

Beanie Sigel F/ Amil, Jay-Z**"Step Up"**

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What we be tellin these cats? Yo, yo. "Step up, nigga"
--Step Up-- *echoes* All them niggaz out there
Tellin on all them niggaz violatin STEP UP

[Verse One]

Yo, yo; from the Himalays to the pyramids of Egypt
Pace Won flow is dumb as Forest Gump weeded
Lynch Mob's, Hit Squad's then I freak with
More Golddiggers than E or PMD did
(Ha!) Word like so many hoochies on my penis
By the time I'm twenty-nine I have more Suns than
Phoenix
Watch the man bust, pose for the cameras
And have reporters running/back like Barry Sanders
(Yo!) My habits is spray paint (tsss) and rap fresh
Pace Won gets more bank than NatWest
Walkin round thinkin what face to slap next
Like Latifah my Wrath is Madness
Ho-ha, more smooth than Billy D.
Drinkin Colt 45 eyes slant like Phillipines
Serve the baseheads, my raps kill the fiends
That wanna MC but don't know what it means

Chorus:

People wanna act large but can't take charge
I tell em --Step Up-- *echoes*
Yo, yo; Kids ask me for advice Pace on how to be nice
I tell em --Step Up-- *echoes*
Yo, yo; If I see your sister cryin or fallin behind
I tell her --Step Up-- *echoes*
Yo, yo; If you don't need your teeth and your crew want
beef
Then you can --Step Up-- *echoes*

Yo, yo, Bring em all, yo-yo

[Verse Two]

Since my small days always been real
With raps thats more fat/phat than that ass on Kim
Fields
I'm roastin roaches, poets think I'm Moses

Partin oceans, people feel me like emotions
A poet and truth, I roll with the jewels
Voice of the youth (uh) one a ya diehard boys that'll
shoot
Keep my rep up, rappers want somethin tell em --Step
Up-- *echoes*

Chorus

[Verse Three]

Yo, yo; You look soft, I hook off and kick butt
Attack like Hitler, if your boys weak avoid me like I was
thicker
Rollin with the rich kids
Slick like the mac of the year, I know bitches
They bite you, scratch you, kick you in the groin
A two-headed coin that be makin people point (look)
And talk soft, but I walked off, I'll remember
Defender of my people, makin legal tender
Got it made, no more goin to court now
I'm out doin the world while my brother hold the fort
down
He said, "Pace slit the wrist if the cross you"
When your hands are tied, you're only doin what your
forced to
Don't hate the Pace Won just cause my records sellin
Find a playa hater and I tell'im

Chorus

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