

**Dessiree Johnson****"Steady Risin'"**

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(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 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)

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