

Doug E. Fresh, Keep it Going

Yeah.. keep it real.. and keep it going..

"Ah yes yes y'all, ah keep on hah
Ah keep on, to the break of dawn"

One, two, three, UH!

[Chorus]

I keep it going, I keep it going, I keep it going, yeh, yeh
I keep it going, I keep it going, I keep it going, yeh, yeh

{repeat Chorus}

[Doug E. Fresh]

Check this out, yo
When I'm on stage and we start rockin
People feel the vibes and it's on when
the hip-hop, come through your speakers
"Who's in the house tonight?"
I need you to let me know where the party's at
And I'll make the whole place look like dat
And I'm gonna get things hype
And I know we can bounce all night
So just pump your fists in the air
and repeat, these words you hear, c'mon

[Chorus]

[Doug E. Fresh]

Uhh, uhh, yo!
The true funk rhythm, I knew that would get 'em
out on the floor once it's felt through the system
And this type of bounce is hype but smooth
Shim Sham heard it and said it's the move
And it's a hip-hop song thing, keepin it strong thing
Uhh, I don't see nuttin wrong
When the place is packed, and the vibes ain't wack
And you don't know jack, and baby got back
Mo' is flowin, money's showin
Represent yourself, huh..

[Chorus]

[Doug E. Fresh]

Yo, yo, now, C'MON
This is for my peeps that always check us
Coolin in your jeeps or maybe your Lexus
Drivin Up-town, or maybe through Brooklyn
but some people say Crooklyn
Money's makin, bodies shakin
Party's packed and there's no mistakin
who's in the house - UPTOWN! (Say what?)
Who's in the house? BOOGIE DOWN
And I'm gonna keep things hype
And I know we can bounce all night
So just pump your fists in the air
and repeat, these words you hear, UHH!

"Ah yes yes y'all, ah keep on hah
Ah keep on, to the break of dawn" (repeat 2X)

[Doug E. Fresh]

Yo, recognize the real, and do what you feel
Keep it live in nine-five, and let's chill

And brothers know my steelo
Command and demand respect wherever I go
Up-town, down-town
All around I represent the sound
that's New York bound but don't get it twisted
No need to bleach so butter your biscuits
Here's the logistics, of characteristics
of brothers, make them another statistic
And that's not the type of hype I'm into
So put up your hands and let's continue to

[Chorus]

[Doug E. Fresh]
On records

[missjones]
You got a fast car
I got a ticket, to anywhere
Maybe we can make a deal (say what?)
Maybe together we can get somewhere
Cause anyplace is better
Startin from zero got nothin to lose
Maybe we'll make somethin (uhh, c'mon)
Me myself got nothin to prove
(watch out) Mmm, mm, mm, mm, mm!

[Doug E. Fresh]
C'mon! One, two, three!