

Terror Squad, Nothings Gonna Stop Me

(Chorus)

Nothing's gonna stop, nothing's gonna stop
Nothing's gonna stop me

(Verse 1: Fat Joe)

Ay yo I walk the walk, talk the talk
New York what's liver son, I'm Iverson
Killer cross, vanilla Porsche with diamerands
The mami man, vibin and, sometimes I lie when I
Creep right behind ya, leavin seeds right beside ya
Nigga

(Chorus)

(Verse 2: Fat Joe)

Ten years in the same shit, nothing but a same hit
Revisit the catalog, been in it since analog
Damn it dawg I don't know which planet you landed on
Gotta understand the Don, I came from slangin grams of 'ron

(Chorus)

(Verse 3: Fat Joe)

You could neva eva, eva eva, eva eva get on my level
Smack the shit out the devil
It's the god crack fully armed strapped
Where the Bronx at, hope ya guns clap cuz
We ready for combat, nigga

(Chorus)

(Verse 4: Fat Joe)

And that's my word to Pun, Reo, Sycho, Schmeo
Most legendary, most prolific MC's, it's hereditary
Terror Squad click, and we all spit
Motherfuckerz don't believe me then, watch the youngin shit, cocksuckers

(Chorus)

(Verse 4: Tony Sunshine)

T-O-N-Y Sunshine hought tought who gun shy
Huh! Goddamnit the flow sick and I'm so fly
Now who you know slang more dick in some cho-cha
Quite like I nigga tonight you might die nigga

(Chorus)

(Verse 5: Tony Sunshine)

Okay, we started this, beef we slaughter kid
Please, you in a starter kit
Try to kick some harder shit
In fact switch to reggae tone
Spit on some retarded shit, this is gangsta music
Joey Crack bring in the chorus kid

(Chorus)

(Joe & Tony ad lib)

(Chorus - 2X)