

Jehst f/ Harry Love, J-Zone

"Staircase to Stage"

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From staircase to stage, minimum wage
but soon to get an article in rap pages
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[Verse 1]

I lost hope, toking a hot roach
breathe in the black smoke
treating these raps like a bad joke
Mad broke, saving up coppers in a glass jar
for a bag full of dope and a crate load of spava
My flow is like a crow bar to a fast car
I'm joyriding till I get to where the stars are
Bling blingin like Zsa Zsa'a rings
but your funny haha like Jahjah Binks
I got the same faded Carhartt since '94
still hungover from the night before
Head banging like thrash metal
Fuck getting sucked in by the candy like Hansel and
Gretal
Leaving mans unsettled by the way that I drop
fuck a foot in the door, I'll be breaking the lock and
taking the lot
So don't stand in the way of my props
I'm staying hardcore while you're playing the popstar
But what for? I'm not sure
A couple of bottles of wine and Calvin Klien in your soft
draw
Thinking you got yours, nowadays Hip Hop is a lost
cause
Fuck rapping I'd rather mop floors or flip burgers
than pay these hypocrites my lip service
Spliff burning 'til we turn into sick hermits
All city like bus permits when I drop rough verses
flinging fakes in a hot furnace
Stop acting like your not nervous
on wax I've got a body of work, like rock circus
Fuck tags I leave my name in the crop circles
I run tracks 'cos I learnt how to hop hurdles

[Chorus]

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[Verse 2: J-Zone]

Fuck a job all I do is rest and dress
tags writing of rubbers when I drop my next cassette
Head raps beefing, bring the mad cow on
Zone echos off your dome like the Shut 'em Down
horns
Wack demos find a place in my trash can (remember
that)
Right next to the swizz beats instrumental DAT
They say I'm weak and a rookie
Ok, thats why your mother rocks a bra with a hoody
Picture me doing a backspin, or pulling a mac ten
(I've been rapping since the golden age man)
Shit, you was wack then
Who cares about Gazelles, deep crews and fades
2G is the same I throw boos and eggs
At the show she got mad 'cos I aint talking about
upliftment
My bad I was checking where that big booty chick went
(bitch!)
but I'm broke so I'm done with hoes
I need a cheque that looks digital with 1's and 0's
Maybe I should get a job, spitting at co-workers
I'm looking up blouses but not clicking mouses and
cursors
Yo Harry I heard you look like Little Richard
Tell 'em all (fuck off) 'cos I'm (bloody wicked)

[Chorus]

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