

O.c.**"Ya Don't Stop"**Visit "[Ya Don't Stop](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[O.C.]

Yeah, yo

My instincts lead me, this rap shit feed me

Hip-Hop need me, packaged rap need me

Jettin overseas, foreign fairs, they greet me

Live on stage, lines long to see me

Yeah... reception of a king when I walk in the building

Grown men and women in the place, no children

Packed house, back out my mic then I buck off

Chicks scream like LL rippin his shirt off

Rock star status in the front row, yellin

{"just what I need.."} hehe

Run through my set, all live, no DAT

Just two turntables with a mic in effect

Word for word the crowd refers with each song

Like a, platinum nigga with a million

If you feelin, what I'm feelin

Then it means that I'm doin my thing

But yo on the real it's some dudes fear this

Ain't no such thing to me as I cain't

See I never let a small thing wear on my brain

Hear what I'm sayin? {"just what I need.."} yeah

[Chorus]

To all my people in the front, ya don't stop

To my people in the back, ya don't stop

To my people on the side, ya don't stop

To my man Big L, one love God

[O.C.]

You lactose I reach from, words I speak

Influence like King when he said "I have a dream"

Pro-black hero, few know the M.O.

Many be amazed when I show 'em my credential

Teef{?} still diggin, fans still checkin

Wax I keep pressin, critics still stressin

Every song has a message, some call it teachin

Eyes wide shut, motherfuckers still sleepin

Yeah... covers all regions, all four seasons

Never will I stop 'til I just stop breathin

Won't go pop unless I start singin

