

# Keep'n On

Joell Ortiz

(Ayy, yo, Joell  
Let them know what's really goin' on)  
Yeah, yeah, check, uh

I been nice since twenty-five cent Icees  
On the low everybody wish they rhymed just like me  
Before I got engaged, I had like five, six wifeys  
An apartment in the cut where they would ride dick nicely  
I'd send 'em to the Chinese to buy shit nightly  
Tell 'em extra hot sauce 'cause I liked my shit spicy  
Fast forward to these wings on my i8  
And I just left China, had a show on July 8th  
That's life full circle  
My whole team eat, I got a tight, full circle  
The type who'll hurt you but don't look scary  
Too near me? The hooks vary  
You clearly won't see it coming  
Phones out, the world see you running  
But beef corny, I done went vegan  
Enjoying this green, eating  
I sweep my street, no more street sweeping  
But every now and then, I give these beats beatings  
Just to remind you that Joell Ortiz gon' keep keepin' on

Yeah, yeah, keepin' on  
Yeah, yeah, uh, check

I played the benches in the trenches  
Where hustle man would sell you anything under his trenches  
One time he sold us wrenches  
We opened up the pump and tried to drench this  
One nigga, he spun around and fired at us senseless  
We hopping over fences, son got grazed in his neck  
Try to wet the wrong nigga, get wet..  
I learned respect that day  
'80s baby, used to hate the Bradys  
My father figure was some hardheaded nigga that used to sell 380's  
Four and better on the dice, plastic cup with ice  
I got a dub, I beat the deuce twice, your arm too light  
Random, I'll never win a food fight  
I can't throw grub  
I went to bed hungry a few nights, that's true life  
Most the shit I do writes 'bout things that I ain't do right  
I glorify some shit that I regret, and that's what you like  
But all of it ain't your fault, sometimes it's therapeutic  
And talking 'bout the stupid shit I did be sounding stupid over rough music  
Timbs look harder once you add a couple scuffs to it  
Dirty some shit, I'm always up to it  
I 'member when subs and tweeters used to knock trunks  
And six to eight C or D batteries made your box bump

Keepin' on  
Uh

I walk up in the mall like, yo, I can shop all night  
But I'll just take this Yankee hat from Lids, pair of raw Nikes  
Maybe them number 4 Mikes

I cruise through the avenues where booze turn feuds into murder  
Your rep is everything, can't be the dude we never heard of  
'Cause bitches don't fuck them niggas  
They don't scrape they knees on project roofs just to suck them niggas  
I crumbled drug money but ironed my outfits  
Never pleaded fifths, was first to pull out fifths  
A fifth of Henny and some good marijuana  
Had me feeling extra good while I pushed Tijuana through the hood  
Used to yearn for a whip with a sunroof  
Just bought my kids a crib, put skylights in my son roof  
A lot of stories, but they all lead to one truth  
Talk your shit, but yo, nobody is gun proof  
Mattress on the floor, I used to lay out and stretch  
Tissue top of the cassette, 'bout to tape this new Stretch  
Things ringing outside, I hope my niggas ain't stretched  
God bless

Keepin' on