

## **Too \$hort F/ Quint Black**

### **"On and On and On"**

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{scratching}

"The beat" "Goes!" - "The beat-beat" "Goes!"

"The beat" "Goes!" - "The beat-beat" "Goes!"

"The beat-beat" "Goes!" - "The beat" "Goes!"

"The beat" "Goes!" - "And the beat" "Goes!"

[Big Gipp]

Well it's the dip monk (?) execute parachute

(?) this Gipp man, lovin that orange brother

Make you stay up all night, make ya eyes puffy

Eyes wide like the back wheel of a Huffy

Could never be ya cousin brother, rather be a relative

In ya (?) seat-painted we could settle it

DF the Family, below they still sellin it

Knickerbocker socker on the weekend type fella

Black crow nest don't buck back

Love jokes, getcha ass jacked, put the bullets in his  
dick

Another comin for the excaliber hit

That shit, who the next gon' dip with this?

[Hook] - 2X

And the beat goes,

On and on and on and on and on and on and on and on

and on and on and on and on and on and on and on

"And the beat" "Goes!"

[Big Boi]

In the middle of the ghetto, the rhythm of the rebel  
takin over

Country clubs and verbals

You'll try to censor it and stop it

But we still won't settle, Pinnocchio and Gepetto

They tellin lies to my fellow Americans

Besides the heroines and heros, dope fiends and  
zeros

The Dungeon Family steady jammin as the beat goes

We more familiar that the dirty ain't no equal

My name is B-I-G and I keep me two of street hoes

White Gutz, white wall tires, and white paint

With so much love why do we need hate?

Cuz everybody plate ain't full, we got some empty  
plates  
Gotta grind till they give you yo' shine, you shake and  
bake like

[Hook] - 2X

[T-Mo]

Even when a G be bustin, ice-cold crushin  
Ladies be touchin, and the club be rushin  
For the stage, bitches see a second page in this  
chapter  
T-Mo bustin bullets cuz I'm more than just a rapper  
Slash actor - and producer on the news sir  
Pimp or breeder, strong house leader  
The game get deeper, sweeper, Yamaha creeper  
DF each a rider, like a wood driver  
With 'em on the court I'm hittin jumpers outside-a  
Southwest rider, deep like a diver, +Rich+ like Pryor  
Ain't no higher!

[Hook] - 2X

[Witchdoctor]

Witchdoctor come wit it!  
I'm your words from your heart beat skip  
Hit me, I'm workin off my hip  
And I keep a box of extra clips  
Cuz haterism is a trip  
And I come out the +blue+ like a Crip  
And believe me asses'll get whipped  
Georgia's biggest mess  
My new born gon' drink milk from his momma's breast  
Fielders of this stress  
It was the music that took you  
Put you in a pot and cooked you  
If this was (?) I'd cook you...

[Hook] - 2X

[Khujo]

It's so gritty  
Mayside gladiator, blue and gold raider  
Southwest alumini dwellin in Decatur  
Skin ya like a gator, bust yo' head like a baked potato  
I can't stand on purpose tellin you didn't know yo'  
poppa  
Now I hate her, so "Kiss the Game Goodbye" like Jada  
We comin up like escalators  
And if you say you the best then we ten times greater!  
Candy-ass and seeds melt away like Now-and-Laters!

Erase yo' data! With this nigga chaser!  
And if I have to, I'll hitchu with the maser!

[Hook] - 2X

{scratching to fade}

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