

Dwele "Keep On"

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(feat. Slum Village)

[Verse 1:]

I- I'm stuck in
Love with you
I can't bend these pimping rules
No more than I been flexing them
Buddy love, spandexin'
And if you aint know
I play by rules an I'm ma keep on
At least that the plan
But if you keep on
I might be forced to leave game alone
(You hot like fire)
It hurts to the touch,
You burning pimp my game
(I'm avoiding)
Long talks on the phone,
'Casue you might have me gone
My lady if you keep on...

[hook:]

(on on on on...)
Moving your hips right
My lova keep on,
Smacking your lips right
My lova keep on,
Calling me papi
My lova keep on,
Thinkin' bout me
My lova keep on,
Rocking Prada
My lova keep on,
Working it out ma
My lova keep on,
Doing your damn thing
My lova keep on,
Making me sing this song about you

[verse 2: Slum Village]

No captain save her, my moor dawdle goings
The genie in a bottle, lucky sevens that hit the solid

coins
That's all I was
Tippin' my frame, had a different dip or a dame, trip
over game till they fall in love
Had pretty women kiss the ring
Pecking the kicks, bet I'm convinced, I'm everything
they wished and dreamed
You was more than just a fish on string
Earned a crown that was fit for queens
You a fix for feens

Na mean?
Got a dude Sick to spleen
Type a girl that could pose for king
(Listen, listen) You got a body let me pick your brain
Get with dude, get this fame
Ditch your man, shake that lame
Come and take exotic trips, and exclusive whips with
the premium bang
Hittin' the autobahn, got us shifting lanes
Swear to God, just keep doing your thing
Just (My lova keep on) keep on...

[verse 3:]
Got me
In love with you
I'm telling me
All the things you can do for me
To bring my change when you buy my money
I cop the range and now you ride with me
You doing things that make me wanna keep the range
Parked outside when the sun's high
And I love the range, but I can't lie
(You've got me higher)
Than I've ever been
With any other woman
(I'm resigning)
Form this pimp game
Might see this pimpin' change
If you keep on...

[hook]

You got me from them things you do
Baby, when you do what you do, when you put it on me
You've got me finding myself going crazy
I'm on my way to leaving this game alone if you keep
on

Moving your hips right
Smacking your lips right

Calling me papi
Thinkin' bout me
Rocking Prada
Working it out ma
Doing your damn thing
Making me sing this song about you

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