

# The Cipse

## "Never Will It Stop"

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### "Never Will It Stop"

(feat. Ab-Liva)

Never will it stop,  
The 50 in the duffel won't crush,  
It settles to the bottom like dust,  
Fuck what ya heard,  
You ain't countin' paper like us.  
A million in the ceiling I can touch.

*[Pusha-T:]*

Go-getter.

I come from the corner like most niggas,  
Now from afar, I toast niggas, roast niggas,  
Anywhere, whichever the coast nigga,  
Compare me to them 2 ghost niggas - Hail Mary.  
Heart break when they tales fairy,  
I kissed that girl and I likes it, like Kate Perry.  
The tongue-tester, niggas i on the corner  
Juggle Os for the king, like a jester.  
Child of a lesser - God, so when I drop the top  
It's my way of feeling closer to the Lord!  
Reaching for the heavens; 'till then, I settle for the 7,  
30 floors upper room key, at the Western.  
With her on her back, and i her on her knees,  
My ghetto ass trying to pronounce they dungarees.  
I say Rav, they say Roxy mon,  
They think it's real cute while they giving me dome.

*[Ab-Liva:]*

Liva. Heh, the cross I bear,  
So fly in that purple label cloth I wear.  
No matter the cost, I make Porsche like fear,  
Every stitch, every seam, when I floss, y'all stare.  
Ferrari: i 500 them horse I tear,  
I circle, I veer, y'all pause like deer  
In the headlights, mami play red light, green light,  
And hop that red torch I steer.  
There's no Law I've feared,  
Arm glowin' like a roadside flare,  
King-pin, so the soft I shared,  
I carried, I huddled, I dared,

I muscled, I bled, I sweated, I teared,  
Got crowned 'n got cheered.  
You 10 Grand quarter-pound ration,  
Went 36 flat, that's a asking,  
Now two-thirds got it for a fraction, a cinder --  
Put in the dash 'n the fender,  
Dryer sheets, that cover that scent that it renders.

Never will it stop -- ever, never,  
Never will it stop -- ever, never,  
Never will it stop -- ever, never,  
Never will it stop.

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*[Malice:]*

And still don't nothing move but the money,  
Nothing like 50 bricks, wrapped like the Mu-mmy.  
With the return ensures the Second Coming,  
So tongue-numbing nigga, you can bet your last.  
Not a gram off either, you can bet your ass!  
I stay with the fifth, since niggas want to grab,  
Fassst-life, get it y'all is on the fast,  
And them hos never say no, 'less they on they rag.  
Louie bags, I trick 'em with good faith,  
In hopes they return the favor, with good face.  
Mentally, my mind in a good place,  
Wake up e'ery morning admiring landscape --  
Hell, even my garage a menage,  
Like my hoes exotic, same as my cars.  
Million-dollar deposit, you suffer from withdrawals,  
I got in the game in the bag like I'm Clause.

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