

# Lord Tariq & Peter Gunz, Keep On

Verse 1: Peter Gunz

Uh, come on, come on, come on  
Uh, and I see you  
This is it

In '97 I made plans to see mo' money  
In '98 I blasted out in the phat 420  
When I hit the block kids stop look and stare  
Girls they point, "Yo that's that nigga over there"  
I get a lotta love, lotta hate  
Yes that's the bet you make when you see a lotta cake  
Now they calling me fake  
Shit back they was calling me love  
Now they're scratching up my car and calling me blood  
See it be the ones you know scheming on the low  
Saying you're dope but steady sizing up your Rol'  
I drift, to the past where there's no riches  
No hits and no chips and no bitches  
Just another cat named Peter  
Trying to make a dollar off a nine millimetre  
Now life a little sweeter  
I'm in the dealer  
Coppin' a drop  
On the beach in Hawaii with Mariah, wop!  
Laying up in Wakiki, MTV, figures why these niggas wanna envy me  
Maybe cuz this young lady wanna sin for me  
Because I ball you got it in me?  
But Ima

Chorus: Peter Gunz & Lord Tariq

(keep on)  
Ballin' 'til the day I die  
Keep climbing 'til I reach the sky, Ima (keep on)  
Getting money cause it's meant for I  
I deserve yo I went for mine Ima (keep on)  
And even though you hope I fail  
I turn around and hope you prevail (keep on)  
And to my sisters in the struggle alone  
And to my brothers that's locked in jail just (keep on)

Verse 2: Lord Tariq

Yo in the early days of the Lord everything was shey-shey  
Everyday was pay day  
Selling nickels and dimes  
Getting mine in mind state from 86 to 88  
I still hear the razor scrape on the plate  
A high school drop out  
Caught a case mom expects me to cop out  
6-G lawyer fee the case dropped like a knockout  
The Bronx was the shit but we all hung in Harlem  
Where gettin money's easy spending it was the problem  
And I cop 16 valves foot is on the pedal  
Telling bitches this your last chance to get out the ghetto  
For less I wouldn't settle  
Think big you get big  
Came across the wrong niggas almost split my wig  
Some say I bitched up because I switched up and started rapping  
But I'm turning gold crack sales to drugs raps platinum  
See these streets through my eyes and you can feel 'em though my words  
I swore to god that I'm gon' be heard And Ima

Chorus

Bridge: Peter Gunz  
You gotta (keep on)  
just (keep on)  
You gotta (keep on)  
just (keep on)  
You gotta (keep on)  
just (keep on)  
You gotta (keep on)  
To all my people on the East (keep on)  
And all my people on the West (keep on)  
And all my people in the North (keep on)  
And all my people in the South (keep on)  
You gotta (keep on)

Verse 3: Peter Gunz & Lord Tariq  
To my sisters raising kids alone  
Feeling stuck cuz your man ain't home  
Don't wanna be a father don't bother  
Honey, stay on the job  
Cuz that man gotta answer to God so baby (keep on)

I drop a tear on this poem as I write to my dog  
Pistol, I miss you sincerely yours from the Lord  
You held it down on our side of the town at any cost  
And you loved in the checks by Money Boss so (keep on)

To my cousin G,  
I know you're feeling trapped in the chair  
All alone like nobody ain't there  
Never fear  
Me and Touch still here  
Remember what I said dog, Ima be your arms and legs you just (keep on)

And to all my niggas on the streets  
Wanna do out the States  
Keep your eyes open always look straight  
Never fall for the bait  
You look back and you might get snatched  
And if so just close your trap  
You gotta (keep on)

Chorus