

I Keep On (feat. Pharoahe Monch & Pete Rock)

Apathy

Pete Rock / This one's for the crew (Repeats)The verbal illustrator
Nobody's skill is greater
I kill a hater rip em up in a gorilla nature
Still a major threat suicide facilitator
Nobody iller or greater / of the vanilla flavor
Ressurrection of rap, the rehabilitator
I spit a verse that'll hit the earth and drill a crater
Miles deep, styles seep into the core
Competition want be dead so I'm sleeping on the floor
This is deeper than before, creature feature of gore
The feature like you invited the Grim Reaper to war
I'm more than vicious
Pray the fuck to god i'll be wanting bitches
You get morning sickness you leaving with abortion stitches
It'll take a forklift to lift this organ if
This whore could fit it deeper in her butt than in the porno business
Whether you powder sniffers, or got a mouth full of Guinness
You better bow to this like i'm living on Mount Olympus
I keep on for the fans of the realness
Throw up your hands in the air if you feel this
I keep on to maintain tradition
The same never change as long as they stay listeningPete Rock / This one's for the crew
(Repeats)Let me be totally honest
You wanna know what made me demonic?
I made it through Reaganomics [?]
With a pistol to my head listen that tune that Delfonics
Giuliani shit men to the pen
Felt infinite
But I embrace the ballpoint pen to write sentences
Smell me, you understand scent this is?
Peep [*Scratch FX - inaudible] life sentences
Pharaoh and Apathy's like a virus
McAfee attacking your faculty back to back
Decapitating you gradually
Actually i'm a rapping fanatic
Slash mathematician
With a chronic lung condition
When I breathe, you would never believe he's asthmatic
Fuck it, i'm I'm stuck inside the 90s
Still got Pirelli's

Rocked with 2Pac in the bay
Not a lot you can tell me
Cock the snub nose put it in your mouth like Akinyele
I keep on for the fans of the realness
Throw up your hands in the air if you feel this
I keep on to maintain tradition
The same never change as long as they stay listeningPete Rock / This one's for the crew
(Repeats)For them bitches backstage pulling boobs from bras
The applause from the fans and the oohs and ahhs
For the morons who think I won't bruise their jaws
We got machetes on deck and Freddie Cruger claws
I'm strapped and attached to your fuselage
We used to rob before this little music job
For the Pharoahe fanatics from Philly to France
Females with fat asses who fill up their pantsFrom Philly to France we feeling it
They fill up their pants
B-boy stance chilling it
I'm still in advance
Lyracist distiller with syllables that kill with a glance
With the Magilla Gorilla glue appear when I chant
Militant [?]
They're [?] manilla when I vomit
A jagged little pill, isn't it ironic?
You little maggot, I'm ill
The brotagonist
The bionic
Pharoahe Monch
The iconicI keep on for the fans of the realness
Throw up your hands in the air if you feel this
I keep on to maintain tradition
The same never change as long as they stay listeningPete Rock / This one's for the crew
(Repeats)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>