

# Mystikal, Keep Doin' It

(Intro - Male voice - talking) + (Female voice) (\*echo\*)

(Keep doin it baby)

This is a world premiere

Uh oh, yeah, Cali talk to 'em

Bring the beat back!, c'mon

(Chorus - Male voice) + (Female voice)

(Keep doin it baby)

Yeah, Lighty we see you

(Keep doin it baby)

One-Eye, we see you too

(Keep doin it baby)

Busta, Dirtbag and ... Mystikal

(Verse 1 - Mystikal)

I'm in their motherf\*\*kin trunk that got the rag on in the wheel

Motherf\*\*ker come up with the money in the deal

Suede headliner, paint shinin with the grill

You're on the curb lookin motherf\*\*ker, how you feel?

See your boy plottin, talkin 'bout you got steel

That's gonna get you popped, probably get your ass killed

I see you little motherf\*\*kers, up in it, can't chill

I hear your heart pumpin brothers don't think it can't spill

I came from Louisiana, bananas get peeled

This ain't no propaganda, my knocker that's real

Ain't promotin no violence, just encitin violence, nigga chill

And if I said not to move, then you motherf\*\*kers be still

Chopper ain't in the driver's side, that a make your man yield

Get your motherf\*\*kin ass out the car, yeah you know the drill

And from now on by conscious to who the f\*\*k that you appeal

Niggaz get ya, that's how they pay they motherf\*\*kin bills down here

(Chorus - Mystikal) + (Female voice) - w/ ad libs from Dirtbag

Keep doin it

(Keep doin it baby)

Keep doin it

(Keep doin it baby)

Keep doin it

(Keep doin it baby)

(Keep doin it baby)

(Dirtbag!)

(Verse 2 - Dirtbag)

Hey me and your misses sippin Crissy up in the clubs and

Oh my god! touchin between the suds huh

I'ma gangsta, for you little slugs

Shoulders your homie shrug

When people askin "what's up"

That's when I pull up, finish what I've done

Jump in the car, flip the God and roll a blunt (yee!)

You can't see, your boy's from Miami

Ears like Sammy Sosa, bitch we're takin over

Bags underneath my eyes, I ain't sleep in days

I'm in the bushes with a K, your semi's gon' spray

Eat mangos and grapes, as your body decay

Bunny holes and yay, you had us in ninth grade

Hey what can I say, alligator suflet

Pele and Moet on the dawn of day

We went from dead broke, to makin big millas

Wife beater chinchillas, life can't get no realer, nigga

(Chorus - Busta Rhymes) + (Female voice)

(Keep doin it baby)

Mystikal, Violator, c'mon  
(Keep doin it baby)  
Dirtbag, Violator, c'mon  
(Keep doin it baby)  
Busta-Bus, Violator  
Y'all must know how to make 'em  
Here we go, yeah, baba bap

(Verse 3 - Busta Rhymes)

This shit ain't over motherf\*\*ker, just wait a second  
God of this rap, it's only right that I end the record  
&quot;Violator&quot; nigga, with my knife I'll cut you up  
Violate a &quot;Violator&quot; nigga, we f\*\*k you up  
Don't you ever think or even try to confront on a tread  
Flipmode, Violator, known for just bustin your head  
Huh, watch the way we drop it, we ready and able  
In others words, your whole rap roster whack, give me your label  
Whenever, whatever, whoever be thinkin they better  
Test &quot;Violator&quot; man to merge five labels together  
Flow sick, so quick and it gives me the pleasure  
Got a lotta shit, flow switched like a change of the weather  
Throw on my high beam cause my ride clean  
The cop seen now your all big ridin' team  
Well let me hal-swing, sing along, do your thing now  
Feel my sting, crown Busta-bus king now

(Chorus - Busta Rhymes) + (Female voice)

(Keep doin it baby)  
I'ma keep doin it baby  
(Keep doin it baby)  
We gon' keep doin it baby  
(Keep doin it baby)  
Check it, I'ma keep doin it baby  
(Keep doin it baby)

(Outro - Male voice)

Violator 3!  
DJ countin the door down and the big dog pitbull

Let's go! (uh oh)  
Chris Lighty, I see you man  
Busta Rhymes, Mystikal, Dirtbag (c'mon)  
It's a Cool & Dre epidemic  
Who wanna test, c'mon  
Who wanna test, Violator 3