

# Mariah Carey, Don't Stop

Do the thing  
Watch yourself  
Get on the floor  
Move your feet

It ain't nothing you can do with the man  
Except for shake ya ass and clap ya hands  
And bob ya head and move ya feet  
I ain't the type of rapper just to ride the beat  
I set the track on fire  
I take the roof, the house and knock out your tyres  
It's the funk in heaven  
Let mystikal move you and Mariah sing

Don't stop baby  
It's ec-sta-sy (Watch yourself)  
Turn me up a little higher  
Baby light my fire  
Tell me every little thing you wanna do (Do the thing)  
Baby I'm into you (Get on the floor)  
Don't stop baby (Shake ya head)  
It's ec-sta-sy (Shake the whole grill)  
Turn me up a little higher  
Baby light my fire  
Tell me every little thing you wanna do  
I just wanna love you

And bob ya head and move ya feet  
Heads up, look out, it's 'bout to go down  
And what they didn't know about me then I bet they know now  
I'm 'bout to prove my fame  
So just get out the way and let me do the thing  
It's all or nothin'  
I'm known to be more vulgar than the garbage truck  
Sucka, you can't stop the train  
You ain't got no umbrella so get your ass out the rain  
You ain't louder than this  
I'm like a bowl of gumbo, you ain't hotter than this  
I'm what they play in the club  
I keep 'em moving 'till I leave, that's what they paying me for  
You already know what I do  
So have my money and my munchies and my cigar too  
I'm known for bringing the heat, heat  
Ain't nobody cutting up but MC and MC

Don't stop baby (Shake ya head)  
It's ec-sta-sy (Watch yourself)  
Turn me up a little higher  
Baby light my fire  
Tell me every little thing you wanna do (Do the thing)  
Baby I'm into you (Get on the floor)  
Don't stop baby (Move your feet)  
It's ec-sta-sy (Shake the whole grill)  
Turn me up a little higher  
Baby light my fire  
Tell me every little thing you wanna do  
I just wanna love you

Go ahead then and party  
Mix that with that dark but don't waste that on my Jordans  
Keep laughing 'till your moth tired  
Go ahead and lit something up but take that ciggarette outside  
Get on the floor  
It's another number one debut for sure

Now say it ain't real  
And if I ain't a fool why you can't keep still, sing

I feel it  
And I'll let it get into me (For sure)  
Jamaica funk  
That's what it was  
Oh, let it get into you (Watch yourself)

Don't stop baby (Clap ya hands)  
Its ec-sta-sy (Get on the floor)  
Turn me up a little higher  
Baby light my fire  
Tell me every little thing you wanna do  
Baby I'm into you (It's all or nothin')  
Don't stop baby (Shake ya head)  
It's ecs-ta-sy (Watch yourself)  
Turn me up a little higher  
Baby light my fire  
Tell me every little thing you wanna do (Do the thing)  
I just wanna love you

Get on the floor