

Keep On Jumpin'

Kool Keith

Yeah, Bronx, New York City!

Kool Keith

Nobody can't see me no more, or be me no more

The latest rapper who is it, I don't even watch TV no more

Just 16 points a night, Atlanta Hawk cheerleaders, clap when I score

My urination bounce off the basketball floor

My texture is tight, wipe my ass on the fiberglass

Top draft pick, I'm up in here, you know it homes

Compare me to Sean Puffy Combs

The New Jersey Nets won't ignore the bassline dunk

C'mon, jump

Shocked the V.I.P. section

My sneaker prints, show on the backboards with affection

Top to bottom I got 'em

Keep on jumpin, girls keep pumpin

No tipperillos, ingredients better, the pie roaster

You must be smokin dust, pull up on you like Doug Collins

Albert and Bernards, I burn hard

Can't stop me the show is not finish

You saw what happened to Steven Houston, like Ron Artest

Rookies comin against ya, is only gonna play 3 minutes

My team form in the corner, better than Carmello's jumper

Your wife watchin me in mid-air, then I'm on fan

Don't hate me, you hate Bryan Pumper

The underhand fingerroll, when he walked off the court

Not impressed with the kicks, who designed the sole

My bottom feet stay on the shoulders of Manute Bol

I'm worst against the clock

Go tell Pee Wee, I'm the best on your block

Top to bottom I got 'em

My inside game is hard to rub next to the boards

My lyrics flow, next to yours

Your turnaround is lame, my fadeaway is spectacular

Confront TNT, the show with Charles Barkley

My simple lay-up looks 10 times better than yours

You better on the floors

Your mixtape, I call your DJ pause

You know the flower