

Step Your Game Up

Ice-T

Yeah, this is Iceberg
Time for me to reinforce some of this pimping, baby

Players, hustlers, girls; step your game up!
Maximize your hustle; step your game up!
No time for fooling around; step your game up!
Get your money, get your paper; step your game up!

Yeah, niggaz out there shitting on the game
Mark Live is a motherfucking shame, representing
You're still star grims; step your chrome game up!
Motorola pager; step this phone game up!
Still living with your mother; step your home game up!
Girl, you ain't going down; step your dome game up!
Spin has being played out; step your wheel game up!
Two inch pumps; bitch, step your heel game up! (Bitch!)
Still wearing white gold; step your jewel game up!
You ain't fully automatic; step your tool game up!
Ice, Ice, berg nigga word!
Anybody stepping to my rep, it's absurd
You wanna roll with me bitch, have a nerve to the curb
No I'm not your man, just the best that ever
Mastered the game, baby, Berg's the name
From my niggaz, get your paper, gangsters hating the fame
And keep your hustle cracking, living off the lames
Nigga, if you ain't moving fast, get the fuck out the lane

And all the players, hustlers, girls; step your game up!
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Yeah, you niggaz got these bitches walk around here in these flat shoes
Bitch you gotta come out that low years to get in some whore years
This is pop your dollar, hot dollar pimping
Bitch pimp game, watch

Still drinking Moët; step your Cris game up!
Car getting kind of old; step your whip game up!
No links in your cuffs; step your sleeve game up!
Tracks getting kind of loose; bitch, step your weave game up!
Can't get a hit record; step your rap game up!
Can't holler at no shorty; step your Mack game up!
Your grill looking kind of bad; step your tooth game up!
Still standing in lines; step your juice game up! (Fuck! lying)

You never been on a red carpet, fatigued up
HUH! GTs ever since with keys
Worked a hundred mill' black cars, drunk in Brasil'
Missing for days, re-appear back on the Spain
Levity, over niggaz, magician like David Blaine
Full link minks, chicks buying my links (HUH!)

Diamond types, shop gator at Diamond Life
Forget your world nigga, step your shit up

Oh! shit, I done step into another weak pit
You're still dressing like a bum; step your suit game up!
Your toes freezing in the winner; step your boot game up!
Your bank role looking little; step your green game up!
No Plasma TV; step your screen game up!
Still flying coach; step your class game up!
Girl, you're looking kind of skinny; step your ass game up!
Your wheel chairs ain't heated; step your seat game up!
Niggaz said they gonna kill me; better step your street game up!

Yo, we're hell of pork eating, gone streamed out (Yeah!)
You're Metro, car, bus path, shut your fucking mouth

Step in my car, and go by the detour on
This is a man's game, fool, not a boy's one

Yo, no one can get at us, we're straddlers fear
Over the top executive, out of here, shit on you, bloods

Step up your game player, lift up your lips player
Get up your clips player, your life is a lie

Yo, we mess with all money, you got some clothes money
We're hiding raw money, overseas old money

You won't win, you're lost before you begin
Your hustle ain't deep, your bitch is steady on a dream

Yo, don't speak, just learn, look, listen
When we come through, take cover, game is over

Stop asking me questions, your idea is whack
Your brain storms a bum as lame, step up your game