

Heather B.

"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
cockroach
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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