

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