

R. Kelly, Stop

[Intro: Tone (R. Kelly)]

Yo, Duro, tell Rob to hurry up back in the booth, man

We got the Track joint

Yo, this Tone the referee, while I got your attention

I gotta we set out to bring you the best possible heat

For your two step, me, Jigga and Kells

You know, so y'all just enjoy, aight

Yo, Rob you there? (Yeah) Your mic sound nice (uh-huh uh-huh)

You first to blow (yeah) Ight, you ready to blow (uh-huh)

Aight, let's go

[Chorus: R. Kelly]

Hold up, wait a minute, stop

Jigga, I'm about to put the shit down

Hold up, wait a minute, stop

I'm about to, make these niggaz get down

Hold up, wait a minute, stop

Guaranteed, these niggaz gonna feel us

Hold up, wait a minute, stop

Tone and Poke, blow the motherf**kin' speakers

[R. Kelly]

Grab a bottle, get two models

Thugs at Apollo's, niggaz wanna follow

I'm about to show you, how wild it gets

That nigga Hov', is the craziest

Stop at the club, bout a quarter to six

With a bottle in my hand, yellin' "Bitch, I'm rich"

Hey, y'all niggaz see me, I can't believe it

You startin' to sound like, you don't want it

Tony's on the drop, blue and yellow rocks

He keep yellin', stop, Sisqo's album flopped

What you wanna do, if you drinkin', I'm hangin' out with you

Five, four, three, two, one

Hang on y'all, let's have some fun

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]

It's Young... uh, mack alone, I'm back in the zone

I'm out they way, still these rappers won't leave me alone

I can give a f**k what these rappers sayin' bout me

That just let's me know, they can't go a day without me

Scared of me succeeding, that's the reason you doubt me

'cause if you ain't believe me, you wouldn't be thinkin' bout me

Sorta how like you, never crossed my mind

Until you crossed the line, stop...

Then I gotta come accross a rhyme

To let the world know you come across a mime

I do so much sauce with lines, with someone who saws my climb

From Marcy to party, where you soakin' up blue nine

Prude, am I, got a du-lema, I'm a dude from the hood

Who loves jewels, who am I?

You where placed in the same shoes, size 10/5

With a sick view, of the place you grew, dude, can I

Live, what I did, for this whole rap circus

I open up more doors for y'all f**kers than car service

Ya'll nervous, I ain't back yet

I'm on extended vaca', I ain't unpack yet, stop worrying

[R. Kelly]

Five, four, three, two, one

Hang on y'all, let's have some fun

[Chorus]

[Foxy Brown]

Shit, she back with the nigga inf dot

Uh-oh, somebody better tell this broad

I'm a nine year veteran, I'm back with my brethren

I sware to god, it feel like '96 again

Bitches snatchin' bags, see, they f**kin' with my shit again

We bout to let them hammers pop
In the 'Stuy, dudes, callin', you a problem, Fox'
I got the automore pierre watch
Butterscotch, GT, good toe on, three eight cock
Ya'll ain't see this much love since they cried for 'Pac
Since Big passed, or since Jay passed the Roc
I'm in a clearport, full length mink in a G4
F**k I'm lookin' like rhymin' for a hundred g's, for?
No, I don't talk to media guys
I don't chatter with the best, ain't no question whose the best
Shawn and Kelly, Fox, best of both worlds, I see y'all
Aiyo, Kel, nigga, holler at your peoples
[R. Kelly]
Five, four, three, two, one
Hang on y'all, let's have some fun
[Chorus]