

The Archies

"Keep On"

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[Rob]

Bitch I got my weight up, now my dues is paid up
It's niggaz falling off in this game, I'm trying to stay up
I treat this shit just like George Girvin, it's a lay up
You don't need no do's, cause my flows'll make you
wake up
I'm the baker put the cake up, we real put the fake up
If your broad rolling with us, she coming back with no
make up
The game needed a shake up, so I'm here to get that
paper
Big Rob the Rhino, six-five earthquaker
Got hoes in Jamaica, moving dust like a snake-a
I roll with with Big Ake-a, cause he's a mic breaker
If your gal beeping us, the Kingz is gon take her
And don't bump your gums, or get heated like a vapor
And niggaz gon hate you, whether you broke or got
paper
It don't matter, cause my lines'll put your career in
danger
This one here's a banger, to the booth I ain't no
stranger
Now you got your money's worth, cause the Kingz won't
short tracer

[Chalie]

Your friend of a friend said this, your friend of a friend
said that
Better tell your friend of a friend, that Chalie Boy said
to back back
Before they get they head cracked, fucking with my
bread stack
No need for no conversation, bitch cause I'ma did that
Little relief soldier, military minded
Knock off your block and drop it, where your secretary
find it
(that's thoed, I'll rewind it) pay attention you'll find it
Sickening how I be spitting, giving sight to the blinded
Perfectly timed it, showing my ass
Conscience clearer, but all these hating hoes in the
past

Want smouse on my cash, on the track I'ma blast
You can compare and contrast, I'm the best the rest
trash

[Tite]

Move fast but I bet you, only be playing catch up
Niggaz that hold plex, end up leaving on a stretcher
Dripping red ketchup, for fucking with my ghett-a
Let the sun do it, cause I ain't gon sweat you
Tite revving up the Nikes, as far
Dime piece in the drop, I keep the nicest broad
The good life is what I live, with a nice support
And anybody trying to take it, getting life support
Feel my speech I reach out, still I T
I'm like a stove when I spit, you could feel my heat
I got flows like the lotto, you can take your pick
Put the Tite on your song, and it could make you rich
You bastards sick, thinking I don't hear the chatter
I got a nice Smith and Wess', that'll squish your
bladder
A line this side, the ghetto got me crying inside
I never go without a fight, shit I'm down with pride
I'm a man not a mouse, never trust the gritty
King Kong got the hood, and I'll crush the city
It's do or die, you wanna know who am I
The same gangstas on them cd's, you choose to buy

[Coop]

Another day another year, and it's still no fear
Never thought to bite my tongue, when I spit in your ear
All these messy ass niggaz, talking bout bidness they
taking
They want the hoes that I'm taking, the money I'm
making
Most boys wanna walk, before they crawl
Man it's real in the field, everybody can't ball
Need that eye of the tiger, a heart that won't quit
Ain't no question bout your blood, you a full bread pit
Sit back relax my mind, over dranks and blunts
I'm thinking yacht with two cots, and a bitch on the front
Ghetto fab how I keep it, so that's how you receive it
Might not believe it, but nigga mo' money I need it
Ways I'm thinking be major, and it might bring pain
Can't nan you boys stop me, cause this style's my fame
Tarnish my name, you got a nigga fucked up kids
Don't let your folks have to read about, the shit I did

(*talking*)

Freestyle Kingz, FK2K3

You next to the DJ Bull, this how it go down

Dirty South style, Dirty Third Records

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