

# 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!