

## **B.G. F/ Bun B, Juvenile, Ms. Tee**

### **"Keep Goin'"**

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{"Don't Stop" by Tha Dogg Pound beat}

[Intro: Daz]

Yeah, this the original right here ya know what I mean?  
With my nigga Nas, ya know what I mean  
Daz and Kurupt featuring Nas, y'all didn't know that  
huh?  
We gonna keep it goin' like that, ya know what I mean

[Hook: Daz]

Keep goin' yeah  
We won't stop bitch, niggaz keep goin'  
We won't stop bitch, niggaz keep goin'  
On and on, on and on, on and on and on and on and on  
and on and on

[Verse One: Nas]

The golden child shot that ass up 'cause you was  
holdin' out  
Let the streets be the courts, and court is holdin' trial  
Fatal not fictitious, I rocked the cable eighty-sixes  
Foriegn cars young with crazy bitches  
Mad smoke makes me able to quote, solicitin'  
???????, murder he wrote  
A provacative plan, could bring a knot to my hand  
As the pyramids stand on the top of the sand  
I want cheese, numerous seeds and real weed  
I pleaded guilty, like Bob Marley the weed killed me  
I intercourse verbally, poetic purgery  
They copy words of me, leads to murder in the third  
degree  
I learned to live life fast  
So I could count very large amounts of cash with  
Kurupt, Tha Pound and Daz  
I Nasty, Nas be large but not flashy  
Laid up in the Cutt dipped up, like what the stash do

[Hook: Nas](Daz)

Don't stop (don't stop), keep goin' (keep goin')  
Don't stop (don't stop), keep goin' (keep goin')  
Don't stop (don't stop), keep goin' (keep goin')

Don't stop (don't stop), keep goin' (Kurupt)

[Verse Two: Daz]

Who mashes with the crazy illest niggaz in town? (I do)  
Killin' willingly, who got the right to make a sound  
My sound break block corners, avenues, and drives  
It's about time the mash in has arrived (Fuck Death  
Row)  
Take you on a mission, be on a mission, I'm packin'  
steel  
Steadily givin' on niggaz, no passes on livin'  
I spend major loot on kahki suits  
Nike's and Krokker Sacks and sweat suits, and leather  
boots  
I box niggaz twice my size, I bust with a four-five  
Look you in your eye and blast and make the party live  
I live the unusual crucial life  
So nigga pay attention when I come through for you  
and your crew  
It's just a man and his music, I ain't afraid to use it  
Use you bad (sucka!), like confusion, I mean it's  
useless  
To step to this, Nas, Kurupt we dangerous  
Contain the mental murderers, and ain't afraid of this

[Hook: Daz]

Don't stop, and keep goin'  
Don't stop keep goin' and goin', don't stop (stop!)

[Verse Three: Nas]

I be jewel in' like Julius  
To grab a mic it's cool, the mental sounds ludicrous  
For you to diss is hazardous, gold chain and daimond  
lazarus  
I rap fabulous, loaded gat stay strapped to cap  
cabbages  
Jesus Christ, I piece it right on the time  
Enter loose valley, like illusions in the mind  
Destruction on the black planet, I crack granite  
Booshwah repitoire, rude and bad handed  
Heavy caliber clicker, hennesy babysitter  
Mercedes, three-eighties, a crew of crazy niggaz  
With the biggest reputation, and livest names  
Clicks kickin' accusations, of private planes  
I might cash you chumps like change  
Over beats, Dat Nigga Daz made that pumps like veins  
Yo, we cussin', no parental discretion  
Testin' guns off in your section, East-West connection

[Daz]

Don't stop...

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