

Celph Titled

"Step Correctly"

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[Verse 1:]

I'm from the gun shine state so my gun must shine,
I'm trying to impregnate Beyonce's sister, just one
more time
So, take a toke of this, you won't be breathing well
I'm all about biscuits and trees, like a Keibler Elf
I snuff bikers give a fuck, I ride a unicycle
With plush tires right through the offices of rough
riders
Here's a thug reminder, a goon quick tip:
You belong in the ladies' room, cause you be on some
bitch shit
I'll never stop writing rhymes like this, (Cause)
Show you what a point blank shot to your ribs (Does)
You seen the holes those shells made?
You a hotel maid, cause all you do is foam, that's so
gay
I tried to kick a field goal,
I missed the ball, my shoe flew off and hit you in
the fucken head with a steel toe,
For real though, I got this underground bullshit
wrapped around my finger,
Not a rapper or singer that's quite as I'll as I am
Carve out your eyes and scramble them bitches next
to the bacon in my frying pan
I was a stick-up kid, it was fucked up but fun
(Why?) Cause I used a Nintendo Duck Hunt gun

[Chorus:]

Step to me, better Step Correctly
Cause I'm a break your jaw if you disrespect me
Get on the mic, get on the mic, god damnit,
Get on the mic

[Verse 2:]

Pull up right next to you at the drive-thru
I ain't here to buy food, stupid ain't no telling what I
might do
Lickin' shots, speed off, with the perfect timing,
Yeah the tires screech, no it ain't Dustin Diamond
You fuckin suck at rhymin, weak impostors, I've been

iller
You're Ben Stiller, it's time to Meet the Fockers
You don't greet me proper
I'm a slam your head mother fucken face down flat into
a greasy saucer
Pass the cheesy salsa, I'm making nachos
I told you we gonna make it rain so bitch bring a
pancho
I'm the best at war, that's what the heckler for
Play me like it's chess and I'll smack you with a checker
board
You should check my repo, it's quite impressive baby
This year I'm eatin' real meal like veal with extra gravy
You was an extra for a lady in a cheap film
In a nasty scene that left the camera lens with skeet
film
Without a doubt, yeah we know what you're about
You love sausage so much, when you talk you spit
sauerkraut
Yeah, you heard me?
Yo, when you talk you spit sauerkraut out your mouth,
Biatch

[Chorus:]

So if you're gonna step, better Step Correctly
I got the microphone skills, gods bless me
So if you're gonna step, Step Correctly
Mister Sinister, tell 'em who I'm gonna get to have the
best beats

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