

Chingy, Can't Stop (Remix)

six figga ooooh remix!
ooooh ok young gunnaz

Cant stop, wont stop
Chingy and the Gunnaz
Cuz we get down, baby we get down
Girls uh girls they love us(Say What)
(Look she Right Thurr, man she Right Thurr!)

VERSE 1: Young Chris

Yep, its only right that we makin a remix
Young Gunnaz and Chingy just to give it a lil twist
Next generation, you better stay focused
This is be'fo your time, and you already know this
Ball 'em, never call 'em, kick 'em out before the mornin
It seem like once you done, they start drawlin
You never have 'em, so you cuff 'em when you grab 'em
I treat 'em all the same, even the bad ones
Gold Magnum, rolls, gold chain
Force yo aim, 4 4 magnum
Tell C and P, when they done, better pass 'em
I be laid back, smokin bags, playin Madden
You know we tap 'em, middle grown, back room
Living room, bathroom, send 'em home cap 'em
You got it, its nothin, I had 'em, you can have 'em
C and Neef, we the street's gunnaz, we the last ones

CHORUS: Young Gunz + (Chingy) (2x)

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VERSE 2: Chingy

Man I Cant Stop, Wont Stop
Girl quit actin like you cant pop on tha drop
To the floor, I move crowds like I moved out
In '94, on the block, heffers on my jog, you wanna know
It's official when I step up in it
You wanna party, let me get the YGs, and we a be there in a minute
Maybe Chicken Head... with it
I mean I offered to get it boy, Jersey GIB hat fitted
Run and tell the world we did it (Did what!?)
Copped the Boxed up Benz, Range, and got both of 'em kitted
Ching-a-ling, world-wide, play yo shit, and im grippin
You never seen my thorough side
Cuz the girls, the girls they love me
You know I stay fresh to death like Dougie
I steps in the spot, these cats, they mug me
Got drinks and drunk, so meet me at the clubbie
DTP

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VERSE 3: Young Neef

Now, Neefy and Chris, we can game any chic
One that have to pay a dime, payin no mind
Its quite as served, just sayin the right words
I like nice hurr, tits, nice curves
Gettin that dough, smokin on the best dro
Shorties catch everything, everytime I let go(OK)
I get it poppin and let 'em finish the rest yo
And when Im lookin for a girl, thats what our checks fo
Need me a chic, thatll see me squeeze the fifth
Or the court, plead the fifth, never leave me for a chic
Put the Visa on the whips, so its easy to get them bricks
Bringin all that cake!, thats what i need for you to do
Ill be heatin if you schooled, bring it all back straight!
Roc homie, we pop homie, drink it all back straight
Better want it, but fuck it, i warn you baby, all that hate
Will lead to you losin all that weight, holla at ya

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Chingy:
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, look at those hoes
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, look at those hoes
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, look at those hoes