

Stop (feat. Foxy Brown)

R. Kelly & JAY-Z

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 say 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, alright
Yo, Rob you there? Yeah, your mic sound nice, uh-huh, uh-huh
You first to blow, yeah, alright, you ready to blow, uh-huh
Alright, let's go 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 motherfuckin' speakers
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 Hold up, wait a minute, stop
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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 fuck 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
'Cuz 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 across 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 fuckers than car service
 Y'all nervous, I ain't back yet
 I'm on extended vaca', I ain't unpack yet, stop worrying
 Five, four, three, two, one, hang on y'all let's have some fun Hold up, wait a minute, stop
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 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 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 swear to God, it feel like '96 again
 Bitches snatchin' bags, see, they fuckin' with my shit again We 'bout to let them hammers pop
 In the stud, dudes, callin', you a problem, Fox'
 I got the Automore Pierre watch
 Butterscotch, GT, good toe on, three eight cock
 Y'all 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
 Fuck I'm lookin' like rhyming for a hundred G's4
 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
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