

## **Copeland Stewart**

### **"Keep You Jammin"**

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(\*talking\*)

Rock, what are you doin  
I thought you said you was gon have a track  
Ready for me by this afternoon, you know  
This here ain't me, you know dat  
I gotta have somethin to keep em jamming  
Uh huh, yeah, I'm kinda cold for this shit naw  
Its growing on me, lets try this right quick, iight  
Come on Rock, let me try it

[Hook - 2x]

I'ma keep it jamming the Southside, what the deal  
Where the boppas bop, where the tops drop  
And the choppers chop, candy paint out the shop  
I'ma keep it jamming the Southside, keep it real  
?Prenorcamines?, sipping on codeine  
While the hoodrats scream, watching diamonds gleam

[Cl'Che]

Too much jealousy, and everybody wanna stop me  
From doing what I wanna do, been keeping it true  
With a chance to lose, my city credibility  
That I originated for Screw, when I say Southside  
It goes for everybody, sitting below the sun  
And whoever thinking this rap shit is done  
Nigga guess what, it just begun  
Tasters just dropping, choppers still chopping  
While they be chopping, your head off  
There they go, those who don't know about a damn  
thang  
Be the first ones, to run they mouth  
Hoodrats in the hood fantasizing, about my ice  
Fellas want me to drop a verse, but they can't pay the  
price  
I'd rather be the bitch, a nigga love to hate  
And I've been the bitch, a nigga love is fake  
Its a what in here, why you wanna (hate on me)  
Cause our rhyiming is tight, the way my (diamonds  
gleam)  
Cl'Che keep you jumping, up out your seat  
When its time to run, you crank up the scene

We on light green, so we can ball and parlay  
Stuck in Houston, do everyday  
So you can sit and feel what I mean, when I say  
Southside  
Everybody sing with me

[Hook - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

Too many people, be trying to watch a nigga  
They setting up road blocks, and trying to stop a nigga  
But I'ma represent the Southside, for the hell of a  
swang  
I'm sticking and moving, to cold knock a nigga  
3-57, Mack 11 pulling out twenty five  
Up in a 12 gauge pump, will keep the party alive  
But ain't no need for the tripping, I'm steady sipping on  
bar  
The marijuana be burning, everytime I flip in a car  
Dumping the ash, looking for the law at all times  
One deep in the Benz, you wanna plex  
I'll suppose to be jumping your ass, steady punking  
your ass  
A buffalo bayou, a square nigga dumping your ass  
Permits for the cash, I'ma get ready for the South  
To meg a killa beg, like a bitch  
Kinda sound like when Chris Tucker laugh  
Thought you was a man, but when the shit hit the fan  
You was running down Ridgeman, can you understand  
I can go hard on the god damn dank  
I can go hard on a god damn drank  
Sip a four, sip a eight, sip a pint straight  
Let it down, and scrape the plate  
You wanna meet the man, and never think you wanna  
damn  
Son of a bitches up in my face, there ain't no time to  
waste  
I bleed the block like everyday, and put it down in the  
studio  
With Cl'Che, I got too many problems on my mind  
And another serial number, on my nine  
So if you looking for Z-Ro, come to Ridgemont  
When I'm staying and rapping, I'm still on my grind  
And like Mafio, by the year two triple O  
I'ma come down, in a six double O  
With green flow, mats on the floe  
Candy paint on my do', its bout time for the hook and it  
go

[Hook - 2x]

[Cl'Che]

I'ma keep you jamming, while the beat is slamming  
I'ma keep you moving, I'ma keep you grooving  
I'ma keep on climbing, make my money grinding  
Bumper kit reclining, diamonds blinding, shining

Here I go, and everybody wanna approach me  
The way I'm flowing, and I what I claim as my click  
Down with the Guerilla Maab, and the Z-Ro  
On that flipping, sits some say its hard to spit  
But its easy to do, when I come knocking but natural to  
you  
Flip you out, how I made flip my style for a while  
But I'm representing the Southside, putting it down  
Wherever you go, and you jamming this spots  
Like Houston on lock, 1.97 on The Box  
Banging out your speakers, everytime you crank up  
Your choppers, and your heaters  
I'ma keep you, jamming the Southside  
I'ma make you, wanna ride on the Southside  
We'll teach you, how to make your diamonds blind  
At the same time, your trunk recline

[Trae]

Popping the trunk, dropping the top and I'm ready to  
ride  
Southside till I die, I gotta be keeping it crunk  
Put me on the microphone, and I be wrecking the beat  
And at the same time, I'ma be ready to make a seed  
And that Guerilla Maab ain't, fin to be playing with boys  
We leaving permanent scars, and steady wrecking the  
bars  
Leave me on the six team, I'm fin to be dominating  
Nobody wanna go to war, cause we be going too hard  
No more ghetto fame, bout the click that I claim  
Worldwide outta state, everybody be yelling my name  
Resurrection, all in your motherfucking face  
We get the crowd crunk, everytime we step in the place  
Keeping em jamming, keeping em bobbing, and  
keeping em rocking  
And I'm the type of nigga, that'd be blowing your  
speakers out  
Without a doubt, you better be coming correct  
Ready to wreck, cause this click, done gained they  
respect

[Hook - 2x]

