Busta Rhymes, Keep Doin' It

[Intro - Male voice - talking] + (Female voice) (*echo*) (Keep doin it baby)
This is a world premiere
Uh oh, yeah, Cali talk to 'em
Bring the beat back!, c'mon

[Chorus - Male voice] + (Female voice) (Keep doin it baby)
Yeah, Lighty we see you (Keep doin it baby)
One-Eye, we see you too (Keep doin it baby)
Busta, Dirtbag and ... Mystikal

[Verse 1 - Mystikal]

I'm in their motherfuckin trunk that got the rag on in the wheel Motherfucker come up with the money in the deal Swayed headliner, paint shinin with the grill Your on the curb lookin motherfucker, how you feel? See your boy plottin, talkin 'bout you got steel That's gonna get you popped, probably get your ass killed I see you little motherfuckers, up in it, can't chill I hear your heart pumpin brothers don't think it can't spill I came from Louisiana, bananas get peeled This ain't no propaganda, my knocker that's real Ain't promotin no violence, just encitin violence, nigga chill And if I said not to move, then you motherfuckers be still Chopper ain't in the driver's side, that a make your man yield Get your motherfuckin ass out the car, yeah you know the drill And from now on by conscious to who the fuck that you appeal Niggaz get ya, that's how they pay they motherfuckin bills down here

[Chorus - Mystikal] + (Female voice) - w/ ad libs from Dirtbag Keep doin it (Keep doin it baby) Keep doin it (Keep doin it baby) Keep doin it (Keep doin it baby) (Keep doin it baby)

(Dirtbag!)

[Verse 2 - Dirtbag] Hey me and your misses sippin Crissy up in the club sayin Oh my god! judgin between a sud, huh I'ma gangsta, for you little slugs Shoulders your homie shrug When people askin " what's up" That's when I pull up, finish what I've done Jump in the car, flip the God and roll a blunt (yee!) You can't see, your boy's from Miami hits like Sammy Sosa, bitch we're takin over Bags underneath my eyes, I ain't sleep in days I'm in the bushes with a K, your semi's gonna spray Eat mangos and grapes, as your body decay money, hoes and yay, you had us in ninth grade Hey what can I say, alligator souffle'(sue-flay) Pele and Moet on the dawn of day We went from dead broke, to makin big millas Wife beater chinchilla, life can't get no reala, nigga

[Chorus - Busta Rhymes] + (Female voice) (Keep doin it baby) Mystikal, Violator, c'mon (Keep doin it baby) Dirtbag, Violator, c'mon (Keep doin it baby) Busta-Bus, Violator Y'all must know how to make 'em Here we go, yeah, baba bap

[Verse 3 - Busta Rhymes]

This shit ain't over motherfucker, just wait a second God of this rap, it's only right that I end the record " Violator & quot; nigga, with my knife I'll cut you up Violate " Violator " nigga, we fuck you up Don't you ever think or even try to confront on a tread Flipmode, Violator, known for just bustin your head Huh, watch the way we drop it, we ready and able In others words, your whole rap roster whack, give me your label Whenever, whatever, whoever be thinkin they better Test " Violator " man to merge five labels together Flow sick, so quick and it gives me the pleasure Got a lotta shit, flow switched like a change of the weather Throw on my high vein cause my rhyme clean The cop seen now you a big ride to came Well let me hal-swing, sing along, do your thing now Feel my sting, crown Busta-bus king now

[Chorus - Busta Rhymes] + (Female voice) (Keep doin it baby) I'ma keep doin it baby (Keep doin it baby) We gon' keep doin it baby (Keep doin it baby) Check it, I'ma keep doin it baby (Keep doin it baby)

[Outro - Male voice]
Violator 3!
DJ countin the door down and the big dog pitbull
Terror Squad, shitonniggaz.com
Let's go! (uh oh)
Chris Lighty, I see you man
Busta Rhymes, Mystikal, Dirtbag (c'mon)
It's a Cool & Dre epidemic
Who wanna test, c'mon
Who wanna test, Violator 3