

# Jamie Madrox, Keep On

My style is evident I adapt to formats  
And metamorph combat like a battle rap  
My mouse a gat and im clapping it off  
U get hit with a slug u better die shake it off  
I never freestyle, fuck a free rhyme till  
Im paid like puffy u gonna have to pay for mine  
I'm steady on the grind and I don't care  
Who u rep or who u roll with  
I make dough and focus on my own shit  
U hating bitches worry on the next man  
I never pay attention when I'm focus on the game plan  
My shit is heavy it'll hold its own weight but I  
Brought some duct tape just in case shit breaks  
'Cause u know how shit go some times  
When u flip the script  
And it blow somebody's mind but I keep on doing  
What I do like they told me and never let the stress and bullshit fold me  
Keep on doing what you do  
Nod your head if u hears and feeling it too  
Keep on doing what you do  
Cant stop, cant quit, wont stop man fuck you  
Never going to stop doing this  
Never going to quit doing this  
If it don't bang it aint knocking  
As long as the mic on imma continue to rock  
They call me one of the newest and truest to  
Extend digits and wrap em around a mic  
When there not letting u punk bitches  
I'm vicious like a dog with rabid jaws  
So if I lock on its gonna be hard to shake me off  
If it bleeds it can be killed and so on  
Raise up, get gone or get sprayed like krylon  
I'm an artist and depending on the tool that I use  
I can swiss cheese you and you dudes from the living room  
That aint me I don't even roll like that and to keep  
It completely real I don't hold a gat but I know cat with  
Rap sheets long as your arm that'll put u in the ground if u meaning me harm  
U aint hard, u the same as me, both having a dream trying  
To make it a reality but I keep on doing what I do  
Like they told me and never let the stress  
Or bushit fold me  
Keep on doing what you do  
Nod your head if u hears and feeling it too  
Keep on doing what you do  
Cant stop, cant quit, wont stop man fuck you  
Never going to stop doing this  
Never going to quit doing this  
If it don't bang it aint knocking  
As long as the mic on imma continue to rock  
Everybody spits rhymes but yours are not like mine  
Mine are colored green and shaped like stop signs  
My mind so advanced it competes with itself  
I got a need to believe I can achieve more  
That wealth health and dental im in it  
To win it and then some, rubbing on my  
Balls looking like im fittin to cum  
Nope, nope, splash  
Im not the ultimate but im heaven sent  
And hell bent to drop shit like  
An ill poet with no books or scripture  
That soothe the mind in me is like an elixir  
Can u picture do u lack in the talent  
To walk tightrope with just an umbrella to keep balance  
Tip the skills, lock tip drills go deep in they pocket

For silicone and highheels but I keep on doing what I do  
Like they told me and never let the stress  
Or bushit fold me