

## **Lox, The**

### **"Can't Stop, Won't Stop"**

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Come on, yeah  
[I'm comin]  
Come on, yeah  
[I'm comin]  
Come on, yeah  
[I'm comin]  
Come on, yeah  
[I'm comin]  
(2x)

Stlyes:

Can't stop, won't stop  
Everything drop like panties, hot like Miami  
Move like little black kid stealing candy  
Barely seen, honnies call me barely cream  
Real generals never fail eighteen  
Would you believe, I know what's up your sleeve  
If you said in your last time, (?)  
And thought he saw the devil, Jay kissed his feet  
You think not, as if  
Sheek won't bring it to you, give you asthmas  
Is he rockin cashmiere? Y'all know we don't pass there  
Matter fact, I scoped out there last year  
Hit him on the head said there ain't no cash there  
Stay home, Styles about to hit Tony Rhomes  
Puff out his own with this chick from Rome  
(?), funny how I'm greedy, used to be needy  
But now the Sean-Don keep the (?)

Chorus-Puff Daddy:

Too many people worried about what we got  
Everything we drop will be hot  
Puff Daddy and the Goodfellas don't stop  
Can't stop, won't stop  
(2x)

Sheek:

Hey, yo it's crazy we here now every chick want my  
baby  
My career clear while your shit look hazy  
Bang with us? I don't think so, we platinum plus

With no airplay so ain't shit for us to discuss  
But when we hit, you can't understand how we did it  
At home praticin tryin to learn how we spit it  
Fourty-eight hours of old tea like Nick Nolte  
Young but O-G's at this rap shit nigga please  
One hit for all of us to start eatin  
And wild stack on three weeks on bowell leather beats  
Our parents are sharp like cactuses  
And you can tell by chips, we sleep on mattresses  
Dimes flooded out in the hidous  
Shit you see in magazines, cut out we freak them hoes  
Drop them clothes, double expose you in the lens  
Now relax as we videotape you in the bed

(Chorus 2x)

Jay:

If we talk about dollars, only thing I turn down is my  
collar  
Pull out turn them around, if he reach make him holler  
Who runnin the town? The Goodfellas  
Puff is the godfather, dog, so why bother?  
With the third-person, you might catch me surfin  
Money I be jerkin, my newborn be burpin  
Can't stop, won't stop, I want respect  
And I only bum heads with checks  
In the suite with this honey from Bangladesh  
Pop a snapple, I (?) lay on my chest  
All I had to do was get it there, she doin the rest  
Take a L to the head, then we listen to flex  
Yes, the black hood, and I mack good  
With hydro and chocolate mixed in backwood  
Ask yourself, do you rap good or act good?  
Baby we ain't gon' stop, but you should

(Chorus

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