

## Heather B.

### "Steady Rocking"

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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

[Intro: Heather B]

Who ya deal wit?  
DJ Premier. Heather B. (None other.)  
Coming to take back what's mine

Commissioner Gordon on the boards. (No doubt.  
Jersey!!)

Alotta heads gon get rested.  
Alotta hearts gon get tested.  
Alotta skills gon get questioned.

Here we go....

[Verse 1: Heather B]

So you wanna be popular, listen carefully  
Examen me, you'll find that I am more than a  
Conquerer  
Strictly hip-hop with a, attitude that tells whoever I got  
to...  
You break fool, I get to poppin' ya.  
Heather B watchin' ya  
Ya smile won't fool me, words don't move me  
Your actions will account for ya  
Basically I'm tellin' ya, cross me- I'm swellin' ya  
The chiropractor gon' be the only thing feelin' ya  
I'm bossy, not flossy, I do what I do. Do you.  
Why you care what it cost me?  
My past won't haunt me, see I don't care  
I put it all out there, so y'all niggaz can't extort me  
or bug me out, tryin' thug to me out  
Put your little team together tryin' to rub 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 to play but I truly raise

I'm the queen of hearts 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 you for something

Tired of clowns, walk around frontin'

Gangster this, gangster that till we bump heads.

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 get it

[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, if it ain't the one 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

If the dough ain't right, I got the right deface you.

A lot of y'all cradle, wet behind the ears

Followin' peers. Still hooked to your mama's navel.

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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