

# Def Squad, Can't Stop

(feat. Dave Hollister/Peter Moore)

[Verse 1]

Macaulay Culkin, "Home Alone" Justin  
Tuesday night we stop by Justin's  
Check the scene, immaculate  
Grab the bottle from the bar and dismantle it  
Who you wit, spot a chick for my man to get  
She a big body girl, I can handle it  
Cuz my money blow 'em  
If I had the voice of my man Sisqo, I could see the thong  
But I'm not so I flash the yacht master  
And the gold seal so I can get it faster  
Eye contact, said my name Onasis  
Check myself from catching hot flashes  
This girl is just too much  
Quench my thirst wit a glass of, "Puffy" punch  
And that's the real, I'm the realest nigga ever seen  
Fuck a gun, stop me, try a laser beam

[CHORUS 2X: Dave Hollister]

Where we goin, goin  
How we movin, movin  
What we doin, doin  
Who she bouncin wit? "Keep bouncing"  
Can't stop movin, movin, movin "Keep bouncing"  
[Can't stop groovin, groovin, groovin]

[Verse 2]

Yo, same night, shit's right, glide down the block  
Club Cheetahs, the other spot, uh  
It should be closed, FUBU had a A-list fashion show  
I bought the hoe, "you know!"  
Inside, Deborah Cox, LL Cool...  
J, broads hangin off the barstools  
Uh, I'm the shit, I break down to any figure  
"Trick" 'em you don't know "Nann Nigga"  
Uh, around the chicks I flash the bread  
Never, ever get over my head, I front instead, "trust me"  
Me, I won't risk it  
I do it all for the "Nookie" like Fred from Limp Bizkit  
So I snooze 'em, seven day yacht cruise 'em  
Do what I want to and then lose 'em  
For real, me and my squad's off the hook  
Case closed, end of story, close the book

[CHORUS]

[Verse 3]

"I hate E so much right now"  
I don't give a fuck, I be like ch ch BLAU!  
Gettin hoes with asses like WOW  
Laughin at y'all how you like me now, uh  
I get the money baby, aint nothin funny baby  
Carrots are for Bugs Bunny baby  
To each his own, I rock til the spot is blown  
Club hoppin, once again it's on

[CHORUS]