
.. I know the fuckin sport  
I got the owner bout to shit his shorts  
I got the city on life support  
After this run I'ma sit and soak  
Cause after this run, ain't SHIT broke  
After this run, I don't need to smoke  
I'ma get a bitch and get throwed on the boat

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