

Keep On

Joe Budden

Cardim Collection...

J. Cardim what up...

Joey

Locks off the door, beast outta the cage

You know y'all done fucked up, should've never let me escape

They say "Joey, where you been", I tell em' I never left

Know my bed stay made, lil homie I never rest

I keep on... I keep on... I keep on... I keep on... I keep on...

Now, now, now, I keep on... I keep on... I keep on... I keep on... I keep on

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Streets still talking, I know blocks keep colliding

Why my stock keep rising, y'all know I'ma keep riding till the wheels fall off

I don't trust a nigga, never, I'll be thugging it forever

And keep it tucked for whatever

Just, Run DMC'ing it, tougher than the leather

For the survivors in Haiti that was tougher than the weather

So, pray to God keep me safe from my travels

As I look at pictures of bloody bodies laying in gravel

I see pain is a given

Got a better job and now the whole city hate me

I'm Lane Kiffen and the game is different

While my new bitch get on top, and ride out wit just the tip in

And stupid me be laying there trippin

You think you on my mind then you insane or sniffin

It ain't how I'm living, still on my same mission

While you Americans idolize lames dancing around

Wit their pants on the ground, me, I'm branding a sound?

They old and washed up, Larry Holmes

So I usher in the new year screaming "Daddies home"

I seen artists fail thinking they would blow up

I seen nigga cry wolf thinking they wouldn't show up

Might, wonder what I scream Jersey for

Tryna show em' Jersey's more than "Jersey Shore"

Stealing cars, smoking herb

Won't stop till every deaf ear comprehends my spoken word, ya heard?

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Off rap it's a whole 'nother genre, a whole 'nother drama

A whole 'nother muh'fucking monster

Tryna get through to the masses

A lot bullshit out there, gotta shift through the traffic

I'm on my J. Cole, J. Elec, Blu, Grafh shit

Since my Autobiographic might be too graphic for you to grasp it

Me, I know the diff-er-ence

So I prefer the hate, if they only gon' love me when I'm ignorr-raaannnttt

You nigga is so hollow

Drake got hot, now y'all so big on Mascato

Blinds leading the blind, who the fuck your supposed to follow?
Keep up my full throttle, modern day Aristotle
So in scripted, prolly ain't meant for you to get it
More like encrypted, or need to be sent to Ballistics
Not for dimwitted, it won't pop up in the statistics
Rebel in my own right, could give a fuck about Logistics
Be advised, I ain't tryna silence any critics
Cause, the louder they talk, the prouder I walk
It's like it's a rappers job to lie, how they all ballin'?
Some only got two one's on em', Jamal Crawford
Who spit hard as me? Very few arguably
Blogs wan' target me, I'm quick to they archery
Tell the labels Best in the World is how you market me
Lost my liquor license, bums won't get a bar from me
Far as birds, how I get them to the Telly maybe
Have em' on E, ask em' if they been to Chelsy lately?
Fuck Morton's, I take em' to the deli maybe
Should'a known she'd had me up and coming, I ain't wealthy baby
Put it in Layman's Terms, way simple
Coming for my old spot back, Jay Leno
And not to let off a shot, but I'm better than hot
They don't need a reminder if they never forgot

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