

# Steep Tech

Ratking

(Got me walking down the street got my steep tech)  
(Don't be asking what it is, you know it's steep tech)  
(When I'm walking down the street I got my steep tech)

Any jacket  
Steep tech, Barbour, racked it  
I ain't throw no ones  
I ain't throw no ones

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I wear Steep Tech like's it's a reflex  
That blue joint it's called aztec  
With that long bill, with those low sweats  
My tracks ill and that's no sweat  
I got back here, It ain't cold yet  
But it's chilly out I got my steep tech  
I was walking out, she had the pink vest  
I said "Pardon me, is that Steep Tech?"

Mami wearing Steep Tech  
Hope she give me deep neck  
Know she hold it down and she love from them V-Tec  
(She ain't talk, she ain't talk, she ain't talk, she ain't talk)

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Steep tech on my back when I crack-a the day  
I'm talkin' that Steep Tech  
Talkin' that 8-Hunnid fill  
No sweater that's cheap pressed and my feet sweat  
When the heat Tec (sweatin')  
Underneath my lee's  
Next to my weed, next to my wallet  
Over my knees and I be wilin  
Pop out the sleeves, I could be getting, neck  
Or be sprinting or on this train  
And I be sweatin' cause of this leather  
That I be wearin' cause of this weather  
Half of this city yeah they be ight'  
And they be tryna, tryna be gettin'  
Every 700 one of these feathers  
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Way back when it was my second skin  
Tent and Trails would never let us in  
Ever since I popped a Lizzy loose  
Up in the fitting room and left it drenched in ink  
Ditched the goose and I would get to boostin'  
I was winterproof up in that Scotty Schmidt  
If you knew the type of shit we'd do, to prove kids at school we could have  
better things  
Just a kid from killer Queens who sell the shit that kill the fiends  
To get ahead like guillotines and never ever spilled the beans  
In any weather, rain or sleet or hail or snow, got slopes to ski  
And you won't catch me springing leaks or slipping when them hills are steep  
... TECH

It was cold outside, I'ma call you back  
I'm on vacation now but I'll be right back  
I told Wiki first and then Sporting last  
That I'ma rip that shit real quick and fast  
Naomi Campbell attitude  
My spirit's cold  
I'm bitchy, a la Dominique la Deveraux (Honesty)  
An Eskimo  
Play in the snow  
A pretty ho  
A la Brigitte Bardot  
Flight is delayed so I'm stuck here at Paris  
Come for my head I will leave you embarrassed  
Bitches playside and I'm always advantaged  
Got my career and you stuck with the carriage  
I go so dumb I rip heads like a savage  
Indian, Black, and a little bit Spanish  
It's a no flex do you know who my man is?  
Cover to cover we living so lavish  
Flex  
I don't ever stress  
Always look the best, cause I only sign checks  
Throw the check up for the sex  
His new bitch vexed  
I still got a picture on his gram, go check  
Only chick that RATKING know that actually got the Steep Tech though  
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