

Doug E. Fresh **"Keep It Going"**

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f/ missjones

Yeah.. keep it real.. and keep it going..

"Ah yes yes y'all, ah keep on hah

Ah keep on, to the break of dawn"

One, two, three, UH!

[Chorus]

I keep it going, I keep it going, I keep it going, yeh, yeh

I keep it going, I keep it going, I keep it going, yeh, yeh

{repeat Chorus

[Doug E. Fresh]

Check this out, yo

When I'm on stage and we start rockin

People feel the vibes and it's on when

the hip-hop, come through your speakers

"Who's in the house tonight?"

I need you to let me know where the party's at

And I'll make the whole place look like dat

And I'm gonna get things hype

And I know we can bounce all night

So just pump your fists in the air

and repeat, these words you hear, c'mon

[Chorus]

[Doug E. Fresh]

Uhh, uhh, yo!

The true funk rhythm, I knew that would get 'em

out on the floor once it's felt through the system

And this type of bounce is hype but smooth

Shim Sham heard it and said it's the move

And it's a hip-hop song thing, keepin it strong thing

Uhh, I don't see nuttin wrong

When the place is packed, and the vibes ain't wack

And you don't know jack, and baby got back

Mo' is flowin, money's showin

Represent yourself, huh..

[Chorus]

[Doug E. Fresh]

Yo, yo, now, C'MON

This is for my peeps that always check us

Coolin in your jeeps or maybe your Lexus

Drivin Up-town, or maybe through Brooklyn

but some people say Crooklyn

Money's makin, bodies shakin

Party's packed and there's no mistakin

who's in the house - UPTOWN! (Say what?)

Who's in the house?BOOGIE DOWN

And I'm gonna keep things hype

And I know we can bounce all night

So just pump your fists in the air
and repeat, these words you hear, UHH!
"Ah yes yes y'all, ah keep on hah
Ah keep on, to the break of dawn" (repeat 2X)

[Doug E. Fresh]

Yo, recognize the real, and do what you feel
Keep it live in nine-five, and let's chill
And brothers know my steelo
Command and demand respect wherever I go
Up-town, down-town
All around I represent the sound
that's New York bound but don't get it twisted
No need to bleach so butter your biscuits
Here's the logistics, of characteristics
of brothers, make them another statistic
And that's not the type of hype I'm into
So put up your hands and let's continue to

[Chorus]

[Doug E. Fresh]

On records

[missjones]

You got a fast car
I got a ticket, to anywhere
Maybe we can make a deal (say what?)
Maybe together we can get somewhere

Cause anyplace is better

Startin from zero got nothin to lose

Maybe we'll make somethin (uhh, c'mon)

Me myself got nothin to prove

(watch out) Mmm, mm, mm, mm, mm!

[Doug E. Fresh]

C'mon! One, two, three!

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