

Pras "Can't Stop The Shining"

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Your minutemen don't stand a chance inside mi casa
Even with viagra disband god no may I say nada
I used to be naive and dress fresh when I was small
Now I line these niggas up against the wall and grab
they balls
I like to hear the tone of their voice when it's high pitch
It's the only way to seperate the mens from the bitch
The loyal from the snitch, I dig a ditch when they twitch
Bring 'em to their knees no higher than my hem stitch
You trying to verbal me you bound to end up voice lift
You wanna change your plea but now your ass is
choiceless
I illuminate the atmosphere a million watts strong
Before Free like BC your night was weeks long
You can't stop my shine, my state of being's too
sublime
Too refined, too ?significant? to be defined
I've got a round and automatic for you mortals out of
line
See I'm your worst nightmare, I'm striking in the
daytime! What?

You Can't Stop The Shining
You wanna stop the shining?
Can't Stop The Shining
You Can't Stop The Shining

Hey yo, My subject matters travels in three different
states
Gas, liquid, solid-Decelerate your heart rate
I duplicate the sound god makes when he farts in
space
Make you say (indecipherable)
Them cats say I'm wicked
The way I just kick it
The man for the 150, too scientific
For you to come and get it
Won't you just quit it?
Stop all the gimmick, bust it
Hey yo, peep it
Suck the blood out of you diagnose you an enemy
Hundred miles runnin', hundred shots gunnin'

Ha I just got your catch, yeah you can keep runnin'
The impact of the rush will leave you decapitated
None reinstated
Your style's been deflated
You won't quite make it, Dirty Cash just invaded -- yeah

I know you prayed for my downfall
Curse all you cats whose down with Babylon
You Babylon I'll battle you unto the break of dawn
Or better yet 'til we can identify flying aliens
Well I'll be smooth sailing, all you chameleons
Mortal beings, what?! Pure earthlings--Yeah
Traveling through the bowels of Brooklyn blood as a
hallogen
Standing on Flatbush hollering with my hooligans
Unify my styles like the Russian and the
(indecipherable)
I'm platinum plus and you're silver still and

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Yo, My power to weight ratio makes it capable
For me to carry hundred thousand pound boast radios
Fuckin' with the "Can-I", is like stepping on a
Live land mine behind enemy lines
Military paratroops with camouflage parachutes
In flight suits and boots landing on your roof
Eliminate the target is the prime objective
I create psychic walls harder than cement is
Nobody enters, nobody exits
I wreck shit with methods, electric like the Pentagon's
fences
MC's with the hype-nitis disease are like crack fiends
With the hepatitis B vaccine
Navy Seal team make a bitch scream
Make 'em suck a dick dipped in vaginal cream
'Cause you mothafuckas ain't worth the earth that you
walk on
You ain't worth the paper plates prisoners eat pork on
Mothafuckas
Rip Rock part two! Yeah-- So what the fuck you wanna
do?

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