

Grand Puba, Keep On

“Check it out ch'all and you don't stop. Keep on and you don't stop” (x4)

Verse 1:

I knew from jump that my shit was gonna hit
Cause I spoke to Dione Warick and she put me on some psychic shit
She said be careful cause these girls be throwin' block
I said D don't even worry I sweat no girl for they stank box
I like drinkin' honey hit me a 5-1-6

Girl:

What's a 5-1-6?

Puba:

Long Island you dumb bitch
When it comes to this my style flows Free like Willy
Watch me grab the cream like them Beverly Hill Billy
I know you're happy with the shit you just bought
It's the greatest return since Jordan hit the court
Because my style changes frequently
See I been shit talkin' mics since the days of delinquency
Now I'm still the same low down gold teeth and Gortex
And on occasion with the ruff sex
Stud Doogie heats it up like a flannel
Cause he's smooth as wall panel
Hits the one and two like a freebee channel
I have no time for bullshitters I get bad honies jitters
As I walk be all the chickenhead critters
I got more funk then En Vogue got junk in they trunk
My flow hits ya like a filthy piece of skunk
So Alley get the scomma fromt he dodge spot
Put it in the L and get high like an astronaut

Hook

Verse 2:

Now see they call me Mr. Mingo
Got a girl but I'm still single
Honies scream my name (PUBA) like they just won bingo
I take 'em out for a dinner or a show but you know how the rest go
Hey man no doe
You know the type you go out a few nights they sweat your pockets tight
Cause they rock they're rockers right
Go away little girl you gets nothing
But here take a Bufferin to ease your pain and sufferin'
Cause I'm so aware of too many things
I know what I know if ya know what I mean
Come clean because I'm a fiend for a beat and a theme
Comin' strong like Hakeem and it ain't a dream
Now is it me or is this hittin' like Tyson?
Like a plate of beans and rice I be a needy winds on ice and
Grand Puba, Stud Doogie on the nights I bag the dumb we hit a nut
And then we back up in her guts
See I get down and dirty like an archeologist
I get deep into your mind like a psychologist
I hit brothers in the head with the real
Bag honies like a charm cause Grand Puba is the bomb
So come on baby there's no need to play dumber
Or I be comin' around your nostrals when I cum
So check it out now...

Hook