

Luniz F/ 2 Live Crew % Christion

"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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