

King Just f/ Cozmo D, D'Zyre**"On N On N On"**

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[Chorus: D'Zyre (King Just)] All you need, if you can
feed us We gon' keep it moving, on and on and on (On
and on and on, on and on and on Check it, check it out,
to the break of, break of, dawn On and on and on, on
and on and on Check it, check it out, to the break of,
break of, dawn) [King Just] Yo, we gon' step to this, we
gon' rep to this N.Y.C., nigga, done bled for this On the
last to miss, they gon' blast my hits Taking forty duece
splits, buying chicks KICKS! Gorillas in the myst, boy,
planets of the ape Superman of rap, all I need is a cape
Top eight at eight, hot five at nine Playa hater niggas
don't wanna see me shine Time after time, I'mma tell
you again Go against KJ, you ain't got no wins Battle
you in a holding pen with all your men Dance on you
like the bottom of my Timbs Skins when I want 'em,
trees when I need 'em Ain't no nigga out there could
defeat 'em If you can't beat 'em, well you might as well
join 'em Niggas need work, well you might as well
employ 'em [Chorus] [King Just] I done did these raps,
you can check my stats I'm the one that spit darts on a
limited track Contact, just to let you know I'm back What
the fuck you think, I ain't help Shaolin on the map? The
proof is in the batter, but it really doesn't matter When I
kick rhymes all MC's scatter Shatter like glass when I'm
in your ass Taking you out, man, that's a simple task
Ask and you shall receive, man, pass the weed
Chokemon, don't smoke with me Casualties of
memories left torn Like who been on, who been warned
List goes on, Choke Armstrong X-X-X-X, rated like porn
So on, and so on, Just, you dead wrong Cuz you need
to pay attention to the chorus on the song [Chorus]
[King Just] Who been doing it, who been putting ya'll
through it Half of ya'll don't know how to use it Fucking
up the music, lose it, before you get chewed like juice
sticks Come to your studio, and brought your acoustics
I threw this, way before Dre's time at Ruthless Way
before Old Man Jimmy was toothless Abuse it, every
time I put it down They re-used it, everybody taking my
sound What now? Niggas ain't got no where to go But
you passed go, so ya'll niggas owe me dough I ain't
lost my flow, cuz I'm on the low I ain't my glow, niggas

know who seen show Casper like Astro, when I release
like the blow Want my grass to grow where my fucking
lawn got potholes Shocked those who didn't believe My
cousin don't play cards, but still he had an ace up his
sleeve [Cozmo D] Jam-On, two to break the dawn,
check it Pass me the mic, step aside and observe While
I wreck it, go upside your dome with that old school
flavor The kind that gets the cars boom-bamming
through your neighborhood Even get your grandmas
feeling good What you ain't never heard? Then
somebody should of told ya About Brooklyn's first hip
hop soldier Jam-On set it off, and we supplied the
closure Back in the days when I was young, well I
wasn't We was rocking the parks, killing DJ's and MC's
by the dozen And though we never got love from the
media My name should be up in every hip hop
encyclopedia Jammin' in the parks, that was me The very
first hip hop band, that was me Jam On It, Wikki Wikki,
Automan, Push The Button, that was me So don't front,
cuz you know you bumped Cozmo D [Chorus] [Outro:
King Just] To the break of, break of, dawn (4X)

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