

# Keep On, Keepin' On (JD Remix) [feat. Xscape]

MC Lyte

be-Boy, where the fuck you at?  
I been looking for you're ass since a quarter past.  
Hot peas and butter, baby, come and get your supper.  
Before I make you suffer That's when you had enough-a  
Can I get hot when you hit the jackpot?  
Surely I can, if you the man.  
I get loose and produce large amounts of juice.  
Can you get used to that or do you need a boost of energy to enter me and  
get it on.  
You're gettin' warm.  
I can feel you getting closer.  
Now baby, down this Mimosa.  
You better believe it's time to give a toast to.  
The woman of the decade, too bad to be played.  
Get vex and I'm bound to throw shade.  
All over your body.  
Who's body?  
You're body.  
I can rock a party like nobody.  
Leavin' time to take home the loot.  
Choosy about who I let knock my boots.  
Now let me take sight while your lovin' the Lyte.  
Life ain't all that unless you're doing it right. CHORUS: Keep On' Keepin On, Cause you came and you changed  
my world.  
Your love so brand new. Keep on keep kickin' on. Doin it right, right,  
right... Ah, ah, ah....Beware of the stare when I step into peace.  
I come in peace but I got shit that need to be released.  
Now who from the chosen shall I choose?  
Yeah, now you wish you was in his shoes.  
I found me a new nigga this year.  
That know's how to handle this here.  
Now I look forward to goin' home at night.  
Brother does mo right.  
Under the candlelight.  
Wax upon my back, can I handle all of that?  
I guess I can.  
Can I, why not?  
If I want to guess I can. Can I?  
More honey than a bumble-bee hive.

Pulling 69 ways in my archive.  
Sweet like licorice.  
Sugar for my booga.  
Juicy like Hi-C. Or an Icee.  
I got shit to make your ass write a bad check.  
Cause like I said I ain't afraid of the sweat.  
Beat on my drum if you feel the need to.  
As I proceed to Open up and feed you.  
I got a longing to put you where you want to be.  
Been I can, I get rid of all company. CHORUS Many have tried strict regulation.  
Lazy motherfuckers get put on probation.  
Those that didn't perform well.  
They gets no answer when they ring-a-ring-a my bell.  
You're playing with my time.  
Trying to jerk me hurt me then dessert me.  
You better work me.  
While you got the oppurtunity.  
To be in the midst of the L-why-T-E.  
Only the strong survive.  
Only the wise excel.  
Once said by my born-in-hell.  
Only the lonely die slowly.  
Left all alone try to control me.  
Easy does it never ask how was it.  
Never speak my info why my sheets in the streets.  
Cause that ain't cool. And that ain't cute.  
To talk about who knocked the boots on a video shoot.  
But it's all good, though you gotta get it when you want it.  
Like your prey, make your move and hop up on it.  
It's natural. Never be ashamed.  
Fuck the fame. Get the name, and kick the game.

Songwriters

Dupri, Jermaine Mauldin / Moorer, Lana Michele Published by

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