

Gunsnoses

"Keep It Koming"

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Spark that L!

Intro/Chorus: repeat 2X

We keep it koming
We keep it koming, huh
We keep it koming Spark that L!
We keep it koming, uhh
And when it's time to Organize
We stick together through the times
With the attitude like Miles
We keep it koming

Verse One: Prince Poetry

I be flipping the scripts, ripping through hoods coming
equipped
Lifts out of my lyrics sippin forties in a whip
Organized, rise raise up the level surprise!
Niggaz watch Prince, open your eyes when I deliver
give a honeydip a wink, thick chocolate bitch
Switch up the pace, kick me the digits later you can
taste
the bass thumps for months, entrapped in the lab
with mad blunts, creating formulas that you can grab
I escape, the clutches of wackness, I'm like a mattress
Lay it down for the South Side, Sounds of Blackness
Uh, ohhh, I keep it koming stunning you're running
through states, to make pace gunning you down with
the drumming
that rakes, in the dough
Oh, my God, times are hard so I gotta flow
Spark up the L, I excel over the stress
Crushing the competition that I stomp from East to
West
Rest assured we will deliver the goods to the 'hoods
for the youth, this is proof we should
well, Organize got the bomb hard to stay calm
Forming like Voltron and then attacking at dawn

Chorus

Verse Two: Pharoahe Monch

When I'm fed up, I hold my head instead of me teasing
Yo ooh ooh child, things are gonna get easier
In my mind and in my soul
I can take control of a beat whenever I roll
Stroll up the block, 40-dog cocked back
in my knapsack is a uzi-wop, BLACK WHASSUP!
Spreading like malaria, but much scarier
Migrating in the whole tri-state area
Without a doubt, my niggaz never go out
They rock, braids and fades and baldies
and blow up and blew out throughout
the entire night I'm peepin you and
your entire crew out -- what's that all about!
I suppose I be steppin to hoes when
I'm masking overconfidence, cause I know my new shit
is gonna go platinum, I'm mathin em
Light skin ones inside of a Maxima
On a passenger side, this is what I'm asking her
Hey baby you look so good
Why you driving through our neighborhood?
If raps I wrote were cookies, I bet you'd bite a chip
rookie fetch a product, cause it took a long time to
ignite
a fucking style from the end, back to the beginning
Niggaz is winning, Prince, niggaz is winning
Keep the fat drumming running up your back
black, with stacks of facts for the tracks
that you can react to

Chorus 1/2

Verse Three:

We be the bread and butter making breaking crown
facts around back
Cracking gunner sound heart starts to stutter when the
bass
pounds butter, like this
Rumbling CD crispy, no hiss
Rush you like Russell, make you flip like Knipsie
Wilson negative but can't see, but maybe one
Organized take the favor rated is my tip
To keep my peers motivated with funk, only we rip see
For years tears shed it but never let it
mislead a nigga figure that I'd be runnin dogs you
know

Chorus

Nigga
Yeah, uhh
Check it out
Extreme phat, with the Pharoahe Monch cheeba cheeba
Mr. Prince Po will flow...

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