

Mike Heron

"Step Ya Game Up"

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Know I'm tal'n bout, I'm tired of these old
Lame ass, lazy ass, don't wanna grind ass
But they wanna complain all the time ass
Wish they was me ass, know I'm tal'n bout
I worked for where I'm at, know I'm tal'n bout
Swishahouse Swishablast, Swishahouse Swishablast
Step ya game up partna, step ya game up
Step ya game up partna, step ya game up
Get on your grind and go get it, get your change up
You falling off homeboy, you better change up
[Paul Wall]

Have you ever, noticed the people that's lazy and lame
Be the same ones crying, and always complain
You on the sidelines partna, better get in this game
You need to change, if you trying to get change
You must of fell on your brain, as a little kid
You wanna shine then you gotta grind homeboy, that's
just how it is

Handle your bis', you wishing on a star
For money, hoes, clothes and cars, but you walk by far
You think a Bentley, just gon fall out the sky
You spending all your money worrying about, being fly
and getting high

Stick to the G-Code, all the rules still apply
You slacking on your hustle, boy you living a lie
You run a block a couple hours, then you start getting
tired

So why hating everytime, I pull up on chrome wires
You need to wake up out your sleep, cause you falling
off

Step ya game up, you getting soft, step it up
[Paul Wall]

Look here hold your nuts cuz, and swallow your fear
Your future's looking kinda shady, but I see quite clear
I'm riding in the fast lane, you still in first gear
You've been driving the same car, for the past five
years

You claim to be a baller, but boy really you broke
I'm buying bottles, and you barely buying Hennessy
and Coke

Take a good look in the mirror, you a joke

You was on the ship to success, but I guess you fell off
the boat
You either leave or get left, buy or get bought
Break or get broke, cause it's teach or get taught
I'm the age of a student, but I'm teaching a lesson
Consider it a blessing, for you to be in my presence
You something like a has-been, you was hot back then
But now-a-days you ain't nothing, but some dust in the
wind
Get with the time, and quit worrying about mine homie
Get on your grind, and everything gon turn out fine
[Mike Jones]
I be sick and tired of haters, hating on the fact that I
made it
But it's a funny, a year ago y'all haters said I wouldn't
make it
But now y'all saying I'm overrated, and I got too much
hype
But back then you said I'll flop, cause my flow wasn't
tight
A year ago, the whole world didn't know my name
So I had to get on my grind, and step up my game
My name Mike Jones and I'm on the microphone,
Wrecking tape decks, Collecting checks, while y'all
sitting at home
A lot of people to this day, be talking down on my flow
But who you know get five thousand, for a flow or a
show
Who say his name a hundred times, and still get love
from his fans
Who blew up in seven months, and in popular demand
Who you know that got a movie, and some clothes
coming out
Who spend shit for the ladies, to keep em running out
Mike Jones nigga, and don't you forget it
While you at home living po', I'm balling independent

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