

## A Transylvanian Funeral

### "Keep It Rollin'"

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Verse one: phife dawg

Aiyyo swing swing swing, to chop chop chop  
Yo that's the sound when mcs get mopped  
Don't come around town without the hip in your hop  
Cause when the shit hits the fan, that assll get dropped  
Mcs wanna attack me but them punks can't cope  
Ill have you left without a job, like isley from the love  
boat  
So money watch your mouth, or I might have to bust ya  
Battlin mcs, from jfk to russia  
Back down to london, sweden and brazil  
Do a u.s. tour for three months and then a chill  
Styles be fat like jackie gleason, the rest be art carney  
People love the dawg like the kids love barney  
I love you, you love me  
The shorty phife dawg is your favorite mc  
So move back yaself dread, you know the element  
The tribe is good for your health like a can of nutriment  
Mcs don't have no winds, mcs don't have no winds  
I flips you crazier than a busload of jerrys kids  
Your crew don't want it, man your crew don't want it  
But if you feel you can swing it, then money please  
bring it  
(sup) large professor in the house (sup)  
(sup) you know how we do (sup)  
(sup) I stay on your crew (sup)  
(whassup) like mario lemieux (whassup)  
(whassup? ) peace to ike love  
(sup? hah hah) and the rest of the crew (whassup? )  
(whassup? ) I meet you guys in front the cleaners  
Bring the blunts and the brew so

Verse two: q-tip

Whassup kids? the ab is speaking from the moon  
Thanks for your support, aiyyo I'll be home soon  
But the only thing I ask when I return from my task  
Is a whole bunch of beats and a blass full of ass  
My fist stands firm because im, black and solid  
I open up your pores like a plate full of collards

Cmon take it easy wouldya, easy easy  
Im up in the gully, that's when I am her buddy  
She told me pull her hair, I did, it drove her nutty  
Filled up the hole like spackle or I mean putty  
When we over joints like this we never cruddy  
Extra p hooked the beat, and kids it feels luh-huh-ovely  
Check it out, cause my conception is immaculate  
A bachelor, lookin for a bachlelorette  
Back to you mcs, this is what your gonna get  
A first degree burn from my man kens cigarette  
I hope you like malboro, paul you know we thorough  
like denver  
The beat feels like a never-ender  
But all things good must, so I wont sweat it  
Drop the cs for the youthful crew, I hope you get it  
As I stand, grip this mic inside my hand  
Boy I smack you up, like I was your old grand  
So respect yourself son, and come and gimme love  
Once again the ab is who you think of  
So chill with the beef money, we got a jetti

Verse three: extra p (large professor)

Its extra p and yo tip Im bout to set it  
On the country once again here to win  
Im uptown chillin, takin in this grand master vic blend  
From the projects, the pjs, fuck them two djs  
Self mission, I had her in the I'll position  
Saying large youse the soul brother that I'd like to  
Eff with for the rest of my life yeah yeah now check the  
method  
As i, proceed with what you need like akinyele  
A whip looks complete when the tires say firelli  
Funk monkey, one rapper fell off, now he's a junkie  
There's 8 million stories in the city it's a pity  
Don't fuck with the skins if she's trying to act shitty  
Shout to the guru, primo and zulu zulu  
Nation, was on a vacation, in the ghetto  
Yo ras slow your roll Im bout to bag this heres metal  
Rapper nas on topic, seems we gonna rock it  
Queens represent, buy the album when I drop it (drop  
it)

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