

# One More Step

## Robby Poitevin

Ciphers in front of The Apollo as a shorty  
Now I got a clip full of hollows in the .40  
Louis, Guccis, every now and then Mauris  
I take too long to come back, send for me  
Know how to work it, big things pop on the underground circuit  
Maintain 'til it surface  
The nerve of these peasants  
Treat a rap budget like a bird how I stretch it  
Think they get the message  
Waters, Dutchies, lot of herb in a session  
So-called tough guys, herbs with aggression  
Put your thoughts all over the curb with the Wesson  
What used to be superb now is depressing  
Negative energy  
Generated from the snakes and the centipedes  
You will remember me  
I just get the storm started  
Cold-blooded, warm-hearted  
Either way you on target  
Move to the side, let the lane merge  
The gun's like fried rice, who want they brain stirred?  
Enter the limelight, lemon drop-top off of crime life  
Always see the crew in the hindsight  
Yeah!  
American sedan, the shooters got Berettas in their hand  
This is Mafia, veterans'll plan  
Word to the tape on the brick, this is raw  
I'm in the 4x4, 8 plus 8 in the clip  
The hustling Harry Potter, shaking the brick  
Ice in the bracelet give the Matrix a glitch  
And my car's like a spaceship  
Got gold in my Nike checks  
Jordans got ice in the laces  
Pants got a gun where the waist is  
It's basic, shirt smell like herb smoke  
Chirp, yo, Chirp back  
Let me know who getting murked, though  
Yeah, we getting money, nigga  
Who getting work, though

And I got the Kush, nigga  
I got the Purple, move squares  
'Cause we got a hold on the circle  
Kill you or hurt you, whatever's a virtue  
Beat you like ya parents when you breaking your curfew  
(Chorus)

Homie, live life to the death  
We gonna make it to the top, just one more step  
Get this money, it don't matter if it's cash or check  
We gonna make it to the top, just one more step  
Big houses, cars and jewels that's wet  
We gonna make it to the top, just one more step

To the family, friends, whole life is set  
We gonna make it to the top, just one more step, one more step  
Yo, living my life, what's left of it  
Don't try to go to jail but if you do make the best of it  
If you crash into a bullet then it ain't no estimate  
It's a money-back guarantee, my nigga  
Death's a definite  
This is audio crack, guess who's cheffing it  
Jadakiss and SP, do this effortless  
Gun play make you do whatever son say  
If the Lord send you a flight, the ticket is one-way  
Put that work in when you young, you get power  
The money don't match the running it get sour  
Still rep the hood to the death  
A promise is only good if it's kept  
Niggas'll kill you for less  
Silence is golden, go 'head, keep dozing  
The window of opportunity keeps closing  
We gon' see if you really a clutch baller  
A cell is small, but a casket is much smaller  
Burn out 30 a set shit, 60 a Key shit  
That's street shit, Jada & P shit  
Lambos, hoopties, shooters and groupies  
Montclair, D-Squared, Emilio Pucci  
Long trips, short trips, making me nauseous  
Court shit, gave them Jews money for Porsches  
Made a couple mil for the small shit  
We rap and keep raw, so we on some street lore-Forbes shit  
Wall still spin, upgraded the floor flip  
Ain't touch it, ain't see it, ain't hear about it  
If it's money gone, believe we gon' care about  
Send some niggas to your crib, take the air up out it

Leave some blood up in it  
Listen, fam, the Lam's the color of toast  
The seats is like butter in it  
No hammers in the club, box cutter in it  
Long money and big checks  
Get popped in the chest, face, wig, neck  
Tre Pound, Sig, Tec  
Play the game, get a plane is ya ship wreck  
Learn from the best if you aint learn shit yet  
Yeah! Muthafucka

(Chorus)

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