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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