

# Beanie Sigel, Don't Stop (ft. Snoop Dogg)

Ma, I think it's safe to say  
You ain't seen a playa lay this way  
Or playa game this way  
Wit a attitude like and ya don't stop  
Aficionado, so fashionable  
Wit a confident swagger, international  
Game so tight, the girls had to go  
And you don't stop, stop  
Sicka than your average  
Money too long, can't stash it  
In the closet or the mattress  
Paper, stretch like elastic  
Checks from advances, the bank can't cash it  
So the price for that, never ask it  
Just sign my name or pop plastic  
Hating ass cops wanna harass 'em  
Searching for a glock in the pocket of his fashion  
Bitches wit SP stitches on they asses  
And they left breast  
Let's get dressed and toast to the occasion  
Cops couldn't page 'em, flow so amazing, hot like Cajun  
You fucking wit the champ  
Pop corks on champ' like I just took the chip  
Nigga took the stand when he coulda took the 5th  
Yeah, eat a dick wit AIDS on the tip  
Keep my name off ya lips, not guilty  
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I said, I'm sicka than your average  
Keep three shooters like the Mavericks  
Short to the point like Nash is fucking wit a savage  
Niggaz press they luck, get bucked like ashes  
Three piece suits, linen fabrics  
Three quarter croc, sharper than a pastor  
B Sig bring the light to the masses  
Of these rap bastards who gives street passes  
One shooting can lead to three caskets  
Jump suits, state boots, at least three stabbings  
You softer than a Reebok Classic  
Folding under pressure when confronted by them badges  
I was taught, stay low and keep blasting  
Po only know questions that was answered  
Keep a number on the high price lawyer  
It's five ways now days, everybody saw ya  
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Now, let's toast to the man that when he get out  
That he gon' do them thangs that he rap about  
A true playa phar real, haters stay out my face  
And know that thing still by my waist  
Now, let's toast to the man that when he get out  
That he gon' do them thangs that he rap about

A true playa phar real, haters stay out my face  
And know that thing still by my waist  
Once again, I'm sicker then 'em all  
Niggaz, see C's start shitting in they drawers  
When I kick in the door, stop the blood clot crying  
Wipe the piss off the floor  
The ape is back, my gate is cracked  
My jumpsuit and my cuffs is off  
Yeah, I'm back on them bricks  
Raise your cups and raise your glass  
And let's toast to the boy B Mack  
Yeah, I'm back in the mix  
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