

## Yellowcard

### "Stop It"

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"Yeah, this one of them joints right here....feel this...."

I got the World in my World in my clutches  
gettin' smoked, twirlin' dutches  
Jingle everywhere I go, girls wanna fuck this  
fly guy, I'm'a die high smokin' my lye  
be on the low, can't find me, why try?  
ends I'm holdin' 'em  
chumps with no dough? heads I'm rollin' 'em  
sportin' Cartier glass frames with the gold in 'em  
what, done it, cop the Benz Six Hundred  
if I ain't gettin' blunted I'm probably in some chicks  
stomach  
lustin', ya'll ain't my girl, we only fuckin'  
out two lifestyles on 'cause one joint be bustin'  
shootin' thug sperm, what the deal boo  
give you little welts and rug burns plus a meal too.

Chorus -

Hey yo, stop it, if ya'll think ya'll gon' make a profit,  
take ya eyes  
off my pocket, all I wanna do is knock it, I got a wife just  
keep it in  
the closet, late night you might see me creepin'  
through your projects.  
(Repeat)

Verse 2:

How you livin'? plenty Limos mansion, Twenty windows  
Menage Trois nymphos, smokin' cigars with indo  
mega large'n far from some crab nigga starvin'  
get money plus be robbin', push cars thats foreign  
crisp gear on, rapid flip Heron  
yo, to Hell with some Beer, me and my crew share Don  
I be icey, known for hittin' chicks like ya Wifey  
now you don't like me, playa hatin' nigga bite me  
you gabless, I'm established, livin' lavish  
until I perish me and my crew gon' get cabbage  
and thats that, publishin' from ASCAP  
my ass rap, but FEDS still flash that.

Chorus 2X

Verse 3:

In the N.Y. electric chair, here Men fry  
new kids flippin' pies, fuedin' with different guys  
I'm on the rise, low key, baggy Karl Kani's  
flexin' on the celly, skully over my eyes  
street wise, got ties to crime thats organized  
never took no shorts so you oughta recognize  
tote tecks, sport a icey Rolex  
picture Gruff spendin' one night with no sex  
shit, all these dames know Gruff got bread  
be puffin' mad lye, I stay bloodshot red  
like a Maxi, I ain't got no paper so don't ask me  
bitch caught the vapors said I raped her, tried to tax  
me  
stop it, if ya'll think ya'll gon' make a profit  
keep ya eyes off my pocket  
all I wanna do is knock it  
I got a wife just keep it in the closet  
late night you might see me creepin' through ya  
projects, yo...

Chorus 2X

Word, these girls is crazy yo....gold diggas, always  
somethin' they  
wanna hold from a nigga, you know? Ain't fuckin' with  
these  
chicks...these bitches is sour.

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