

## J Wells f/ J-Ro, KB I Mean, Method Man "It Don't Stop"

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[Intro: Dubbed voice] Digital master [Method Man] Uh  
Oh like Lumidee, if Meth ain't that shit by now, I'm soon  
to be When I choke hold mics, I don't give em room to  
breathe I'm just doin me, but bitch if you fine, I'll do you  
free By now if you don't know who it be, don't make me  
tell Just know I Killa Mike like that kid from ATL If you fail  
to plan, baby plan to fail Man my game ugly as that  
nigga Sam ??? I'm so funky, I can't even stand the  
smell Come on, life's a drag, roll it up and inhale Don't  
get comfy, I cramo your style like a monkey Even  
+Deemi+ needs +Moore+ than Ashton Kutcher to punk  
me My four five barks Just one shot is enough to clear  
the block like it's time for 106 & Park Staten Island  
dropping your ass, we mean business With guns that  
put a shot in your ass like free clinics [Chorus 2X:  
Method Man & J. Wells] Everytime we drop the top it  
don't stop Everytime we pop the glock it don't stop  
Everytime we rock the block it don't stop As long as the  
product good, they gon cop [J-Ro] It's the bar  
barbarian, big butt carrying Hittin urban areas from ???  
to Maryland My Lincoln Navigate, my name on the  
plate My name is J-Ro, biatch, get that shit straight No  
time for those who hate, I'm too busy putting dinner on  
the plate And rocking old Chevys with the candy paint  
and gold flake Hail to the land of earthquakes and real  
niggas and fakes The 'Ro rocking with the Method, you  
might as well accept it My flow is so killer it'll probably  
get arrested I'm bumpin Bob Marley, sippin hobbs and  
barley I'm old and dangerous like poisen calamari  
Don't fuck with Likwit, but you didn't believe Now your  
ass in hot water just like a teaf leaf Everytime we drop  
the top, here comes the cops Everytime we rock your  
pop, the bottles pop [Chorus 2X f/ KB I Mean ad-libs]  
[KB I Mean] I run through tracks like Maurice Green KB I  
Mean, more to life than the air you breathe Cheese, get  
a piece, I been part of the streets Sweet liquid, my  
niggas will chip part of your teeth Big beats like bloa,  
wow They call your boy the golden child, I flow for  
miles Classic, better check my foul I'm not the one,  
been on the run, blow my lungs animal style I'm a wild  
son of a gun, sign of the times I'm the king, so the

prince my son That's one, get punched like clocks and  
chumps Pop the trunk, watch me stunt, you flinch, get  
jumped I'm sick everyday of the month No cure for  
sure, I'm the nigga they want Spit raw, so everytime  
you bite my style Just remember that it was J-Ro, KB &  
Meth Tical, nigga [Chorus 2X] [Outro: J. Wells] Shouts  
out to EP, Big Bonzi J. Wells, Liquid Entertainment, for  
all you haters Please turn your radios up as loud as  
they go

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