One More Step

LUNAFLY

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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