

Prince

"Keep On"

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Verse 1: Peter Gunz

Uh, come on, come on, come on

Uh, and I see you

This is it

In '97 I made plans to see mo' money

In '98 I blasted out in the phat 420

When I hit the block kids stop look and stare

Girls they point, "Yo that's that nigga over there"

I get a lotta love, lotta hate

Yes that's the bet you make when you see a lotta cake

Now they calling me fake

Shit back they was calling me love

Now they're scratching up my car and calling me blood

See it be the ones you know scheming on the low

Saying you're dope but steady sizing up your Rol'

I drift, to the past where there's no riches

No hits and no chips and no bitches

Just another cat named Peter

Trying to make a dollar off a nine millimetre

Now life a little sweeter

I'm in the dealer

Coppin' a drop

On the beach in Hawaii with Mariah, wop!

Laying up in Wakiki, MTV, figures why these niggas
wanna envy me

Maybe cuz this young lady wanna sin for me

Because I ball you got it in me?

But Ima

Chorus: Peter Gunz & Lord Tariq

(keep on)

Ballin' 'til the day I die

Keep climbing 'til I reach the sky, Ima (keep on)

Getting money cause it's meant for I

I deserve yo I went for mine Ima (keep on)

And even though you hope I fail

I turn around and hope you prevail (keep on)

And to my sisters in the struggle alone

And to my brothers that's locked in jail just (keep on)

Verse 2: Lord Tariq

Yo in the early days of the Lord everything was shey-
shey

Everyday was pay day

Selling nickels and dimes

Getting mine in mind state from 86 to 88

I still hear the razor scrape on the plate

A high school drop out

Caught a case mom expects me to cop out

6-G lawyer fee the case dropped like a knockout

The Bronx was the shit but we all hung in Harlem

Where gettin money's easy spending it was the
problem

And I cop 16 valves foot is on the pedal

Telling bitches this your last chance to get out the
ghetto

For less I wouldn't settle

Think big you get big

Came across the wrong niggas almost split my wig

Some say I bitched up because I switched up and
started rapping

But I'm turning gold crack sales to drugs raps platinum

See these streets through my eyes and you can feel
'em though my words

I swore to god that I'm gon' be heard And Ima

Chorus

Bridge: Peter Gunz

You gotta (keep on)

just (keep on)

You gotta (keep on)

just (keep on)

You gotta (keep on)

just (keep on)

You gotta (keep on)

To all my people on the East (keep on)

And all my people on the West (keep on)

And all my people in the North (keep on)

And all my people in the South (keep on)

You gotta (keep on)

Verse 3: Peter Gunz & Lord Tariq

To my sisters raising kids alone

Feeling stuck cuz your man ain't home

Don't wanna be a father don't bother

Honey, stay on the job

Cuz that man gotta answer to God so baby (keep on)

I drop a tear on this poem as I write to my dog

Pistol, I miss you sincerely yours from the Lord
You held it down on our side of the town at any cost
And you loved in the checks by Money Boss so (keep
on)

To my cousin G,
I know you're feeling trapped in the chair
All alone like nobody ain't there
Never fear
Me and Touch still here
Remember what I said dog, Ima be your arms and legs
you just (keep on)

And to all my niggas on the streets
Wanna do out the States
Keep your eyes open always look straight
Never fall for the bait
You look back and you might get snatched
And if so just close your trap
You gotta (keep on)

Chorus

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