## Stop It (feat. T.I.)

## **French Montana**

I got some money to spend, aye aye

I got some money to spend

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I got some money to spend

I got some money to spendMan young having money poppin', not the bat

I'ma hop out on the net

For my city for the bet (bet)

Bad bitches, bust it down

All waves are automatic

Got the drinks, got the pounds

Why you playin' with the dabs though? Stop it (aye), Stop it (aye), Stop it (aye)

Stop it (aye), Stop it (aye), Stop it (aye)

Stop it (aye), Stop it (aye)

I got purp by the liter

I got pounds in the duffle

I got cash in the freezer

We don't clash in the hood

Bottles with the dope, hot

Smokin' dope, lean, work bust it open

Hit the block, then I hit the jeweler

Wrist, bust it openTip Tip Tip Tip Tip Tip Tip Top

Models got the bottles

Tip Tip Tip Tip Tip Tip Top

Bad bitches, mob the floors

Tip Tip Tip Tip Tip Tip Tippy Top

Magic City, calm it down

Hit Atlanta, me and TIPBust it open, want it freaky

Yeah she want it on the top

And all my diamonds VVS, she bust it open in her feelings

Man young having money poppin', not the bat

I'ma hop out on the net

For my city for the bet (bet)

Bad bitches, bust it down

All waves are automatic

Got the drinks, got the pounds

Why you playin' with the dabs though? Stop it (aye), Stop it (aye), Stop it (aye)

Stop it (aye), Stop it (aye), Stop it (aye)

Stop it (aye), Stop it (aye) Tip Tip Tip Tip Tip Tip Tip Top

Models got the bottles

Tip Tip Tip Tip Tip Tippy Top

Bad bitches, mob the floors

Tip Tip Tip Tip Tip Tip Top

Magic City, calm it down
Hit Atlanta, me and TIPBlue cheese, revenue
I got a bitch, text her down on avenue
And when he suck up L.A., man I hate to do it

But I still gettin' wet for a battle too

And nigga really though, ain't going back and forth, what you weenin' on a tennie girl?

And nigga talk, when you still know how to bid it though

Ain't wanna let down

Yeah heh, and nigga warning, danger

Yeah they have what they came for

Shoe to toe, nail flamethrower

Known to hit where they ain't for

Cocaine lord, Marijuana Don

He watching mine is a 1 on 1

Got a hundred stacks, of a hundred ones

Plus a hunna hunnas

Binding stacks on another

I keep it a hunna for a hunna bands

I seen felons turn they backs on one another

Sister shoot her brother, mother killed her daughter

Man this shit is awfulMan young having money poppin', not the bat

I'ma hop out on the net

For my city for the bet (bet)

Bad bitches, bust it down

All waves are automatic

Got the drinks, got the pounds

Why you playin' with the dabs though? Stop it (aye), Stop it (aye), Stop it (aye)

Stop it (aye), Stop it (aye), Stop it (aye)

Stop it (aye), Stop it (aye)Tip Tip Tip Tip Tip Tip Tip Top

Models got the bottles

Tip Tip Tip Tip Tip Tip Top

Bad bitches, mob the floors

Tip Tip Tip Tip Tip Tip Top

Magic city, calm it down

Hit Atlanta, me and TIP

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/