

Keep On

Lord Tariq & 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 millimeter
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 'cause this young lady wanna sin for me
Because I ball you got it in me?
But Ima(Keep on)
Ballin' 'til the day I die
Keep climbing 'til I reach the sky, I'ma (keep on)
Getting money cause it's meant for I
I deserve yo I went for mine I'ma (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)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(Keep on)
Ballin' 'til the day I die
Keep climbing 'til I reach the sky, I'ma (keep on)
Getting money cause it's meant for I
I deserve yo I went for mine I'ma (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)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)To my sisters raising kids alone

Feeling stuck 'cause your man ain't home

Don't wanna be a father don't bother

Honey, stay on the job

'Cause 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, I'ma 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)(Keep on)
Ballin' 'til the day I die
Keep climbing 'til I reach the sky, I'ma (keep on)
Getting money cause it's meant for I
I deserve yo I went for mine I'ma (keep on)
And even though you hope I fail
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And to my sisters in the struggle alone
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