

**Albano & Romina Power****"You Don't Stop"**

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You don't stop, you keep on(X3)

Fashion-

Hey it's the junkyard nigga, kid, you know what I'm about

Puffin' on a fat one, guzzlin' a Guinness Stout

Bonin' BITCHES on a regular, word up, my game is lethal

That's my word, I'm tellin ya

Livin' foul like a motherfucka, that's the way it's been

Ever since I was a shorty, sucker

So don't even try to flex, I'll put a round in your chest

And leave you in a fuckin' mess

Niggas know my style they be playin', if I have to catch a body

I will, know what I'm sayin'?

Niggas from Corona don't be havin' it, you put your face in my grill

I'll be stabbin' it

You fuck around and catch a bad one, I'll kill you like a 6pack

And put you in a bag, son

And I still ain't frontin', fully loaded keg shells

Ready to go huntin'

You don't stop, you keep on(X2)

Many MC's that defeated me, please wave your arm

You don't stop, you keep on(X2)

Many MC's that defeated me, please wave your arm

Psycho Les-

I come equipped with shit that's fucken wicked, damn Niggers cant fuck with the program

I take a stand and look down the clip

I take a swig and then spark up the spliff(boom)

Niggas know the time with The Beatnuts funk

John Wayne got smoked when I popped the trunk, punk

I told you once and I won't tell you twice, I smoke the blunts

And we won't pay the price

For pussy or any fuckin' mass , plus I'm raw dogstyle

In your girls ass, ho, OOH! I think I just came  
Stud's break didn't work, I guess it's all in your brain  
Shit smells like demon spirit, herb that funk like this  
Punk, you can't come near it, so fear it  
Or you'll go out like the priest  
Don't you know that I'm the wicked nigga from the  
East,Coast

You don't stop, you keep on(X2)  
Many MC's have disappeared, please wave your arm  
(A third of the trio in the house)  
You don't stop, you keep on(X2)  
Many MC's have disappeared, please wave your arm

Fashion-

Ooh child, motherfuckas bound with the licks  
Oh shit', I'm hittin' niggas sick with my tricks  
So throw up styles that blow up whiles I go  
On with the flow, better act like you know, hey  
But I won't take no prisoners, got shit for his-n'-hers  
Fucks up you all, when the nuts have a ball  
Cause we don't play, blast brains with the smoker  
Get fucked up when we toke with the joker  
And, never let me see you cryin' heads start to fly  
And it's time for their dyin'  
And I'ma get real deep, fall into a sleep  
Knock a freak in my sheets, man, fuck countin' sheep  
And come on, step on up and meet my Tek  
Either fill you full of wholes, or ring your fuckin' neck  
'Cause I'ma let off and bust a shot in your eye  
Make way motherfucks, it's the real superfly!

Yeah, yeah, yo,yo,yo, HO  
Where the fuck is my liquor?

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