

Lil' Wayne F/ Mannie Fresh

"Stop Shammin'"

Visit "[Stop Shammin'](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

One-fifty-eight Lewis Avenue
between Lafayette and Van Buren, that was back
during
the days of hangin on my Bed-Stuy block
with Spence and Mitch, followin my cousin Murdoch
All the brothers were real, goin for what they feel
By the way, peace to my man Sha and Big Neal
Now in ninety-three I'm still bein me
You think my 'fridgerator ain't full of Olde E? Huh
A lot of times I get fly with a suit and a tie
Yeah I went from rags to riches but I still rock the saggy
britches
And I don't try to act brand new
Eatin escargots and usin words like "rendezvous"
The ghetto life I've seen a lot overcome
make a little money and then forget where they came
from
Livin a plastic lifestyle, you're more false than dentures
Don't make me pull your file -- stop shammin!

"Stop, hold-up, pause, wait" (2X)
[Kane] Stop shammin!
"Stop, hold-up, pause, wait" (2X)
[Kane] Stop shammin!
"Stop, hold-up, pause, wait" (2X)
[Kane] Stop shammin!
"Stop, hold-up, pause, wait" (2X)

So why you wanna be what you're not?
And claim to have things that you know you ain't got
You're just a fantasizer -- spendin all your money
on lustrous pink oil moisturizer
Just to make your hair curly and thin
You say, "Black is beautiful," but then you go and
bleach your skin
Money you're worse than Yacub
cause their are eight stages of graft and you broke
down to two
Plus you got a bad case of jungle fever
And nmmana-nah-nah I just can't believe ya
It's quite obvious you don't wanna be a black man

So what's next - you're gonna join the Klu Klux Klan?
You sold out to your race and it's a big disgrace
You can't look your own people in the face
You wonder why it ain't no black schools or hospitals
You're makin millions of dollars and it's pitiful
that you can donate to leukemia all the time
But you can't give the Nation of Islam a dime
They mention Muslims, you change the subject
You can't even shake Farrakhan hand in public
That whole busy attitude is a sham
Umm bro, umm brother, umm.. Brougham, stop
shammin!

"Stop, hold-up, pause, wait" (2X)
[Kane] Stop shammin!
"Stop, hold-up, pause, wait" (2X)
[Kane] Stop shammin!
"Stop, hold-up, pause, wait" (2X)
[Kane] Stop shammin!
"Stop, hold-up, pause, wait" (2X)
"Change the groove and funk it up a little bit"

I look in the mirror, at times I say, "Damn Black Caesar;
how'd you get to be the woman pleaser?"
Cause I remember when girls didn't notice me
And now they wanna Come and Talk To Me like Jodeci
It's strange, how back in the days I couldn't get with em
Now all of a sudden the honies they wanna give me
rhythm
Well I'ma hit it, but still I show no pity
So I hope you don't think you gonna be in my next video
And many brothers I never even ran with
be actin like they been hangin with me since I was a kid
I mean just to get a piece of the action
Man they start rememberin more times than Michael
Jackson
But I can't fade to the tag-alongs
that want me to drag em on
Frontin like a friend just so I can put em in
But you cuttin yourself paper thin - stop shammin!

"Stop, hold-up, pause, wait" (2X)
[Kane] Stop shammin!
"Stop, hold-up, pause, wait" (2X)
[Kane] Stop shammin!
"Stop, hold-up, pause, wait" (2X)
[Kane] Yo, stop shammin!
"Stop, hold-up, pause, wait" (2X)
[Kane] And I'm out

