

Black Rob F/ Jennifer Lopez**"Step Up"**

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[Kool Keith]

Yeah

{Milk Dee: "step up, step - up"}

Got Motion Man in the house

{"step, step up, step - up"}

We got Kool Keith in the house

{"step, ss-step, step up, step - up"}

Right here we gettin ready to do this

{"step, sstep"}

Let's step through this

{"step up if you wanna get hurt"}

Yeah

[Motion Man]

My shit is Ironman magazine built, flip through the
pages

See my lyrics straight posin on cycles, they flex the
looks

I'm black coffee for you non-morning people, feel my
Joe

Lock it down, slippin tight in a bow, don't press the
issue

My shit is out here, water partner you tissue

Deep back in that Cadillac, I'm pullin heat from under
the seats

I drive a garbage truck for trash talkin, {?}, alleyway,
stray cats

I toss you in the back and drop you off at the dump

I'm comin out, aerobic mailman, the shape you drop
you writ in lettuce

My sack is full and my delivery is John Stockton

You rent your looks, you left your rest fly and came
back busted

Reviewing applications, everybody's fired

Lyrics kinetic let it set it embedded

Up in they head is baldheaded dreaded afros get
wetted, when I met her

Take fate, today's date, I'm out to just D great

I'm headed for the papers and shredded, currency yo

My edit mastered down and it's loaded, leave you
bloated

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{"step up if you wanna get hurt.."}
{"*"step up" - scratched repeatedly*"}
{"step up if you wanna get hurt.."}
{"*"step up" - scratched repeatedly*"}
{"step up if you wanna get hurt.."}

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Yo, I see rap now, it's all scam and marketin
Promotion budget, you frontin, you drive a bucket
Got your laminates from baldheaded Jack the Rapper
You ain't no rapper, actin like you Micky Jagger
You out there riffin, I'm makin calls to Gene Griffin
Impact vengeance, female rappers with extensions
Sewin they wig skullcaps, tryin to cover naps
P's in the back of they beanie, a rented Lamborghini
You frontin hard on BET, tryin to eat linguini
You ain't Italian, with 6 carat your fake medallions
Frontin ass homo, rap style can't flow slow
Money for stickers, burn the kids who drew your first
logo
Be duckin royalties, sabotage, wack MC's
Your facilities, on 4 track, when you record
You never walk away with tights and a rap reward
No matter how complex, you try to make the equation
I light a match and throw it at you at a gas station
Open yo' can up, and bake yo' left mic hand up
You wanna stand up, you married boy, bring your man
up
You got the wedgie, your thong showin, lookin edgy

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