

Lyte thee MC

MC Lyte

From now on it's not MC Lyte
Listen up, everybody, it's Lyte Thee MC

Tackling, anyone, who tries to stop me
from fulfilling, the ultimate, the ultimate goal
Suckers takin up room on the microphone
I do pay for crowds, move over, stop stalkin me
I feel like I'm drownin and fans are just stompin me
Bigfoot! Should we buck the uncivilized
But I'm so tame I don't, mean to criticize
But why you sweatin we don't, go together
Especially if I'm muggy in the rainy kind of weather

"Listen up, everybody, it's Lyte Thee MC"

Competition I take it as good for the soul
Pull back the microphone, let my arms unfold
Release all the anger, all the aggravation
Convert it into words just sorta like a conversation
I am the talker, you're just the listener
Talk and I'll ignore you, is it that offensive to you?
The problem is you can't understand
the logic in my rap you can't comprehend so you
merely step aside, what all, call the weak
But you'll also step aside when I'm, comin down the street
You'll give me lots of room, to whistle and walk
And then everything is silent just in case I wanna talk
But I, I never do, small talk I like to hear
Other girls rap and you say that I'm whack~?!
Comin from a female that is totally dedicated
Every rhyme I say you ought to appreciate it
And if not I'll tell you like I told my neighbor Dana Betty
What? You ain't ready
For a fly female emcee you just ain't ready

"Listen up, everybody, it's Lyte Thee MC"

Competition I take it as food for the mind
Past experience from the future, is the best kind
of advice that you could EVER receive from another
Whether it's a stranger or your night time lover
Sorry silly rabbits, Trix are for kids
Brings back memories of the things that I did
Played jokes on suckers, just for fun
But now I'm much older, those days are done
Everything is business, forget about games
You see cause once I'm finished, you're gonna know my name
is Lyte and in Brooklyn, Brooklyn's where I'm chillin
Better known as the emcee villain
No I'm not good but I'm not bad either
Come into your life it can't get no liver

"Listen up, everybody, it's Lyte Thee MC"

So now, competition is taken out of my vocabulary
I don't vary, I bury
Steppin up is like diggin your grave

So sucker emcees you ought to save
all the mess you be talkin, meanwhile hawkin
When I'm on the stage, audience watchin
Suckers in the corners just keep on clockin
The way I hold the mic, the stance I use
The rhymes I recite and the beat I choose
But it's not your fault because you don't know better
You see green I wear you go buy the same sweater
You look me up and down sight the jeans name brand
You go to Macy's and for hours you stand
on line just to buy what you saw Lyte wearin
Don't try to lie homegirl I caught you starin
Cause yo, the beat is dope and the rhymes are kickin
I'm the chickenhawk and you are the chicken

"Listen up, everybody, it's Lyte Thee MC"