

## Grand Puba "Keep On"

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"Check it out ch'all and you don't stop, keep on and you don't stop  
Check it out ch'all and you don't stop, keep on and you don't stop  
Check it out ch'all and you don't stop, keep on and you don't stop  
Check it out ch'all and you don't stop, keep on and you don't stop"

I knew from jump that my shit was gonna hit  
'Cause I spoke to Dione Warick and she put me on some psychic shit  
She said be careful 'cause these girls be throwin' block I said, " D don't even worry I sweat no girl for they stank box"  
I like drinkin' honey, hit me a 5-1-6, what's a 5-1-6?

Long Island, you dumb bitch  
When it comes to this my style flows free like Willy  
Watch me grab the cream like them Beverly Hill Billy  
I know you're happy with the shit you just bought  
It's the greatest return since Jordan hit the court

Because my style changes frequently  
See I been shit talkin' mics since the days of delinquency  
Now I'm still the same low down gold teeth and Gortex  
And on occasion with the ruff sex

Stud Doogie heats it up like a flannel  
'Cause he's smooth as wall panel  
Hits the one and two like a freebee channel  
I have no time for bullshitters, I get bad honies jitters

As I walk be all the chicken head critters  
I got more funk then En Vogue got junk in they trunk  
My flow hits ya like a filthy piece of skunk  
So Alley get the scomma from the dodge spot  
Put it in the L and get high like an astronaut

"Check it out ch'all and you don't stop, keep on and you don't stop"

Check it out ch'all and you don't stop, keep on and you  
don't stop  
Check it out ch'all and you don't stop, keep on and you  
don't stop  
Check it out ch'all and you don't stop, keep on and you  
don't stop"

Now see they call me Mr.Mingo  
Got a girl but I'm still single  
Honies scream my name like they just won bingo  
(Puba)  
I take 'em out for a dinner or a show  
But you know how the rest go, hey man, no doe

You know the type you go out a few nights  
They sweat your pockets tight  
'Cause they rock they're rockers right  
Go away little girl you gets nothing

But here take a bufferin' to ease your pain and sufferin'  
'Cause I'm so aware of too many things  
I know what I know if ya know what I mean  
Come clean because I'm a fiend for a beat and a theme

Comin' strong like Hakeem and it ain't a dream  
Now is it me or is this hittin' like Tyson?  
Like a plate of beans and rice I be a needy winds on ice  
And Grand Puba, Stud Doogie on the nights

I bag the dumb we hit a nut  
And then we back up in her guts  
See I get down and dirty like an arceologist  
I get deep into your mind like a psychologist

I hit brothers in the head with the real  
Bag honies like a charm cause Grand Puba is the bomb  
So come on baby there's no need to play dumber  
Or I be comin' around your nostrils when I 'cum  
So check it out now

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