

2Pac F/ Mac Mall, Quincy Jones

"Nonstop"

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Jugga the Bully, Atlantis like...

Split the optimo, crumble the bud, and get high
Like to shuttle the bud, get up in the tunnel of love
She wanna cuddle and hug, go dancing, baby cut a
little rug
All the shorties wanna bubble wit' Juggs, doublin up
Their man run up, he getting bust in the mud
Do you really wanna rumble wit a thug?
I'm leavin Emcees flat and in a puddle of blood
Gotcha all crew huddling up, get ya strategy straight
It's a tragedy for your anatomy, if ya battle me
Call the cavalry first, cause if ya spit a verse after me
Catastrophe is your fate, and I'm a rapper like a salary
Got no mentality, can't shake it, can't fake it
Keep it real like the old cliché, then again like Goldie
say
Your girl chose me, your just a prototype, be on your
way
We can't afford to hate, we all in the same game
We just play for different squads
But you beatin me that's distant odds
While you rehearse and run it through 3 or 4 different
bars
If your listenin God, all I want is tracks to crush
Gats to bust, and a wife wit a fat ass to cut, plus
Some grass to puff, that's enough, oh yeah
Can I make it without crashin my truck?
Shit, I promise if that's my luck, you get your ten
points(baby)
I aint hatin on your divinity
I'm just tryin to be the best I can be
Got me sufferin anxiety, little sobriety
Not enough variety, eat, doo-doo, sleep, cut, write
rhymes
Eat, doo-doo, sleep, cut, things are all the same
Despite all the dames who call my name
It aint nothing, unless I make it to the rap hall of fame
Me lose, ya'll the same
Me and my fort got it locked like prison doors
I'm that fat man your chick adores

If you ain't getting yours, it aint my fault, this is war
Don't be mad, a matter fact hit the floor
I'm the difference between rich and poor, make a
transition
Give me all your jewels and the money you got
Sunny or not, runnin ya block, Juggas in charge
Stop frontin like your something your not
If you really got beef then I'm dumpin the glock (I'm
shot)
Dude, your Teflon vest is swiss
I'm the best at this, perfectionist, ya next to get this
I'm deadly like Asbestoses to kids
Wanna battle get some references
I'll lift styles beat ya with your own flow
Shang-solom, Brahma the Bull
Kill ya soft wit the comical jokes
Kiss my ass, of a little man is optional
Lock and load, I gotta explode
The Bully, on a mission in ninety-nine
Workin out to improve condition
And position of my joints to blow
Leavin haters trembling, looking feminine
When I'm bendin them, who face you grinning in
Juggs great like relevance, all ya see is Timberland
trees
What goes around comes around feel the pendulum
breeze
Then watch me spread through ya'll, like Jamal
Instantly, intimately, chickens givin me love
Like Wimbledon's referee's take it or leave
Folk you fake like Make believe
Ya whole image cosmetic call ya Mabeline
Hotter if ya plan to reckon the cream
Wake up from ya dream, Rip Winkle
Juggernaut shoot ? like Kris Kringle, makin shit tingle
Make her tits jingle more then earrings
Hit it all night, pull out my tip wrinkle
Material for my next hit single
I shouldn't be like this, but the chicks mingle
And when you freak tight chicks all day
It's kinda hard to be humble
When they party with Jugga
I'm diggin so deep they leavin wit their arteries
jumbled
When they jab, bet they probably stumbled
Choking and coughin, cause they swallowed me like
some gumbo
Cupid keeps hittin these broads wit the archery bundles
Follow me like Colombo, when you comin over Juggs?
Hey maybe tomorrow I mumble!
With no intentions on stroking the chicken

With or without your permission, my flow rippin on the
mic
No contingent like the 'Dirty Bird' I'd, ah, own the
division
Oh, and did I mention the fact that, I'm the fat cat
In the black strap wit the gat packed
Snuggly in the leather knapsack and if I gotta clap that
Best believe you'll hear the clack-clack
Plus ya getcha back cracked or get rocked over the
phat track
>From the beat after I smoked it
Couple of blows to ya grill, leave ya smile crooked
If ya got beef I'll cook it
Serve it to you on a plate, no debate
Just ask the crowd who took it
Bet they say the Bully blowed it
Buzzin since the day Goodie voted
Juggernaut fully reloaded
Tilt with one in the chamber, hand triggered
Even got my nigga Riggs at the Source sayin shouldn't
we quote it

Nonstop (x9)

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