

## **Cristiani Hervé**

### **"Steady Rockin'"**

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[Chorus: Twyla]

Gonna rock you all night and it feels so tight  
Steady Rockin' till the morninglight  
DJ's spinnin' all that song till morn'  
Steady Rockin', ohohoh

[Verse 1: Heather B]

So you wanna be popular, listen carefully  
Examen me, you'll find that I'm more than a  
cockaroach  
Strictly hip-hop with a, attitude that tells where I got to  
You break fool, I get the pop in ya  
Heather B watchin' ya  
His mind won't fool me, words don't move me  
Your actions will account for ya  
Basically I'm tellin' ya, cross me and I swell in ya  
The chiropractor gon' be the only one feelin' ya  
I'm bossy, not flossy, I do what I do, do you?  
Why you care what it cost me  
My pass won't hount me, see I don't care  
I put it all out there, so y'all niggaz can't stop me  
Yo bug me out, tryin' thug to me out  
Put your long team together tryin' to love me out  
But I will put it to you plain  
Game recognize game, I told the last nigga to bounce  
And I suggest you do the same

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Heather B]

Don't compare me with nobody, we ain't one and the  
same  
They think about it, but I spits that thang  
I'm a one woman army  
I gotta be careful who I collab with, I got a rep to  
maintain  
Back the fuck up, pardon me  
You lookin' for fame and rolls for play but I truly raise  
I'm the queen of us and there's only one higher  
I won't stop rockin', till I retire  
You askin' me if I want it, my temperature's bubblin'

Don't make me come see him for something  
Tryin' to clown, walk around frontin'  
Gangster this, gangster that till he got passed  
Now we gotta run, and then you switch your pit  
And turn straight, biatch! Beggin' me not to a breath  
word of it  
But I'ma tell how you livin' how your style get different  
You be careful what you ask for cause you just might  
give in

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Heather B]

My codename should be Fatal, my style is fatal  
Quick to fade you if I have to face you  
I don't know who you pray to, for they can run that  
made you  
You lose cause nobody else could save you  
Your crew don't make you, if that crew  
Get hungrier than you do that same crew gon' hate you  
It's me they relate to, lets get all the paper  
So we ain't gotta be stressed till later  
I can even make it racial, put it in black and white  
The dough ain't right, got the right to the facial  
A lot of y'all cradle, wet behind the ears  
Followin' peers get hooked in you mama's label  
But hey I don't blame you, this game is for big girls and  
big guys  
Got no time to change you, but look here's what I can  
sum it all up  
If you with me than you with me, if not shut the fuck up

[Chorus]

[Outro: Heather B]

This goes out to my Jersey crew  
Yeah yeah no doubt  
This goes out to my Brooklyn crew  
Brooklyn one time  
This goes out to my Uptown crew  
Uptown baby, Uptown baby  
This goes out to my BX crew

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