

## **Lords Of The Underground**

### **"Keep it Underground"**

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[Whispered] Underground Chorus: [x6] Keep it underground Keep keep it underground Verse One [Do It All] I have an underground contract (With who?) My music To freak it, freak it, and it like they used ta So here it is, the real for the rugged And let ? say, "I wonder how he does it?" Well, say and simple I wreck an instrumental And ring your damn ear drums as if I was a cymbal Like RING Watch the Do It All do his thing I might pack the verse but the verse won't sing See, now I'm off my rock I think I need a doc But I don't need a camera unless they take me pop So, um, dig it Watch the Jersey boy, um, kick it And unplug this jam if you're feelin' kind of timid So here we go Long live the flow And I know you hear the rap with 'em Catch me at a show And um Get down, no matter how it sounds The Lords, The Lords You gotta keep it underground Chorus Verse Two [Mr. Funkee] Check it check it ugh Watch me make it funky for your town Check check check it out Watch me check check my style I stink People think I sleep with a skunk Cause I open up my throat Then I give you all the funk All you rappers on my tip You know you need to get off You try to disrespect me I try to knock your head off So get ready for the real hard rhymer Save the drama I'm eatin' other rappers like Jeffery Dahmer You get two smacks for thinkin' I'm a new jack Like Kid Capri said, "The joke is on you jack!" Cause if another steps to the bad brother I strike you like your father, word to the mother You suckers might as well get lost Cause I'm the boss You'll catch a three piece, with biscuits and extra sauce This time around I caught you with your pants down Now pull your drawers up And keep it underground Chorus Verse Three [Mr. Funkee] Mr. Funkee have to get hard on this record To show you I can even switch styles and still wreck it The Lords Of The Underground The ones who hold the crown Whoever told you we was wack Really didn't know what they was talkin' bout You're jealous of my crew The news is that you're sweatin' me Get off my tip and find something else to do Now come on now, how you figure? If Marley didn't think that we was dope Then I guess we wouldn't be here nigga And

you can even check my album, All G Funk Leave a bunch of girls singin', talkin' bout ohh la la ohh la la But some of these rappers are DEAD WRONG Pick up their albums And you hear somebody sing on every other song [Do It All] So let it come from your heart And let it flow through your veins And the streets Will definitely scream your name Peace to the Ice Cube and peace to the Kool G You only get your props if you come from beneath Now the Hit Squad GETS PROPS And um, Cypress Hill GETS PROPS And um, PM Dawn DOES NOT Now um, Naughty By Nature GETS PROPS And The Geto Boys GETS PROPS But Me Phi Me DOES NOT Now back to the sound The wrecks your whole town And like the jam says KEEP IT UNDERGROUND Chorus

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