

The Jungle Brothers F/ The Roots

" Can't Be Stopped"

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I knoooooowwwww, I know I can't be stoooooped!

[Verse 1]

Yea, uh, Deala, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh...

The definition of trillness, outta the South

Just that real shit, not anotha nigga runnin' his mouth

Pay attention, I'll explain why I can't be stopped

And how I came to be the man on every neighborhood block

Bronson, a young fly nigga straight out the slums

Candy paint on Monte Carlos in the decks where I'm from

Remember when I was first back from pullin' the first grab

Or when the crack came I was the nigga with the first slam

Who wants the 'yours truly', y'all cannot school me

Put so much coke on the streets, Pepsi tried to sue me

Wearin' a throwback, I dropped faces and ? crack

And if I can't rap, the trap is where I'll go back

This just one dimension, of a nigga spittin

You're now welcomed to the dawnin of a new beginnin

I'm the quarterback of crack because it's logical

Don't want that yay, I'll switch up the plate, call me the honorable

Deala not yo average dick ridin' bitch nigga

I'm more like a Benz 6 ridin' sick nigga

You know you the ??? darkskinned, heavily tatted

??? spark ten, heavily gatted

C'mon dawg, you can't fuck with me, leave it alone

I got killaz on standby, breathe and it's on

If this truly is a game then I'm the legend who wrote it

And be careful cuz the bases ain't the only thing loaded

I knoooooowwwww, I know I can't be stoooooped!

(I can't be stopped, I can't be stopped!)

[Verse 2]

Chrome wheelz on the 600, nuthin' but wood

I-Double, DTP, we ain't nuthin' but hood

You still tryina get a deal, but yo time's runnin' out
You diarrhea in yo ass, the shit's not comin' out
Okay, you dropped a lil' album, still got no ends
I made more in a month doin 'Cris ad libs
Do a background check on me, see how I live
Don't let that Mac ground spit homey, think of yo kids
Down hea, we for real, not just wordz and a rap
Deala bitch! The same love in the burbs or the trap
I can bang witchu, slang witchu, ride when I need to
Drop somethin', cop somethin', slide when I need to
You don't know me and all the warz that I've fought
In the club, fuck the bottle, whole bar gets bought
Bronson! I'ma made man, you do the knowledge
All you is just middle school, see me in college
Pussy rimz are not legal, fuck a learnin' permit
Me, I ride on grown men and the mirror's the tint
Y'all niggaz not quiet Ludacris, nowhere near Shawwna
A mill ??? Fate, and Tity some otha drama
And Tit' needs to get the title let alone the respect
On every block I been on, not only the deck
It's the same shit, different day, I'm stuck in my ways
DTP, we run the streets until I'm stuck in the grave

I knoooooowwwww, I know I can't be stoooooped!
(Repeat 4X)

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