

# Keep On Doin' It

Z-Ro

Uh uh what, uh uh  
I gotta hustle mayn, I gotta hustle mayn  
Uh I gotta hustle mayn, come on come on

I wake up early in the morning, thank the Lord for the day  
Proceed to bleed the block, cause I gotta stay paid  
See I'm on it, nobody gonna do for me  
What I'ma do for me, gotta feed my family  
See I hit the streets, and connect with G's  
Hitting stangs po'ing trees, getting love from fiends  
I ain't selling no dreams, I get the cream for the team  
Making moves, all my hustlers I know you feel me  
While they dropping them screens, I'm out here dropping them things  
I got no time to bling bling, I'm in it to ching ching  
Could say I'm bout the paper mayn, the cash the feddy  
All feddy in this game, but I'm so so heavy  
Can't trip I can't slip, and if you snooze you lose  
In the dope or the liquor, baby need my shoes  
Now be nice dykes, backdo' that thang  
Point understood, while I'm picking up my change

I can't fall off, I've come so far  
I can't look back, I must move on  
I keep on pushing, keep on grooving  
Ain't no stopping, keep on doing it

I'm out here on the block, still pumping and grinding  
I gotta get it, if I gotta get dirty and grimey  
By any means I'ma do it, stay true to it  
See nothing could stop me, I keep it flowing like fluid  
I pursue it see I grab it, and I snatch it and stack it  
Keep my eyes on these jackers, cause they itching to grab me  
I'm bar none, if they coming then they better come with it  
I ain't tripping no mo', these haters gonna have to kill me  
See I work too hard, to let a hater come and take mine  
I don't give a damn bout time, and cross the line fa sho  
It go down playa, God as my witness  
Cross me or my family, now I'ma take care my bidness  
It's survival of the fittest, down in the Clutch City  
No pity down here, we get down to the gritty  
Come through like Vecard, nation of Smitty  
Make em feel me from New York, to that Mo City

You see the hustle don't stop, the crime don't quit  
I flip the script, and had to get the legit  
Don't get it twisted, it's another way gotta stay paid  
I still live the good life, thanks to Gene and J  
Every way is my way, see I ball with the team  
Now we mash for cream, so we can have things  
Maintain my focus, and I evade the traps  
And many wanna see me relapse, I never collapse  
Already they be hating, so I'm cocked and ready  
While I'm flipping through this saint john, biscuit and jelly  
All my homies in the streets, keep on doing your thang  
See game peep game, you got to maintain  
It feel good to be free, now you can take it from me

You see life ain't a dream, things ain't always what it seems  
Stay alert my niggaz, don't let em see you sweat  
Peep the game, from the certified Southside vet