

Crucial "Just Won't Stop"

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JUST WON'T STOP

(Verse I)

I remember back in the day when I was young
Little kid on the block that was my hood spot
Corner liquor store a few niggas got shot
Up to no good trying to elude the cops damn I should
told my pops
Now I'm on the right path, I can F#*%! Do the math
Some of yall haten niggas make me wanna to laugh
I swear in every hood it was a candy lady store
Living in the ghetto you gotta lock ya front door
Don't forget about the back cuz you might get jacked
I get high like them shoes hanging from the power
lines
People scared to come out side so they look through
they blinds
Mess with one in my click you gotta mess with us all
I don't matter if you five three or six feet tall
I'm six six so basically to me yall niggas is small
And yall cats can pull burners if ya want to
Cuz my click can pull burners just as quick as your
Or we can throw blow for blow like real men
I aint trying to merk now I want some children
This is for my peeps on the block hustling
Why does the rich keep getting richer and the poor
getting poorâ€¦don't know

Chorus

Every day we on the blocks, and we steadily running
from the cops
Watching all of my hommies getting shot
And we keep praying and we praying but the sh%\$
won't stop
Every day we on the watch, cuz jealous niggas always
want we got
We pushing whips chrome rims drop tops
We on the rise yes we the Chop Docs

(Verse II)

At a young age I seen men selling crack

Jamacian's was busting gats, niggas was pushing
packs
I seen it all, my vision is twenty-twenty
I seen twenty a germ turn to bundles of money
Walked the dark streets where the thugs park the jeeps
And spark the heat but the narcs hardly sleep
See my M.O. was to get the do and blow bust off the
4 fa sho leave'm cold and in the snowâ€¦.ohhhhhhhhhh
I'm so nice when that spliffs in me
Tipsy off the patrune tequila and plus the Remi
Holdin the semi and that's just for the sweet guys
I let the heat rise shoot'em right between his eyes
I see better days when my gat don't have to blaze
I'm duckin strays surviving death everyday
And we on the blocks with the glock to ya knot
We keep praying and we praying but this \$h%# won't
stop

Chorus

(Verse III)

It's hot as hell but they be treating me cold man
I don't know why but I got knowledge like this old man
He use to tell me that the truth lies within the soul
And the potential that I have would shine bright as gold
I know we in the last days cuz I seen thugs cry
Judge locked'em up threw away the key DWI
Don't compare me cuz I'm one of a kind
I get you high like you been smoken cleanse you up like
terpentine
In my mind I'm fully ready on the streets I come
prepared
Gat in da tuck laser guided infared to ya head
I zone like the stratosphere collapse from an
earthquake
After my times up archeologist digging my rhymes up
I'm not afraid I always felt like I been ready
In my hood you need a knife and a mashedy
From time to time I think about the shit that I seen
Reality often seems like a bad dreamâ€¦you know!

Chorus

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