

Chappo

"Steady Risin'"

Visit "[Steady Risin'](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chorus]

I been on the low for a while, but now
It's time to rise up, so open your eyes up
And recognise the real, that's all up in your grill
Yo Yo got's the flow, y'all niggas know the deal [x2]

[Verse 1]

It's a must that I thrush world plush a little lush money
Green like sus-money, cream and takes the bus
International connects, plus discuss the hush-hush
West-side, Who Ride?, World-wide, Bomb-rush
So what's the deal with all this 'keep it real' rapping
I'm still flexing skills, collect my mill and keep stepping
Pack a weapon close if I ghost a nigga then I'm Swayze
Cause rapping pays me to live shady, wilin' crazy
Just the killer Cali lady, snatch your fuckin lady
If rappers be board, you niggas still couldn't play me
So save the drama for your mommy and your poppy
When I hit the track up a mad truck couldn't stop me
To all you, Versace wearin' Donna Karen tricks
Starin' all up in my grill, I'ma let you know the deal
I'm still droppin' bombs like Sudam Husain
Who-Bang, like Mack-10, sip gin and kick game

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

I've been on the low, but now it's time to show and
prove
Turn my dues to power moves, I got 'em winning never
lose
So whoever snooze, on the Y-O-Y-O better buy you
A superior plot, I'm blowin' up the spot
Hip-Hop's the mil-ticket, and I still kick it
For my niggas in the hood, best believe it's all good
My game is understood from LA to Amsterdam
So I organise my fam' and rock the world like Pearl Jam
This girl's a thriller, got more game than Shirl' Miller
And as this world turns, my main concern is earnin'
scrilla
I'm realer than most don't test this west coast fever

On your reciever, with more respect than Aretha
Franklin, got mo' bankin', drudge and wheezy
I'm movin on up so give it up this shit ain't easy
But see I, step to my B I and be fly
Like a sparrow, but their all stackin' up 'Genaro

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

You best recognise game about the things that I told
Everything that glitters an't gold, but this mic I hold
Is worth about a million, really don't peep the flow
I generate more pace than Wall Street when I blow
You know this how we do, in killer Cali rule
Mic check, one two, when the Yo be comin' through
With the lyrical, verbal miracle, oh Jesus
I say what I want and I do as I pleases
For any nigga step in my direction and question
My affection for this game that I be flexin'
The same as chin-checkin, I'll be right there like
demolition
I'm on a mission, so just listen
I'm spittin', the game related, that keep you faded
Intoxicated, then your pocket get raided
I made it, for them G's and Ladies
Beneath the palm trees just shootin' the breeze

[Chorus]

That's the way, uh uh, we like it
Bad as I wanna be, you don't wanna step to me
That's the way, uh uh, we like it
Steady Risin' to the top, movin' up another notch [x2]

[Chorus]

Visit [Chappo](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.