

Jars Of Clay

"Keep Em' Flowin'"

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(Beat y'all)

Swift as wind, slammin harder than a domino
MC's surrender, consider my attitude the bomb
Toy or pro, don't you know I'm from the Pro
The intent of the jam's to let the rhymes flow
The name Low Pro will grow stronger over centuries
But when you say our name, then don't forget to
mention these
Dope jams that kept suckers in check
Yo, you know Low Pro will keep flowin correct
To melodies like these eliminate MC's
Pump the volume on the JVC
Kick the bass, but no too loud, drainin the lyrics
I took my time with this rhyme, so y'all can hear it
Now dig it, time to get busy, Low Pro is on a uproar
Jackin MC's between tours
Just takin what's mine, I'm not a thug of any kind
But some of y'all gotta be for bitin my rhyme
So let the flow take control of your body and soul
Hit the park with a quart of olde gold
Grab a girlie, cool out, while the W is showin
How a young boy can keep em flowin

Now keep em flowin
DJ Aladdin
(I'd flow in the Nile) --> Rakim

Tired of all these rappers talkin bout the same thing
Who got the most money, or the biggest gold chain
It's a shame, I can't even turn my radio on
Without hearin some punk with a wack-out song
What it's a wack season? That's all i'm hearin on the
radio
Punks are comin softer than, soft they're like Clay-doh
But play the bank stable and able
But for a rhyme that's fatal
You punks remind me of Play-doh
Cheap slapped together artificial material
You shitty-drawers rapper, yo, you're sweeter than
cereal

You all sound alike tryin to hang with the trend
But then again nowadays I think wack is in
I don't sweat it no more, I used throw a tantrum
When I seen a wack record on the chart go platinum
But now I see it ain't who you know or who's deffer
It's all on who's behind you to support that record
Comin from the streets of L.A. this ain't a joke
And in Compton brothers gettin smoked over dope
Gangsters standin on the corner waitin to blast
On any sucker they see, yo, with the wrong color rag
That's why i'm recitin this poem showin and flowin
Yo, we got to come together, start growin and growin
Despite the negativity, this life has been goin
Put our minds to work and let the lyrics keep flowin

So keep em flowin
DJ Aladdin
(I'd flow in the Nile)

Grab a pen, take notes, focus on the turntable
Some call him dope, but I call Aladdin fatal
Think he ain't, sucker duck, I think you better start
walkin
Yo yo Aladdin, let your fingers do the talkin
(*Aladdin cuts*)
This ain't a mickey mouse theme
You scheme, you're bound to get beat, chief
Run up, punk, and walk away with no teeth
Don't sleep on the W, dope lyrics are mandatory
A young warrior designed to tell the real story
About the Profile, roll the carpet down the aisle
I'm steadily black on black, and I be damned if I smile
Or snuggle, juggle, pop a grin or even chuckle
Step towards the Doub and taste five rugged knuckles
So when I get to flowin, yo, it's nothin but smooth sailin
That's illin out, plus steadily prevailin
And swellin on the top of the hip-hop list
Yo yo, take me for a joke a quick way to get dissed
Boy, the jack of all trades is like the ace of spades
Aladdin cut the record like a brother with a blade
While the W recites on the mic all night
Keep the party in check, but suckers still try to bite
They get upset when they pop a cassette
And hear the Profile bailin in deep deep effect
Yo, we make jams for just about everybody
To let you know this ain't nothin but a party
With history, messages, stories I'm showin
Througout eternity Low Pro will keep em flowin

Now keep em flowin
DJ Aladdin

(I'd flow in the Nile)

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