

Jim Jones

"We Keep It Rockin"

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[Chorus]New York City knows how to party
New York City knows how to party
New York City, keep it rocking
The apple that's rotten
They keep it rocking

[Verse 1 - Maino]Roll up in the club like blaow
We gone need our bottles right now
We gone make a toast to the town
Drinks in the air, go shawty
Welcome to my city, see the bright lights
Diamonds on my wrist, bright lights
The fast cars, the hot girls, the night life
The blue Yankee to the back, the white Nikes
Sipping tequila with divas
I can't stand, I'm too drunk, Jesus
People out of town call me Brooklyn
Because they know how I keep it, Brooklyn

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Swizz Beatz]Swizzy blanco from the Bronx yo
See me in my Aston, I'm moving real slow
Boston Road to Dyer Ave
Y'all niggas'll die for the life I have
I'm the one to make the artists blow, Nintendo
Smoke indo then go to party mode
Put your hands up and then go retarded though
Damn, I got the beats to make the ground shake,
earthquake
I do it for the Empire because I've been fire
You ain't never seen a monster like me you a liar

[Verse 3 - Jim Jones]Soon as I step on the scene,
you hear the bitches screaming
I'm looking like money, stickup kids scheming
Spent forty on the watch, keep the wrist gleaming
I'm in the hood in the trap, got the whip leaning

In Harlem when I talk it's like God speaking
Listen close little momma that's the car chill
Vampire life I hear your heart beating

Better chill little nigga before I start tweeking
And you can catch me up in Sactown
Or in the ghost, the Bronx is the background
Why yo, FDR heading back down
I got homies in the jungle that clap rounds

[Chorus]

[Verse 4 - Jadakiss]Yo, take a trip up top
They turning niggas to mincemeat
It's on as soon as you cross 110th Street
Yeah, you see poverty at it's best
If we ain't in the front of the lobby, we on the steps
Yep, hundred deep in the V.I.
Feel the floor shake when they start playing B.I.
Razors in the mouth, the shotguns is knee high
Some of us rock True, some of us rock Levi's
Ahh, but we all rock Polo
Don't matter what borrough, NY is the logo
Talking to the popo's a no-no
That should be a rule that's global

[Verse 5 - Joell Ortiz]You know they had to to put the
papi on it
Like my fans, when I crowd dive, I'ma catch a body on it
Leopold scope shotty on it
I'm the hardest right now, I put my project lobby on it
Pun gone I'm the new Puerto Rico guy
Get my suit, I don't want it with the B.O.Y
Your rap image mad gimmick, he no lie
I just go all out like Margarito eye
Yaowa, that's the call of my army
We'll turn your face to a dance hall like Cerami
Now this a party, I got a little change but ain't change
So send over a bottle of Bacardi

[Chorus]

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