

# On and On

## Pete Rock & C.L. Smooth

The nightcap was exiled, steadily profiled  
as the underachievin non-believin can't stand to reason  
Where's your daddy boy - to categorize the drinker  
Misunderstood to make the ordeal linger  
They label me a problem child who can't cope  
Hangin by a thread, yes a very thin rope  
Inevitably, can never be the man can I tell ya  
Visualize and memorize him in a cellar  
Well tally-ho, pip-pip, my fam's gonna catch a fit  
My father lookin like he wanna bust my lip  
But that was never good for my health  
So I take the shovel out my pocket and dig myself  
Now when I look at the man in the mirror  
I see things much more clearer my Lord  
I'm not that popular, less than a dollar  
but the? I pack can make you holla

\* Pete Rock scratches various "on and on" samples \*I said, what you don't know could make a whole new world

Man. listen! I'm set to sabotage premonition  
Your propaganda, crooked type of version  
Some of the things I bring, you're babblin non-person  
Imbedded in my character, rebel nostalgia  
Uncommon valor who'd rather  
have no man-made religion or sect  
But try to believe what you conceive may be half correct  
I shed light, to show the path in sight  
Cause a man who can't treat you right can't teach you right  
In front of your eyes, what a surprise, and let the nature  
rise, just for the girls and the guys  
A Phi-Slamma-Jamma when you wear a bandanna  
Peace to Pop Dukes, and long live Nana  
The formula's reality, Pete Rock's the storm  
Together, forever, yes G we got it goin on

\* Pete Rock scratches various "on and on" samples \*Internal affairs, flippin Hollywood Squares

In search of the Mecca many travel in pairs  
Walked the slave ship,? the side of ningamora?  
to support a short order when I freak it on a corner  
Five-oh cruisin, decide to pull you over  
Beefin, "Where's the Coke?" I said, "A six-pack of soda?"  
The rookie's lookin thirsty, but everything's mental

A baseball bat, to smack Shirley in the Temple  
Agreed to meet the maker so I yelled Hail Mary's  
And flew that head, to hit The House on the Prairie  
But the past can never choose my future correctly

I found a greater source directly

On and on, keep it on, you chant the  
boppin simonized, pullin you clockwise jammie  
To quickly skip the minimal tip, I dap for the wise I dip  
Can anyone see, phenomenally, to the last degree?

I capitalize subliminally, wreck for positivity  
Yes my little chickadee, ready to flow with me

Nevertheless I bless, follow me and see

Predominantly, CL'll be, All in the Family  
God bless Marky Black, know we go way back  
CL and Pete Rock, Smooth like Dom Perignon

Never torn, word is bond, we got it goin on\* Pete Rock scratches various "on and on" samples to fade \*  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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