

Memphis Bleek

"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 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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