

Pia Zadora

"Won't Stop"

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[Verse One]

Models and dimes, ugly hoes follow inside
Proud of my dick and mad chicks swallow my pride
Getting head jobs from strippers
Twisted off the eggnog and liquor, a big dog like
Clifford
Melt gimmicks every time I spit
With rhymes like crowds in health clinics cause every
line is sick
I squeeze clips at each clique
To see how they deal with heat when I put them under
arms like speed stick
Please bitch, with metal to your frame
I rep the C. O. nonstop, it's the first two letters of my
name
Competitors are slain by this intelligent gunner
Quick to pop the trunk like an elephant hunter
And you might be upset, your dad and I got something
in common
Your mom kissing both our babies right before bed
And like me or not, bitch I'm 'bout to light me a spliff
So any shit you got to spit I'll more than likely forget

[Verse Two]

I talk a lot of shit cause I know a lot of shit
Your bitch comes to my show to swallow a lot of dick
So which idiot should I shit on?
The one that spit on the mic or his friend who
convinced him to get on?
You spit your best shit on everybody's mix tape
Now for your album you're left with shit you wrote in
sixth grade
That's why I don't rhyme on mix tapes
I mix hate and science and spit straight sick shit your
bitch hates
On Tower I admit rape
And it was well worth the gas and the switchblade it
took to get laid
Plus your girl looks like a great fuck
But that's only from the face down and the waist up
And I got eight sluts, one for each day I wake up

Plus an extra for the morning I die laying face up
I'll pull you out your truck, get slammed up the dash
For rhyming like you got your hands and fists crammed
up your ass
Pull out the thirty-eight, hold it to the crowd
And leave every critic's body that dissed me "Holier
Than Thou"
Extinguish the hottest emcee's match
When I cuff the mic at twelve decibels I still get positive
feedback

[Verse Three]

Saw your one blunt and that dirty ain't worth the buy
Raw and uncut like Eddie Murphy uncircumcised
When Copywrite's on tour stop and hide your whore
Certified thief, alarms go off when I walk inside the
store
O. H. ten, been repping the state
From the second I stepped on the stage till I'm dead in
a grave
And got a buzz but my head isn't shaved
"Get the leaves and doja", sick of being sober and my
medicine's haze
Veteran praise€ and I don't write for the wealth
I'll stage my own death, come back and ghost write for
myself
Your dis backs weren't able to help
Me and RJ's like slip mats, ??? ????? turntables were
felt
Now pray for yourselves, still opponents lost a spar
again
I can't be faded like a homeless Rastafarian
Before I rock the booth I need lots of loot
Got it coming together like Siamese prostitutes

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