

## Gus Backus

# "Keep It Koming"

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Spark that L!

Intro/Chorus: repeat 2X

We keep it koming  
We keep it koming, huh  
We keep it koming Spark that L!  
We keep it koming, uhh  
And when it's time to Organize  
We stick together through the times  
With the attitude like Miles  
We keep it koming

Verse One: Prince Poetry

I be flipping the scripts, ripping through hoods coming  
equipped  
Lifts out of my lyrics sippin forties in a whip  
Organized, rise raise up the level surprise!  
Niggaz watch Prince, open your eyes when I deliver  
give a honeydip a wink, thick chocolate bitch  
Switch up the pace, kick me the digits later you can  
taste  
the bass thumps for months, entrapped in the lab  
with mad blunts, creating formulas that you can grab  
I escape, the clutches of wackness, I'm like a mattress  
Lay it down for the South Side, Sounds of Blackness  
Uh, ohhh, I keep it koming stunning you're running  
through states, to make pace gunning you down with  
the drumming  
that rakes, in the dough  
Oh, my God, times are hard so I gotta flow  
Spark up the L, I excel over the stress  
Crushing the competition that I stomp from East to  
West  
Rest assured we will deliver the goods to the 'hoods  
for the youth, this is proof we should  
well, Organize got the bomb hard to stay calm  
Forming like Voltron and then attacking at dawn

Chorus

## Verse Two: Pharoahe Monch

When I'm fed up, I hold my head instead of me teasing  
Yo ooh ooh child, things are gonna get easier  
In my mind and in my soul  
I can take control of a beat whenever I roll  
Stroll up the block, 40-dog cocked back  
in my knapsack is a uzi-wop, BLACK WHASSUP!  
Spreading like malaria, but much scarier  
Migrating in the whole tri-state area  
Without a doubt, my niggaz never go out  
They rock, braids and fades and baldies  
and blow up and blew out throughout  
the entire night I'm peepin you and  
your entire crew out -- what's that all about!  
I suppose I be steppin to hoes when  
I'm masking overconfidence, cause I know my new shit  
is gonna go platinum, I'm mathin em  
Light skin ones inside of a Maxima  
On a passenger side, this is what I'm asking her  
Hey baby you look so good  
Why you driving through our neighborhood?  
If raps I wrote were cookies, I bet you'd bite a chip  
rookie fetch a product, cause it took a long time to  
ignite  
a fucking style from the end, back to the beginning  
Niggaz is winning, Prince, niggaz is winning  
Keep the fat drumming running up your back  
black, with stacks of facts for the tracks  
that you can react to

## Chorus 1/2

## Verse Three:

We be the bread and butter making breaking crown  
facts around back  
Cracking gunner sound heart starts to stutter when the  
bass  
pounds butter, like this  
Rumbling CD crispy, no hiss  
Rush you like Russell, make you flip like Knipsie  
Wilson negative but can't see, but maybe one  
Organized take the favor rated is my tip  
To keep my peers motivated with funk, only we rip see  
For years tears shed it but never let it  
mislead a nigga figure that I'd be runnin dogs you  
know

## Chorus

Nigga  
Yeah, uhh  
Check it out  
Extreme phat, with the Pharoahe Monch cheeba cheeba  
Mr. Prince Po will flow...

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