

Enrique Iglesias & Patrick Leonard

"No Stopping This"

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[Lucky]

Luciano be a hog, and he all about the paper
Ain't no mo' buck hide, boy I be sitting on alligator
Let me get on the microphone, so I can show em how
it's done
No matter where I go, I never roll without my gun
Young mo'fucker up in this game, acting bad
Come around that corner, on chrome in that Cadillac
I ain't rapping for free, so quit bothering me
Unless you tal'n bout that feddy, don't be calling a G
I'ma swing then I swang, gripping on the grain
Hit you with some game, while I sip a little drank
Man hold up, that boy there he go hard
Who that Mexican wrecking, Mr. Texas Lone Star
Had sex with your broad, in the back of your car
Jamming Screw tapes, gone off them handle bars
I got love for my partnas, we be unseen
Me and Angeletti, Full Time and Lil Quin
Winston in the Penn, he'll be out in a second
Y'all already know when he touch down, that boy there
gon wreck it
Dopehouse Records, done hooked up with Luck
So me and DFO, are making it bubble up
Pain and Rob, Uchie and Twin Beredaz
I'ma come through, and write SPM a letter
Tell him it's getting better, we gon hold it down
Po'ing fo's for you, and smoking on pine
What it do what the deal, huh brah holla whaaa
H-Town representing, know I'm tal'n bout boy

[Hook (Lady Jane) - 2x]

It ain't no, stopping this
Can't stop won't stop us, not for shit
(ain't no one stopping this)
It ain't no, stopping this
Can't stop won't stop us, not for shit
(can't stop won't stop, not for shit)

[Lucky]

My neighborhood we run that hoe, and there there be
so fa real

Man I dare you to come and try, to sell your dope up
over here
We got it locked from block to block, you already know
what I'm tal'n bout
And for them haters I got a glock, up in the 'Burban I'm
chopping blocks
They selling herb they selling syrup, they selling X and
they selling caine
Up in the Lex they gripping grain, we that Mexicans
spitting game
Now get your change break your bread, try your best
and shake them FED's
Off your ass get your cash, nigga like me be living fast
Maaan, I'm trying to get these riches
I like to pimp these bitches, while hitting 16 switches
I hit the school zone, representing Screwston
Dripping candy paint, ain't no fucking two tone
I'ma ball, y'all can call me and outlaw
Putting it down for my dogs, locked away behind the
bars
Living life like a star, sipping pints of the bar
See that boy Lucky on the mic, going hard

[Hook - 2x]

[Lucky]

Ain't no way you stopping me, I got a family I gotta
feed
Plus I got a block to bleed, Lucky full of that broccoli
Please believe I'm getting chips, state to state I'm
hitting licks
On a paper chase up in this bitch, it's all about them
Benjamin's
Laughing at my competition, flashing my diamonds
Christian on a mission, ain't tripping I've been rhyming
Pimping been pimping, I'm pimping a pen haa
Ends been flipping, I'm getting the chips haa
This for the dealers in the kitchen, weighing up the
damn soda
Making boulders with the baking soda, slanging on the
corner
I'm a soldier smoking swisha sweets, in a black Caddy
Lucky got game, like his daddy and his granddaddy
Man I could pimp this big booty, broad bitch
That hoodrat, never had no superstar dick
Time to flip my do', cause I done stacked my G's
And man I'm finished with flow, so nigga pass me the
weed

[Hook - 2x]

Can't stop, won't stop not for shit - 2x

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