

# Don't Stop

## Supastition

[Hook] {x2}

This is, my music  
You can either fight, fuck or dream to it  
Bounce or lean to it  
N.C. influence, you know how we do it  
It's hip hop  
And Supastition don't stop

[Verse One]

Yo, it's time to separate the real from the replicas  
The fans from the critics so let's deal with these hecklers  
A new date, different testament  
And I ain't stressin' it  
Cause I'm better than all of y'all and that's a rough estimate  
I'm humble, but I'm cocky  
Trapped between double lives  
I scream "I'm the best" until the day it's proven otherwise  
I try to take a diplomatic approach before  
The mainstream is weak, the underground ain't dope no more  
And lyrically, commercial cats stay behind five years  
And abstract motherfuckers wanna analyze fears  
Man look  
I don't need your little pep talk or expertise  
So please  
Keep ball and point away from my next release  
Now I switched sides like Ben Chavis  
Hooked up with M-Phazes  
That's my Gulf Coast neighbor, get this paper nigga  
I know a lot of snakes but I ain't really into scandals  
My soul purpose is to set the mood like scented candles  
Spit till I physically fatigued or till my lungs collapse  
If you don't believe then tell the DJ to run it back  
After everything I still run with the same brethren  
Wax Reform, we got it locked, we Hall Of Fame legends  
My Lost Colony, we back to stand common ground  
On one Accord like we road tripped to China Town  
I got a medal of honor for whoopin' mo' ass in public  
On the daily than the ghettoist mamas

[Hook]

[Bridge]

The Lost Colony, it don't stop y'all  
Wax Reform, it don't stop y'all  
Nicolay, it don't stop y'all  
Justus League, it don't stop y'all  
[?], it don't stop y'all  
The brother Soul, it don't stop y'all  
E-Hood, it don't stop y'all  
Supastition, it don't stop y'all

[Verse Two]

Make way for the phenomenal rhymers  
The true divine Carolina phisher with a signature flow  
I should sign my initials  
I'm the future of the music so basically, time ain't an issue  
I'll be close to 99 by the time it hits you  
More valuable than diamond or crystal  
I tap glass jaws  
And I'm too old for these games, I feel like Terry Bradshaw  
Just to keep my name alive  
I'm dead serious, dead set and death threats  
The only thing I seem to hear in head sets  
You want to test a nigga's image, thinkin' it's a gimmick  
When y'all cats hide skeletons better than full figured women  
So I'm into pullin' skirts when people want to pull up dirt  
Feel free, cause words will ricochet but real bullets hurt  
Yep, I'm arrogant, conceited, marriage is for preachers  
Cause I'm known to stand a bitch up like she paraplegic  
If you sexually deprived you probably think I'm makin' bitter tunes  
I spit so nasty at shows the crowd screams "get a room!"  
Sick thoughts, like a mad professor and my predecessor  
Know I'm next in line cause I can rhyme plus I'm a better dresser  
So today's lesson is a crash course on stage presence  
I move the crowd like a seasoned late 80's veteran  
Supa breaths life into the game, you need a respirator  
Take the first step, I'm bringin' y'all down like escalators  
My profile's low key as private investigators  
Surviving the best of haters  
Fuck y'all, test me later

[Hook]

