

## CrazyTown

### "On and On"

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[CL Smooth]

The nightcap was exiled, steadily profiled  
as the underachievin non-believin can't stand to reason  
Where's your daddy boy - to categorize the drinker  
Misunderstood to make the ordeal linger  
They label me a problem child who can't cope  
Hangin by a thread, yes a very thin rope  
Inevitably, can never be the man can I tell ya  
Visualize and memorize him in a cellar  
Well tally-ho, pip-pip, my fam's gonna catch a fit  
My father lookin like he wanna bust my lip  
But that was never good for my health  
So I take the shovel out my pocket and dig myself  
Now when I look at the man in the mirror  
I see things much more clearer my Lord  
I'm not that popular, less than a dollar  
but the ? I pack can make you holla

\* Pete Rock scratches various "on and on" samples \*

[CL Smooth]

I said, what you don't know could make a whole new  
world  
Man.. listen! I'm set to sabotage premonition  
Your propaganda, crooked type of version  
Some of the things I bring, you're babblin non-person  
Imbedded in my character, rebel nostalgia  
Uncommon valor who'd rather  
have no man-made religion or sect  
But try to believe what you conceive may be half  
correct  
I shed light, to show the path in sight  
Cause a man who can't treat you right can't teach you  
right  
In front of your eyes, what a surprise, and let the  
nature  
rise, just for the girls and the guys  
A Phi-Slamma-Jamma when you wear a bandanna  
Peace to Pop Dukes, and long live Nana  
The formula's reality, Pete Rock's the storm  
Together, forever, yes G we got it goin on

\* Pete Rock scratches various "on and on" samples \*

[CL Smooth]

Internal affairs, flippin Hollywood Squares  
In search of the Mecca many travel in pairs  
Walked the slave ship, ??the side of ningamora??  
to support a short order when I freak it on a corner  
Five-oh cruisin, decide to pull you over  
Beefin, "Where's the Coke?" I said, "A six-pack of  
soda?"  
The rookie's lookin thirsty, but everything's mental  
A baseball bat, to smack Shirley in the Temple  
Agreed to meet the maker so I yelled Hail Mary's  
And flew that head, to hit The House on the Prairie  
But the past can never choose my future correctly  
I found a greater source directly  
On and on, keep it on, you chant the  
boppin simonized, pullin you clockwise jammie  
To quickly skip the minimal tip, I dap for the wise I dip  
Can anyone see, phenomenally, to the last degree?  
I capitalize subliminally, wreck for positivity  
Yes my little chickadee, ready to flow with me  
Nevertheless I bless, follow me and see  
Predominantly, CL'll be, All in the Family  
God bless Marky Black, know we go way back  
The lyrics I pack is like a needle in the haystack  
CL and Pete Rock, Smooth like Dom Perignon  
Never torn, word is bond, we got it goin on

\* Pete Rock scratches various "on and on" samples to  
fade \*

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