

Tela, Can't Stop Me

[Tela]

I'm off this red-eye shit
Lost thinkers ain't seen shit
My bitch bowlegged and shit
Thick thighs with them hazel eyes
Smell the air, the night is mine
You busters think I'm lyin
I'm fin' to go in this casino now
and lean up on them tables, why?

Compulsive gambler with a compulsive hammer
Bitches be takin pictures with the get'em'hoe cameras
By this time a lot of niggaz got enter
Throw my shit 'cross to the pit boss Montana
Comin out cause I'm feelin real good
with a look like, "Bitch I wish you would"
try to slow my roll, hold me up
It ain't gon' go, not this time bitch no
I'm back up in this hoe, for the lights
I want them D's, the titles, the rights
I'm laughin loud cause I'm feelin real nice
I spins around in my chair twice
I tap the pad part real real hard
This table heah, y'all can just disregard
YOU hoes need to keep on walkin
cause y'all gon' fuck me up with all that talkin

[Chorus: x2]

Can't, stop me baby I'ma baller baby
I'm too hot to ladies play-boys baby
Can't, break me baby cause I'm paper baby
Can't, hate me baby gotta love you baby
Can we ball? Where my dogs?
Where my broads? (Hook us up) Alla y'all
Can we ball? Where my dogs?
Where my broads? Alla y'all

[Tela]

I started last night but now it's sunny
Long run like Marie in Dunny(??)
Bitch on the side buggin, look honey
All I'm thinkin is, big money
Pussy don't come poke I don't fuck if I'm broke
That's how half these niggaz done, lost they stroke
Now, slide them lights and blow on my throw I
shakes 'em twice through the air they float, point
Twenty-five on the line (6 the easy way)
Thirteen in the field, 50 odds, oh my God
My whole table charged
I picks up a hundred eighty-eight yards
Sparks, balloons, room, V.I.P. cards
(Hook us up) You fuckers think y'all smart
Who sent y'all? Hey fuck y'all
Fuck these cards, I'm outta Dodge

[Chorus]

[Tela]

Towards the do' my ass done stopped
You guessed it, I'm at them slots
I drops two rubber bands, why not?
I'm up a hand at the MG Grand
Two mo' honeybuns the whole shit locked
Big guns, seven across, jackpot

My ass is hot, I'm heated
I'm scorch, I'm holdin it down, I'm runnin the court
In other words to make a long story short
.. I know the fuckin sport
I got the owner bout to shit his shorts
I got the city on life support
After this run I'ma sit and soak
Cause after this run, ain't SHIT broke
After this run, I don't need to smoke
I'ma get a bitch and get throwed on the boat