

# They Can't Stop Us (feat. Gucci Mane)

Ralo

These haters done tried everything but ain't no way to stop us  
Them haters hate on everything, they say everything 'bout us  
I hear y'all niggas talkin' shit but I'm not worried 'bout ya  
We did this shit without ya, I'm the nigga they watching  
You keep buying pistols man but we keep buying choppers  
If you fuck with Gucci Mane, we gon' shoot the block up  
Niggas keep on poppin' shit, my niggas gon' pop up  
These haters done tried everything but ain't no way to stop us  
Ain't no reason for stoppin'  
Catch me squeezin' and poppin'  
Gucci speedin' in that Rari  
My Lamborghini beside it  
I'm the god of the trap, call me Ralo LaFlare  
What you make in a year, we throw that shit in the air  
My interviews got more views than your video  
Movin' them birds got a nigga walking pigeon toed  
I can't believe I got away with all that shit I sold  
You brought your jewelry out for show, I got my shit off dope  
I bet you won't believe I got more money than your favorite rapper  
He can have more followers than me but I won't follow after 'em  
Any time we go to war I promise we don't lose a battle  
If you fuck with me it gon' be your life on the ground that matter  
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Man my pockets look like I just  
did a bank robbery  
An armored truck heist, all this motherfuckin' jewelry  
And when I start sending slugs I'm the jury and the judge  
I'm a hybrid, a mixture of a robber and a plug  
I'm so violent, might have my youngins kill you in the club  
I'm a tyrant, I'm texting everybody in the hood  
These niggas lyin'  
But I done made so much cheese I'm retiring  
And I'm hiring  
My shooters firing, you hearing sirens  
Was scheming, lost some cooking blocks so tryna make it lock up  
My traphouse like a pop up shop, I'm tryna run the guap up

Like a jack in the box I hit one button, my Rolls Royce top'll pop up  
 And if these niggas keep on poppin' shit, my niggas'll pop up  
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 I pull up in a Lam, it sound like a helicopter  
 You keep buying pistols man but we keep buying choppers  
 I hear y'all niggas talkin' shit but I'm not worried 'bout ya  
 Gucci Mane Sinatra, let me get that out ya  
 Don't you give me shit 'cause I'm gon' take it from 'em  
 I hated from 'em  
 Pull up on 'em, now we take your bomb, he lookin' dumb  
 We got more cabbage than a farm  
 Got more game than a don  
 Ain't gotta give a bitch a crumb  
 And she still gon' give me some nigga  
 I get that cash on the regular  
 All of these bitches be negative  
 None of these niggas competitive  
 Tell the robbers that there's better deals  
 I won't fall man, I never trip  
 I'ma ball and buy another whip  
 Tell me dog, I'ma get him killed  
 Instagrams, extra clips  
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