

Nifty

"Who Gon' Stop Me"

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Chorus:

Man I just woke up
Mind on my money
Thinkin' bout all them hundreds
That I can come up on
But The 5-0's comin'
They always keep a nigga runnin'
My mind is made up

Aim to the sky, gotta take flight
For the One Time-Time, pop my nine
This my time, gotta get mine
24/7 grind, this my life

I hope you believe me
Cuz I ain't stoppin' till my shit blow up
From the floor up, I'mma get it in
If you rockin' with a click, throw it up
Throw them dubs up, gettin' dividends
Nigga who gon' stop me?
I'm gunnin' till a motherfucka drop me aye
Nigga who gon' stop me?
I'm gunnin' till a motherfucka pop me aye

Verse:

Right off the bat nigga
Cook crack nigga
Flowin' an immigrant flow
Where he at nigga
Beat the walls of the beat
You know what it is
Shittin on you niggas can you smell the kid
I don't think they hear me
Man I'm cooler than them skinny jeans
Pull a ruger on a nigga for offending me
I'm on a different scale, color different tone
Nappy roots on my dome, need a couple combs,
Yeah, I'm a bout it bout it nigga
I'm a no limit soldier, I ain't gotta fuckin' limit
Plenty wanna be me, but your ho she wanna do me
Givin' her the business, put your lips around my dubee

Who me? Who me? You ain't speakin to me
I'm speakin to myself cuz ain't nobody close to me
And the closet nigga to me is them niggas with them
boobies
Fuck it, you niggas bitches
Fuck it, you niggas snitches

Chorus

Verse:

I hope you had a couple seconds
Nigga soak it in
I'm better than you and your crew and your rappin'
friends
I'm a beast, I'm a problem, Nope
I'm the nigga eatin up all of these motherfuckin'
goblins
Nigga, ya I'm cooler than you thought
Freddy Kruger in ya thoughts
All black in your yaught
Taking everything you bought
From your fitted to your socks
Bumbaclock, I ain't never gonna stop, ya dig
Snitches never prosper, me I need an Oscar
Grammy award nigga, I'm kickin' ya door nigga
I'm flowin this way because I'm in 5th ward nigga
I'm 5150 don't think you fuckin' with Nifty nigga I'm
here
And I don't really plan on leavin'
U.L.A. he in the back with your bitch and she's dry
heavin'
Kick Push, Kick Push
I ain't Lupe I just really wanna Dick Bush

Chorus

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