

Erasure

"Keep On"

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[Pacewon]

What you want wit the underground kings from the
Bricks
I've been at it since Clyde Frazier played for the Knicks
Packin' 3-5-7's wit the raw hide grips
Rollin' 4-5-6 on ya cross eyed tricks
War type shit, so get off my dick
I'm wet like Pirelli's on the vet
Here I go, pull up in the stretch
Ballin' like the Nets, like ten pass ya marks on my net
Woman love me, wantin' lust for me like people do
money
They hungry, I might start livin' too lully
Got a A+ average and I'm bound to make honor roll
Jumpin' in and out of holes, lives like geronimo
Put it on wax, make it sound kinda comical
Bitches listen to it while they work they abdominals
G's listen to it while they out playin' dominoes
Outsidaz try'nna match the face on the article

[Chorus: Young Zee]

To my people from the Bricks keep on
Everybody up in Jerz, keep on
And it wont be long til the Outz invade
So we came to sing this sing

[Hook: Pacewon]

We like (woop!), love our shit or leave it alone (4X)

[Young Zee]

You know my block get cash
Twenty in street wit pop plus hash
Mess around, see a cop get blast
Even the girls get stop by tax
Outsidaz, what, what, what, like today
We doin' it to girls look like Tyra Banks
Drop the CD, girls hawkin' a nigga
They still wanna creep, they know I'm talkin' to Digga
You think you raw, I'mma test your jaw
You don't have a clue like Ernesto Shaw
See me on ya block, better give me those props

Before I start another beef worse then Biggie and Pac
We got macks and 4-4's to bust
And we don't buy clothes for girls, they buy clothes for
us
Peace, to my homies doin' time in jail
And to ya niggas that be hatin', ya'll can rot in hell

[Chorus: Young Zee]

To my people from New York, keep on
Everybody in L.A., keep on
And it wont be long til the Outz invade
So we came to sing this sing

[Hook: Pacewon]

We like (woop!), love our shit or leave it alone (4X)

[Young Zee] (Pacewon) {both}

You know the Outz spit game
Without rappin' bout my chain and my range
While everybody else talk, sound the same
(Yo me and Zee) {we just try'nna get brains} and run
trains
(Yo hot like gun flames, we copped enough grade
Take the story make the front page
All about a man wit a bulletproof coatin' chrome shotty
Ain't takin' shit from nobody)
And punk ya'll can make me use the steel and blast ya
Coupe D'eville
Hit the right side up, make ya loose a wheel
Outsidaz drunk, can't walk a straight line
Me and Pace blind off the 1-8-9
(Tell the cops that the gun ain't mine, some may find
and go
All day shine, I'm no joke
Pacewon, the type of man, that you don't play close
Better throw up ya hands when my folks say so)

[Chorus: Young Zee]

To my people in V.A., keep on
Everybody up in Philly, keep
And it wont be long til the Outz invade
So we came to sing this sing

[Hook: Pacewon]

We like (woop!), love our shit or leave it alone (4X)

[Outro: Young Zee]

Jacksonville, keep on
Little Rock, keep on
Vancouver, keep on
Seattle, keep on

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