

Who Gon Stop Me

JAY-Z & Kanye West

[Produced By Kanye West, Mike Dean & Sak Pase]

[Refrain: Flux Pavilion]

I can't stop-op-op-op

I can't stop

[Chorus: Kanye West & JAY-Z]

This is something like the Holocaust

Millions of our people lost

Bow our heads and pray to the Lord

'Til I die, I'ma fucking ball

Now who gon' stop me? Who gon' stop me, huh?

Who gon' stop me? Who gon' stop me, huh?

Black cards, black cars, black on black, black broads

Whole lotta money in a black bag

Black strap: you know what that's for

[Bridge: JAY-Z, Kanye West & both]

Who gon' stop me, huh?

Who gon' stop me, huh?

Yeah, who gon' stop me?

No brakes, I need State Farm

So many watches, I need eight arms

One neck but got eight charms

Who gon' stop me, huh?

[Verse 1: Kanye West]

Niggas talking, they bitch-made, ixnay off my dicksnay

That's Pig Latin, itch-bay; who gon' stop me, huh?

Last night ain't go so well, got kicked up out the hotel

Got a little freaky like Marvin Albert, "Yes!" Tell Howard Cosell

You just a commentator if you getting paper

Everybody I know from the hood got common haters

In some relations, you just supposed to say none

Heard she fucked the doorman

Well, that's cool, I fucked the waitress

Heard Yeezy was racist, well, I guess that's on one basis

I only like green faces

[Chorus: Kanye West & JAY-Z]

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[Bridge: Kanye West & JAY-Z]
Y'all weed purple, my money purple
Y'all Steve Urkel, I'm Oprah's circle (Yeah, yeah, let's go)
I wrote the verse that I hope will hurt you

[Verse 2: JAY-Z & Kanye West]
Who gon' stop me, huh?
Beat the odds, beat the Feds
It wouldn't be wise to bet against the kid
Start me broke, I bet I get rich
Night shift: six to six
Give me one shot, one pot
I'll show up in all white, wearin' no socks
No ceiling, new coupe
They know I'm a dope boy, they don't have no proof
I'm three steps removed, I know how to move
It's looking like I don't know how to lose
I'm winning again, I'm at the Wynn
I'm at the table, I'm gamblin'
Lucky lefty, I expect a seven
I went through hell, I'm expectin' heaven
I'm owed, 'cause I'm dough, and I stuck to the G-code
I'm here, oh yeah, I promise I ain't going nowhere
Okay, here, like a hare, like a rabbit, I like karats
I'm allergic to havin' bunny ears, like broke, like nope
Like ha, I ain't no joke
I can't be stopped, like nope, like nope
Extend the beat, Noah (...and pray to the Lord), uh

[Verse 3: JAY-Z]
Two seats in the 911, uh
No limit on the Black Card, uh
Told y'all I was gonna go H·A·M, uh
'Til the ocean was my backyard, uh
No lies in my verses, hey
Please pardon all the curses, hey
Shit gotta come in some way, fuck
When you're growing up worthless, uh
Middle finger to my old life, uh

Special shoutout to my old head, uh
If it wasn't for your advice, uh
A nigga would have been so dead, uh
I'm living life til these niggas kill me
Turn this up if you niggas feel me
I'm riding dirty, tryna get filthy
Pablo Picasso, Rothkos, Rilkes
Graduated to the MoMA
And I did all of this without a diploma
Graduated from the corner
Y'all can play me for a muthafuckin' fool if you wanna
Street-smart and I'm book-smart
Coulda been a chemist 'cause I cook smart
Only thing that can stop me is me, hey
And I'ma stop when the hook start, hol' up

[Chorus: Kanye West & JAY-Z]
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