

Keep It Underground

Lords of the Underground

Underground

Keep it underground
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I have an underground contract
(With who?)
My music
To freak it, freak it, and it like they used ta
So here it is, the real for the rugged
And let say, "I wonder how he does it?"
Well, say and simple
I wreck an instrumental
And ring your damn ear drums as if I was a cymbal
Like RING
Watch the Do It All do his thing
I might pack the verse but the verse won't sing
See, now I'm off my rock
I think I need a doc
But I don't need a camera unless they take me pop
So, um, dig it
Watch the Jersey boy, um, kick it
And unplug this jam if you're feelin' kind of timid
So here we go
Long live the flow
And I know you hear the rap with 'em
Catch me at a show
And um
Get down, no matter how it sounds
The Lords, The Lords
You gotta keep it underground

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Check it check it uugh
Watch me make it funky for your town
Check check check it out
Watch me check check my style
I stink
People think I sleep with a skunk
Cause I open up my throat
Then I give you all the funk
All you rappers on my tip
You know you need to get off
You try to disrespect me
I try to knock your head off
So get ready for the real hard rhymer
Save the drama
I'm eatin' other rappers like Jeffery Dahmer
You get two smacks for thinkin' I'm a new jack
Like Kid Capri said, "The joke is on you jack!"
Cause if another steps to the bad brother
I strike you like your father, word to the mother
You suckers might as well get lost
Cause I'm the boss
You'll catch a three piece
with biscuits and extra sauce
This time around
I caught you with your pants down
Now pull your drawers up
And keep it underground

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Mr. Funkee have to get hard on this record
To show you I can even switch styles and still wreck it
The Lords Of The Underground
The ones who hold the crown
Whoever told you we was wack
Really didn't know what they was talkin' bout
You're jealous of my crew
The news is that you're sweatin' me
Get off my tip and find something else to do
Now come on now, how you figure?
If Marley didn't think that we was dope
Then I guess we wouldn't be here nigga
And you can even check my album, All G Funk
Leave a bunch of girls singin', talkin' bout ohh la la ohh la la
But some of these rappers are DEAD WRONG
Pick up their albums
And you hear somebody sing on every other song

So let it come from your heart
And let it flow through your veins
And the streets
Will definitely scream your name

Peace to the Ice Cube and peace to the Kool G
You only get your props if you come from beneath
Now the Hit Squad GETS PROPS
And um, Cypress Hill GETS PROPS
And um, PM Dawn DOES NOT
Now um, Naughty By Nature GETS PROPS
And The Geto Boys GETS PROPS
But Me Phi Me DOES NOT
Now back to the sound
The wrecks your whole town
And like the jam says
KEEP IT UNDERGROUND

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