

Xzibit F/ Method Man, Jayo Felony**"Keep it Comin'"**

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Uh huh, come on
Smokin' up an L
Might kill a brain cell
But I might as well
I'm on a highway to hell
Totally consumed
By an earie feelin'
I hear pigs squealin'
Soldiers of fortune
Are torchin' huts
The girls on them TVs
Are shakin' their butts
I'm hyperventilatin'
I might be hallucinatin'
Yo I got a chill
I'm feelin' sort of ill
I'm goin' mad
But aren't ya glad
I used Dial
I'm goin out like style

chorus

Uh and ya don't quit
Yeah, keep it comin'
And ya don't stop
They say
Uh and ya don't quit

I got complexes
Ya can't figure out
My dad said
"He's a bum, kick the nigger out"
My head's fucked up
But I lucked up
And got a hit record
Now I'm well respected
I can go places I never went before
I still dress the same
So it must be my name
I can't deal

With who's real and who's not
Who treated me the same
When my record wasn't hot
They said I couldn't eat too

So I put my cake down
I think I'm having a breakdown

chorus

It's not paranoia
I got something for ya
It's made of chrome
And it'll burst you dome
No joke my gun'll
Blow a fuckin' tunnel
Right through your body
FREE JOHN GOTTY
I'll leave with you hotty
And I'll take her home
Lay her down on her back
And I'll make her moan

chorus

Uh and ya don't quit
Yeah, keep me cummin'
And ya don't stop
Soul Assasins and ya don't stop
FunkDoobie and ya don't stop
Cypress Hill and ya don't stop
House of Pain and ya don't stop
Soul Assasins and ya don't stop

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