

# On & On

## Latrice

I got one question, is he still around?  
Been a little while now, is he still in style?  
Is he still rockin' Canterbury apparel?  
Is it all good when Willy buried a smile?  
Is he still waitin' around for that applaud?  
Is still waitin' 'round for that award?  
Last year I saw him in an accord  
This year is some shit he can't afford  
Has he gone poor, said he's on tour  
Do he really be shuttin' down all stores?  
Where's the next one 'cause we want more?  
But what the hell are they lookin' for  
What the hell are they lookin' for  
So here's a little dough so what's in store  
Is that a new song and what's that called?  
I must admit, that's some shit he's on  
On & on, & on, & on, & on  
On & on, & on, & on, & on  
On & on, & on, & on, & on  
On & on, on, on & on  
All night, all night, all night, all night  
On & on, & on, & on, & on  
On & on, & on, & on, & on  
Look, you was conscious when he first spit  
But now he on that commercial shit  
Talkin' 'bout bread, every verse he gets  
Talkin' 'bout head, every verse he spits  
But that ain't him man, that ain't MIMS man  
Flow Picasso, I rap so Rembrandt  
Touch the stars 'cause the sky's no limit  
Not too much huh, I ain't no ten, man  
Look, I'm just tryin to blow up like implants  
Since three years old, I've had big plans  
To enhance everything I touch  
'Cause even when I got it man it just ain't enough  
On & on, & on, & on, & on  
On & on, & on, & on, & on  
On & on, & on, & on, & on  
On & on, on, on & on

All night, all night, all night, all night  
On & on, & on, & on, & on  
On & on, & on, & on, & on  
Now while she over there, lookin' at me  
Y'all be over there lookin' at me  
It could be whatever it's gon' be  
But see truthfully, the beefin' ain't for me, nah  
I ain't sayin' I'm scared of niggas  
But I'm tryna do my thang, I don't care for niggas  
Street killas, talk heat killas  
But when I'm getting' my award, you's a seat filla  
Oh, heads it's like you deep, nigga  
Watches circle, just know you should keep these niggas  
So I keep killas on payroll  
And when it pops off, I trust they go  
On & on, & on, & on, & on  
On & on, & on, & on, & on  
On & on, & on, & on, & on  
On & on, on, on & on  
All night, all night, all night, all night  
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On & on, & on, & on, & on  
On & on, & on, & on, & on  
On & on, on, on & on  
All night, all night, all night, all night  
On & on, & on, & on, & on  
On & on, & on, & on, & on  
On, on, on, on

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