

Jurassic 5 F/ Kool Keith**"Stop, Chill"**

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New shit
WSUP!
WSUP!
WSUP!

[Beanie Mac]
Stop, chill, relax, and let this nigga Sigel flow
I know you can't believe the flow, you can't cope I flow
dope
Like a key ya blow
You like naw, Beans, same nigga from 21st and Sigel
street
When it's beef people let them desert eagle speak
So whoever, wherever I don't care where we meet
Stop, chill, don't talk shit sideways outta your mouth
I will slap spit sideways outta your mouth
Bitch niggas talk indirect it don't matter
When you got snitch niggas right in your set
That's why I know where you niggas sling coke and
pump D at
Same spot that you liable to see me at
Gun and a mask, one in the stash where the seed at
Stop, all my young bucks huggin the block
Stop puttin drugs in your sock
You makin it easy for the cops to catch you
They hooked to that stash and that trash and that bag
of pretzels
You gotta hustle smarter than that
Cop coke harder than that, keep your dough apart from
your crack
Keep a stash in the dark for the trap
Man you never know when the narks gon launch an
attack

HOOK: repeat 2X

Stop, I know you cats livin a lie
You niggas rats you aint willin to die
Chill, I spit it for my niggas keepin it street
Keepin they steel, all my niggas keepin it real

It's still vex in the game tryin na earn respect
I got the best of out and y'all aint heard shit yet
You can shuffle up the cards I'ma learn the deck
When I do the game is mine, man I'm aimin high
Niggas talk about guns don't be carryin none
Every two hammers I cock I'm buryin one
I'ma dress in all stash this year, whenever I'm near
From the First Union, to Madison Square
Stop, chill, cuz I know y'all niggas like Mac fuckin that
track
Let me show you somethin dog it aint nothin for Mac
It come all natural like I'm bustin my gat
Or I'm stuck in a spot crushin the crack
Got ice in a pot, fluffin the crack
Takin backs to the block so don't stuff in them packs
Doin life on the Roc aint nothin fuckin with that
Me, jail, dog, you can put me under the ground
Where I'm from all my niggas they from under the
ground
You can hear us when we come it's a thunderous sound
Trees, stompin, Roc jeans and a bunch of white T
troopers
Stay on post with they toast and they like to shoot you
Philly cats no rack, big guns and Sumas

HOOK 2X

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