

Young Gunz, Can't Stop, Won't Stop (Chingy Rem

(Intro) Young Chris, Young Neef, and Chingy

(Young Chris:) Ok. . .Young Gunnaz. . .Ok.

(Young Chris:) That's right.

(Young Chris:) Young Gunz featuring Chingy.

(Chorus Young Chris, and Chingy in the brackets)

Can't Stop, Won't Stop Chingy, and the Gunnaz.

'Cause we, we get down baby, we get down.

The girls, the girls they love us (say what).

(Look she right thurr).

(Her man he right thurr).

(Verse #1 Young Neef)

Yup, It's only right that we make it a remix.

Young Gunnaz, and Chingy just to give it a lil' twist.

Next generation, you better stay focused.

Youngaz before they time, man you already know this.

Ball 'em, never call 'em, kick 'em out before their moment.

It seem like once you done, they start drawlin'.

You never have 'em, so you cuff 'em, when you grab him.

I treat 'em all the same, even the bad ones.

Go magnum, rose gold chain, for show aim.

Four four magnum, tell C and P when they done better blast 'em.

I be laid back, smokin' bags, playin' Madden.

You know we tap 'em, middle room, bathroom, living room, bathroom, sit at home cap 'em.

You got it, It's nothin' I had 'em, you can have 'em.

Seein' Neef we the streets, Gunnaz we the last one.

(Chorus Young Chris, and Chingy in the brackets)

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(Look she right thurr).

(Her man he right thurr).

(Verse #2 Chingy)

Man, I Can't Stop, Won't Stop.

Girl, quit actin' like ya can't pop, won't drop.

To the flo' I move crowds like I moved hop.

Man, '94 on the block, hand full on my jock.

You wanna' know, It's official when I step up in it.

You wanna' party, lemme' get the YG's, and we a be thurr in a minute.

Maybe chicken-head wit' it.

I'm in the Authentic, get it boy Jersey G.I.B hat fitted.

Runnin' ten a world, we did it (did what?)

Got the boxed up Benz, Range, and got both 'em get it.

Ching-aling, worldwide girl (worldwide girl).

Playa', and I'm Pimpin' you never seen my thural side (uh).

The girls, the girls they love me (love me).

You know I stay fresh 'till death, like Doug E. (Doug E.)

I step in the spot, these cats they mug me (mug me).

Got drank, in row so meet me at the Club E.

(Chorus)

(Verse #3 Young Chris)

Neefy, and Chris wicked game, wicked chick.

One had to pay a dime, pay in no mind.

It's quite obserd, just sayin' the right words.

I like nice hurr, titties, and nice curves.

Givin' neck dose, smokin' on a bag fa' sho'.

Shaawty's catch everything, everytime I let go (okay).

I get her poppin', and let 'em finish the rest yo.

And when I'm lookin' for a girl, why I check fo'.

Need me a chick, that'll see me squeeze the fifth.

On the court, plead the fifth, never leave me for a check.

But, the Visa on the whip, so overseas get the bricks.

Bringin' all 'dat cake, that's what I need for you to do.

I be heated if you skip, bring it all back straight.

Rock on me, we pop homey, drink it all back straight.

Better warn me, ya bareta on me.

Baby all 'dat hate, will lead to you losin' all that weight.

Holla' at ya boy!

(Chorus)

(Chingy, and Young Neef in the brackets)

Wow, wow, wow, wow, look at those hoes (they're they go).

(Chingy, and Young Neef together)

Wow, wow, wow, wow, look at all those hoes (they're they at).

(Chorus)

(Then fades out)