

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

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We Won't Stop

Par Big Moe

Album : The Best of Big Moe

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[Big Moe]

Son of a bitches got my name in they mouth

I knock they woman down and leave my drawers at they house

[Z-Ro]

Better not run up on Big Moe, leave that boy alone

[Big Moe]

Stankin and swinging on niggas like I was Roy Jones

Motorola, benjamin folder, slab holder

Crushing these motherfuckers bout the size of a polar

Bear, I swear, you better beware

I'ma let it go leaving bout spots in your hair

Life is hard but it's fare ain't nothing for free

Get off my balls you niggas ain't taking nothing from me

Cause I done mashed, for my cash

And if I got to go now I get down and mash

I'm still gangsta man, you better feel that, ain't nobody

Wrecking the shop where nigga kill at get your wig peeled back

M, my inventions, stay out of mine

Have you limping, to a crawl you out of time

[Chorus: Z-Ro]

H-Town streets it be too hot, get your glock

It don't stop, unless you want to cop a burial plot

D-Town streets shermed out soldiers on the block

It don't stop, and it be quick to give your pistol a cock

Little Rock streets it be too hot, get your glock

It don't stop, unless you want to cop a burial plot

Louisiana streets sharmed out soldiers on the block

It don't stop, and it be quick to give your pistol a cock

[Z-Ro]

I'm a Mo City soldier and I'ma be quick to give my pistol a cock

When I be dumping on son of a bitches bout a regular lot

Don't come around here with no plex, fuck around

And pull out the jaws of life and snatch your dome smooth off your neck

To my people when I call collect my fond money under my bed

And I'ma jump on when I touch down and keep bringing it to they head

Hell naw I ain't never been scared, a bit of thing inside myself

Cause I might accidentally bust me out these guns on myself

Being the king of the Killa Klan and Disco Dan and from the Tre

May a slug hit you spit your fuck miss and your uh reefer done J

Blue and gray or red and black ain't no set tripping cause we down

Leaving a trail of bloody murders through your city and through your town

Who would you run to, would you light up like a woman or pull a gun fool

And on top of decision making we ain't having none of that riff-raff

Fuck around and open you up just like a big slash

[Chorus]

Chi-Town streets it be too hot, get your glock

It don't stop, unless you want to cop a burial plot

New York streets sharmed out soldiers on the block

It don't stop, and it be quick to give your pistol a cock

? streets it be too hot, get your glock

It don't stop, unless you want to cop a burial plot

Florida streets, sherned out soldiers on the block

It don't stop, and it be quick to give your pistol a cock

[Dirty &]

We got bars and stripes, boy and sprites

Polite on mics the type of cats that keep boys on pipe

With they jaws on extra tight, and they extra hype

Full of that shit to make us and they drawers ignite

And we gone fatten the fire, fuel and flames

Get them brains, leaving gangsta we off the chain

Who run trains till they off the track, wolfpack

Up in Playboy mansion I have all these bunnies back

We got money stacks, homes and lacs

Farms and gats for any ?tom dick hairy and jack?

Who want to know where our hearts be at, come hear the

Clickity clack, rock-a-bye baby baby, back back

We can do it like this and we can do it like that

Crack your hands high here's your skull cap to hoes

Snap a photo for your folks and close your favorite pack of smokes

Cheater, we ain't no joke it's cut throat style we won't stop

[Chorus]

Memphis streets it be too hot, get your glock

It don't stop, unless you want to cop a burial plot

L.A. streets shermed out soldiers on the block

It don't stop, and it be quick to give your pistol a cock

Detroit streets it be too hot, get your glock

It don't stop, unless you want to cop a burial plot

Dirty Third streets shermed out soldiers on the block

It don't stop, and it be quick to give your pistol a cock

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