

Count On That (feat. Dumbfoundead)

Kero One

(Verse 1)

Got my favorite record on and incense lit
Since an infant I've looked up to them big ballin' pimps
Shiny Impalas with rims the CrÃme de le crÃme
Young prince with a pen trying to be one of them
Now I'm grown, and my OG's are locked up or drugged out
If they seen what I done they would bug out
Hitting home runs while they sitting in the dug out
Got the needle to the wax trying to get the blood out
Red carpet by my feet when I'm walking out the ride
Graduated from the hood, I ain't talking 'bout Devry
The school of hard Knox cops let the whistles blow
Where we kiss the sky high off the missile toe
Now I've seen more ass than a strippers pole
Never should've taught a guppy how to use a fishing pole
Sticks and stones may break my bones but my words more powerful than ancient Rome
Every problem that I've had man I faced alone
Better obey me, like it's wheat pasted on (Kero's Chorus)

We staying up all night
(yeah you can count on that)
We writing our own rhymes
(yeah you can count on that)
Puttin good music over money
(yeah you can count on that)
Kid we stay on the grind
(all day everyday) (Verse 2)

I'm paving these roads in cobblestone
Old school killing pro tools, using the weapon above my collar bone
You want a piece, I'll break you off like Toblerone
You can play me on your iHome or call Tablo's phone
Either way you'll hear the truth, to all the non-believers doubting, I'm rerouting your outings into a catacomb
Sumimasen, it's a dead end, I spit that cement, hitting foes heavy like a Chevy
Move swift before it set in, I bridge the gap, catastrophic raps perhaps, these flows could break the levee's
I walk the streets, rocking levis and Sperry's with a mariners vibe, comb my hair to the side
While my pair of J5's, buried alive, in my closet trying to surface like a serpent draw the curtains it's time
I do me, like Pamela Handerson, and Michael Bivins
Living, outside the mold I'm given, rhythms I kill em', murderer slash friendly guy, Gemini
Friend me by twitter, facebook, or send me hi's
And despite that, some dudes fall in envy

Trust I keep it moving like a U-Haul or Penske
My style stay versatile like RuPaul in leggings
And you can count on that like a 10-key, the ending(Dumbfoundead Chorus)
We spitting that real shit
(yeah you can count on that)
That make your whole body move shit
(yeah you can count on that)
Every verse we kill sh*t
(I can count on that)
Los Angeles, CA
(all day everyday)

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