Don't Stop

Atmosphere

All right, see I ain't really all that famous, yet
But I'm not a nobody neither
Just doing our thing
Sometimes we do it right, sometimes we do it wrong
Doesn't matter, either way it gets done
It gets done our way
[Verse 1]Can't really pinpoint when I made the big choice
God never spoke to me about my thin voice
It ain't like I was handed a mission
I won't front, I'm just another man of tradition
I guess its best to check inside of the music
Rap groups back in my youth got me boosted
Couldn't stop the usage, call me opportunist
The turntables plugged in? Fuck it, gotta do it
Beats back then broke the button on my rewind
Opened up my mind to notes, drums and time
Started memorising everybody's rhymes
Spitting your shit like I was going for mine
Introduced me to funk, rock and jazz
So amazed as to how the DJs chopped the samples
Some nod their heads, some pop they ass
So it was only natural for me to cop a handful
[Hook]Between what it is and what can be
I'm here just to keep you company
You ain't got to be in love with me
Just don't stop beating them drums for me
Between what it is and what can be
I'm here just to keep you company
You ain't got to be in love with me
Strange how far you mark for me
[Verse 2]So put the jam on and move forwards

Roll up the windows and sing a chorus
And give it more until the life drops
Nef turn off the speakers, boom box or the iPod
No stopping me, you can't possibly
What you thought I'd do, Ant's got a lot of beats
Shake your ass in celebratory fashion
It's not the spot for you to come relax mam

Ain't nothin like Hip Hop music
The shoe fits, gotta show and prove it
Ask god how much is too much
He wrote a note in the clouds, said "Keep fucking them up"
I used to live in those headphones
All alone stuck in my zone
But today I got a king and I'll follow the dream
Just to see what tomorrow can bring, ding, ding
[Hook][Verse 3]Oh, they don't like my crew
Because we don't sound nothin like they think we sposed to
That's cool, I guess it ain't for you
But I'm still comin through with what I came to do
Been in love with it since I was a kid
It protected me, watched over what I did
I was a junkie, I couldn't get enough of it
Probably should've predicted that I'd be up in it (Fuck with it)
Your gonna have to kill me to stop me
I'm a grown ass man, this ain't no goddamn hobby
The bread's all soggy and them kisses are sloppy
But I still love rap from the soul to the body
Give it everything that you know
Because the people in the crowd is trynna let it go
She might need a little something for them nerves
Make her way up front to mouth along with the words
She say...
[Hook]

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