

Busta Rhymes

"Keep Doin' It"

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[Intro - Male voice - talking] + (Female voice) (*echo*)
(Keep doin it baby)
This is a world premiere
Uh oh, yeah, Cali talk to 'em
Bring the beat back!, c'mon

[Chorus - Male voice] + (Female voice)
(Keep doin it baby)
Yeah, Lighty we see you
(Keep doin it baby)
One-Eye, we see you too
(Keep doin it baby)
Busta, Dirtbag and ... Mystikal

[Verse 1 - Mystikal]
I'm in their motherfuckin trunk that got the rag on in the
wheel
Motherfucker come up with the money in the deal
Swayed headliner, paint shinin with the grill
Your on the curb lookin motherfucker, how you feel?
See your boy plottin, talkin 'bout you got steel
That's gonna get you popped, probably get your ass
killed
I see you little motherfuckers, up in it, can't chill
I hear your heart pumpin brothers don't think it can't
spill
I came from Louisiana, bananas get peeled
This ain't no propaganda, my knocker that's real
Ain't promotin no violence, just encitin violence, nigga
chill
And if I said not to move, then you motherfuckers be
still
Chopper ain't in the driver's side, that a make your man
yield
Get your motherfuckin ass out the car, yeah you know
the drill
And from now on by conscious to who the fuck that you
appeal
Niggaz get ya, that's how they pay they motherfuckin
bills down here

[Chorus - Mystikal] + (Female voice) - w/ ad libs from

Dirtbag
Keep doin it
(Keep doin it baby)
Keep doin it
(Keep doin it baby)
Keep doin it
(Keep doin it baby)
(Keep doin it baby)

(Dirtbag!)

[Verse 2 - Dirtbag]

Hey me and your misses sippin Crissy up in the club
sayin
Oh my god! judgin between a sud, huh
I'ma gangsta, for you little slugs
Shoulders your homie shrug
When people askin "what's up"
That's when I pull up, finish what I've done
Jump in the car, flip the God and roll a blunt (yee!)
You can't see, your boy's from Miami
hits like Sammy Sosa, bitch we're takin over
Bags underneath my eyes, I ain't sleep in days
I'm in the bushes with a K, your semi's gonna spray
Eat mangos and grapes, as your body decay
money, hoes and yay, you had us in ninth grade
Hey what can I say, alligator souffle'(sue-flay)
Pele and Moet on the dawn of day
We went from dead broke, to makin big millas
Wife beater chinchilla, life can't get no reala, nigga

[Chorus - Busta Rhymes] + (Female voice)

(Keep doin it baby)
Mystikal, Violator, c'mon
(Keep doin it baby)
Dirtbag, Violator, c'mon
(Keep doin it baby)
Busta-Bus, Violator
Y'all must know how to make 'em
Here we go, yeah, baba bap

[Verse 3 - Busta Rhymes]

This shit ain't over motherfucker, just wait a second
God of this rap, it's only right that I end the record
"Violator" nigga, with my knife I'll cut you up
Violate "Violator" nigga, we fuck you up
Don't you ever think or even try to confront on a tread
Flipmode, Violator, known for just bustin your head
Huh, watch the way we drop it, we ready and able
In others words, your whole rap roster whack, give me
your label

Whenever, whatever, whoever be thinkin they better
Test "Violator" man to merge five labels together
Flow sick, so quick and it gives me the pleasure
Got a lotta shit, flow switched like a change of the
weather
Throw on my high vein cause my rhyme clean
The cop seen now you a big ride to came
Well let me hal-swing, sing along, do your thing now
Feel my sting, crown Busta-bus king now

[Chorus - Busta Rhymes] + (Female voice)

(Keep doin it baby)
I'ma keep doin it baby
(Keep doin it baby)
We gon' keep doin it baby
(Keep doin it baby)
Check it, I'ma keep doin it baby
(Keep doin it baby)

[Outro - Male voice]

Violator 3!
DJ countin the door down and the big dog pitbull
Let's go! (uh oh)
Chris Lighty, I see you man
Busta Rhymes, Mystikal, Dirtbag (c'mon)
It's a Cool & Dre epidemic
Who wanna test, c'mon
Who wanna test, Violator 3

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