

On & On & On

Dungeon Family

"The beat" "Goes!" - "The beat-beat" "Goes!"
"The beat" "Goes!" - "The beat-beat" "Goes!"
"The beat-beat" "Goes!" - "The beat" "Goes!"
"The beat" "Goes!" - "And the beat" "Goes!"

Well it's the dip monk (?) execute parachute
(?) this Gipp man, lovin that orange brother
Make you stay up all night, make ya eyes puffy
Eyes wide like the back wheel of a Huffy
Could never be ya cousin brother, rather be a relative
In ya (?) seat-painted we could settle it
DF the Family, below they still sellin it
Knickerbocker socker on the weekend type fella
Black crow nest don't buck back
Love jokes, getcha ass jacked, put the bullets in his dick
Another comin for the excaliber hit
That shit, who the next gon' dip with this?

And the beat goes,
On and on and on and on and on and on and on and on
and on and on and on and on and on and on and on
"And the beat" "Goes!"

In the middle of the ghetto, the rhythm of the rebel takin over
Crappy clubs and burros
You'll try to censor it and stop it
But we still won't settle, Pinnochio and Gepetto
They tellin lies to my fellow Americans
Besides the heroines and heros, dope fiends and zeros
The Dungeon Family steady jammin as the beat goes
We know famili that the Dirty ain't no equal
My name is B-I-G and keep me to a tree hoes
White Gutz, white wall ties, and white name
With so much love why do we need hate?
Cuz everybody played it fool, we bouncin in ya place
Gotta grind till he give me yo' shine, you shake and bake like

Even when a G be bustin, ice-cold crushin
Ladies be touchin, and the club be rushin
For the stage, bitches see a second page in this chapter
See me to the fullest cuz I'm more than just a rapper
Slash actor - and producer on the news sir
Pimp or breeder, strong house leader
The game get deeper, sweeper, Yamaha creeper
DF each a rider, like a wood driver
With 'em on the court I'm hittin jumpers outside-a
Southwest rider, deep like a diver, +Rich+ like Pryor
Ain't no higher!

Witchdoctor come wit it!
I'm your words from your heart beat skip
Hit me, I'm workin off my hip
And I keep a box of extra clips
Cuz haterism is a trip
And I come out the +blue+ like a Crip
And believe me asses'll get whipped
Georgia's biggest mess

My new bone gon' drink milk from his momma's breast
Fielders of this stress
It was the music that took you
Put you in a pot and cooked you
If this was (?) I'd cook you...

It's so gritty
Mayside gladiator, blue and gold raider
Northwest alumini dwellin in Decatur
Skin ya like a gator, bust yo' head like a baked potato
I can't stand on purpose tellin you didn't know yo' poppa
Now I hate her, so "Kiss the Game Goodbye" like Jada
We comin up like escalators
And if you say you the best then we ten times greater!
Candy-ass and seeds melt away like Now-and-Laters!
Erase yo' data! With this nigga chaser!
And if I have to, I'll hitchu with the maser!

[scratching to fade]