

Step Yo Game Up

Dizzy Wright

Hell nah we ain't change up
Throwing dirt on my name huh?
Niggas mad cause they ain't nothing
We came up, niggas better step they game up
Fuck these haters, fuck these pussy niggas hatin
Fuck these haters, Fuck these haters
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I can't trust none of these niggas
Can't trust none of these hoes
I hate thirsty niggas more than thirsty bitches, tryin to run around like my
bro
Ya'll niggas don't know me, seen a baby boy like Jerry
Niggas addicted to bitches and Rollies
We done been gifted with a nice little mistress
After work like Kobe
Put in work to put my foot in first
Doin this shit without tryin hard
Talkin game cause I'm good with words
Designer shit ain't always gonna hide your flaws
When it's time I'll come, you can sign me up
I'm Kanye with no time to talk
In my position, what makes the difference is I could hang and you traffic pa
rtner
I'm slow ridin without crossin over
Doin me and everything I do
I see ya'll glorify lame niggas
But we could keep that between me and you
See my view and I ain't seeing nothing nice
Pump yo brakes, you gon be a frontin fo life
On stage I flush the fret and cough the mic
Damn this must be life, cut the lights
Solo, dolo they can't see that
First to do it, they can't beat me
They struggling, we tryna get out the city
With a reason, got busy and make this shit look easy
I ain't tryna be the only nigga on
But I'm the only nigga on
So if you came up when you step to the throne, my niggas requested this song

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Bitch I got one rule
That you don't fuck with T Argentina
Orangina smoke, I don't need to talk, I just need to club million
I want bad hoes and more millions chill
I'm in a bath robe before billions chill
I fuck ratchet hoes and civilians
I will give no fucks for coke dealin
Boy I give a fuck about you
And you sucker nigga, every ditch a hatin

Get a blood for props
Girl I know you bitchin, give a fuck about her
I fuckin doubt it
But she fuckin bout it
Alright now fuck around and fuck her down
And I don't give a fuck about it
Cause yo niggas really crossed the line
Of course you bitch I brought my list
It cross yo mind
Yo action bitch, she off the line
I pop my whip, cross the street and pop the trunk and cross the line
You more than down
I'm in a mourning
Catch yo mom starin at the morning
Lookin sadder than an awful grine
I'm on the corner, you niggas say you fuck my bitch in the head
Well of course you're lyin, of course you try it on me
It don't really mean that getting clean
All my niggas like amphetamines and my enemies
They don't really wanna get on the same shit as Mimi and Dizzy Wright
Dizzy titties which is likely to shit nigga
Know I ride round with a group of ditch diggers
Where I'm from you ain't ridin you bitch nigga
I will get you fuckin top floor on the trunk of my whip nigga

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I came from the gutta nigga inside
Made me some role models I can be like
My nigga sleep all night but I sweep lights
Then I move into a piece of phone of my device
I need this on my feet, nigga this tight
They kinda make me feel like I can leave right
I think God put me on this, have to murder everything inside
I can't believe the fuckin nerve of these guys
Jesus
Ste yo fuckin game up
Death to them haters, told me Darren didn't change up
Got them niggas creepin on it,
Stay dog, they sick to the stomach
If they see me, yea my nigga dance and came up
I never gave one shit, let along two
Fuck niggas they were 3k, it ain't talkin cool
So whippin in a new truck, popped up
Smooth on my dick, getting lubed up and cool cause I too slipped
Yea, Mr. Benton, that's the name hoe
I'm old school like shell throws to kangos
You a bitch, you like hangin over rainbows
I'm psychopathic bitch, I fell with the derange slow
Put you in the back of a de rainblo
I got that in case them niggas wanna tango
If they still movin motherfucker
It's the takeover, Dizzy would you let these fuckin lames go?

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