

# Who's Stopping Me

## Big Sean & Metro Boomin

O sol vive sem? amor  
Eu não vivo sem te ver  
Quem chega na maré cheia é cantiga de bem querer  
O sol vive sem? amor  
Eu não vivo sem te ver  
Quem chega na maré cheia é cantiga de bem querer This sound like a Narcos  
Metro Boomin' want some more, nigga  
Bitch  
Big dawg, autobiography  
Make moves with the bros, no choreographies  
She told me I'm the one, I looked over, said obviously  
Then looked up in the mirror like, who the fuck stopping me, huh?  
Who stopping me, nigga?  
Shit, who stopping me?  
At the top, my girl the only one on top of me, nigga  
Who stopping me? Huh?  
Who stopping me?  
Keep, keep it going, don't stop for me  
[Verse 1]  
All charged up, I could glow in the dark (dark)  
Sent a text to your girl, I think we growing apart (whoa)  
Sleeping with one eye open like I'm throwing a dart (whoa)  
Leaving the crib a hundred deep like we going to march  
Okay, I pin her on the wall like she go with the art  
Trying to keep up with me, oh, I know that shit hard  
And I'm going too far  
Niggas ask me who I'm going with  
I told them my heart, the best beat thus far (the best)  
My dog early telling jokes, man I'm laughing at that  
I had a dream I rode with Rosa Parks in the back of the 'Bach (damn)  
And we was blowing a blunt and she was packing a strap  
Like damn, it do feel good to be black in the back  
Going so far back, it felt like I was back in the act (swerve, swerve)  
Gear up, tryna bring him back home like, up back  
Europe, I love pussy so good  
It taste like syrup, mixed with Ciroc, and coconut (whoa)  
A slick bitch will make you tie your laces  
I'm never getting sick, sipping ginger echinacea  
The voice being broke, yeah, I need that separation  
To make that paperwork for me and my 'ministration (for the dawgs)  
Big dawg, autobiography  
Make moves with the bros, no choreographies

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Who stopping me? Huh?  
Who stopping me?  
Keep, keep it going, don't stop for me (don't stop)  
Don't stop, don't stop  
Don't stop, don't stop  
Yeah, if Lil Metro don't trust you, need shots (bah! bah! bah!)  
Don't stop, don't stop  
Don't stop, yeah  
Shit, you know I ain't gon' stop  
Nah, you wanna  
He said take your clothes off  
Yeah, take that shit off  
Do that dance I like O sol vive sem? amor  
Eu não vivo sem te ver  
Quem chega na maré cheia é cantiga de bem querer  
O sol vive sem? amor  
Eu não vivo sem te ver  
Quem chega na maré cheia é cantiga de bem querer  
Don, Don  
Look, baby, I want the full thing, not the teaser (no)  
Fuck a teaser, I'm the full feature (whoa)  
This African-American express mixed with this Visa  
Can get me in and out of anywhere I need to (oh God)  
And no more disrespecting me  
We grew up poor, I changed my whole family trajectory (respect)  
You couldn't see these type of checks if you was Einstein on Jeopardy (whoa)  
Self-made to make that hell of a recipe (goddamn)  
And if you not down with me, you offending me (no)  
I'm so righteous, I'm praying for my enemies (pray)  
'Cause they gon' need that shit for whatever they go and guess on me (yup)  
Turn they ass to history then get back making history  
See I'm the type to get a check and invest it  
Buy some land and protect it (whoa)  
Live off the interest and give my family the rest (straight up)  
And then start from square one on some first cigarette shit in a whole new direction (Don, Don)  
And I pray you got the courage to flourish  
On all your urges, where it's a new dream or refurbished (whoa)  
Understand nothing's off limits if it's on this Earth, bitch  
So let's get to work, bitch Big dawg, autobiography  
Make moves with the bros, no choreographies  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>