

## Lee Dickie

### "Step Ya Game Up"

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(\*talking\*)

Know I'm tal'n bout, I'm tired of these old  
Lame ass, lazy ass, don't wanna grind ass  
But they wanna complain all the time ass  
Wish they was me ass, know I'm tal'n bout  
I worked for where I'm at, know I'm tal'n bout  
Swishahouse Swishablast, Swishahouse Swishablast

[Hook - 2x]

Step ya game up partna, step ya game up  
Step ya game up partna, step ya game up  
Get on your grind and go get it, get your change up  
You falling off homeboy, you better change up

[Paul Wall]

Have you ever, noticed the people that's lazy and lame  
Be the same ones crying, and always complain  
You on the sidelines partna, better get in this game  
You need to change, if you trying to get change  
You must of fell on your brain, as a little kid  
You wanna shine then you gotta grind homeboy, that's  
just how it is  
Handle your bis', you wishing on a star  
For money, hoes, clothes and cars, but you walk by far  
You think a Bentley, just gon fall out the sky  
You spending all your money worrying about, being fly  
and getting high  
Stick to the G-Code, all the rules still apply  
You slacking on your hustle, boy you living a lie  
You run a block a couple hours, then you start getting  
tired  
So why hating everytime, I pull up on chrome wires  
You need to wake up out your sleep, cause you falling  
off  
Step ya game up, you getting soft, step it up

[Hook - 2x]

[Paul Wall]

Look here hold your nuts cuz, and swallow your fear  
Your future's looking kinda shady, but I see quite clear

I'm riding in the fast lane, you still in first gear  
You've been driving the same car, for the past five  
years  
You claim to be a baller, but boy really you broke  
I'm buying bottles, and you barely buying Hennessy  
and Coke  
Take a good look in the mirror, you a joke  
You was on the ship to success, but I guess you fell off  
the boat  
You either leave or get left, buy or get bought  
Break or get broke, cause it's teach or get taught  
I'm the age of a student, but I'm teaching a lesson  
Consider it a blessing, for you to be in my presence  
You something like a has-been, you was hot back then  
But now-a-days you ain't nothing, but some dust in the  
wind  
Get with the time, and quit worrying about mine homie  
Get on your grind, and everything gon turn out fine

[Hook - 2x]

[Mike Jones]

I be sick and tired of haters, hating on the fact that I  
made it  
But it's a funny, a year ago y'all haters said I wouldn't  
make it  
But now y'all saying I'm overrated, and I got too much  
hype  
But back then you said I'll flop, cause my flow wasn't  
tight  
A year ago, the whole world didn't know my name  
So I had to get on my grind, and step up my game  
My name Mike Jones and I'm on the microphone,  
wrecking tape decks  
Collecting checks, while y'all sitting at home  
A lot of people to this day, be talking down on my flow  
But who you know get five thousand, for a flow or a  
show  
Who say his name a hundred times, and still get love  
from his fans  
Who blew up in seven months, and in popular demand  
Who you know that got a movie, and some clothes  
coming out  
Who spend shit for the ladies, to keep em running out  
Mike Jones nigga, and don't you forget it  
While you at home living po', I'm balling independent

[Hook - 2x]

