

Step Bac

Shystie

[VERSE ONE] Understand this, here comes another bad gal lyric

Whose more than over pissed that there's not a true verbalist

Giving competition to this super trooper lyricist

Whose blowing up most these emcees like a terrorist

Let me catch a bit of air

I'm about to smear another emcees career

And there's no stopping me there's no flopping me

In the ranks you'll never be on top of me, I'm new hot property

I'm hot here, your not near, I'm never gona stop here

Why? Cos I got a flow that no one ain't got

I'm like a stick of dynamite, behind a mic

I'll leave your skin itching like a parasite

(jeeze)

What am I like? Oh my days

Forget Simon said, this is Shystie says

I'm mc Shystie, causing controversy

On the mic or in your face I spit my lyrics horribly

[CHORUS] Step back, you better ease up now

Take it down before I roll up my sleeves right now

Uh oh uh oh, its over now

Its about to get grimey now

Step back, you better ease up now

Take it down before I roll up my sleeves right now

Uh oh uh oh, its over now

Its about to get Shystie now

[VERSE TWO] Oh shit I'm flowing merciless, I'm on ma second verse and this

Gal is spitting sicker, quicker and I'm getting worse on this

You don't really wana see me start this

You don't really wana see my heart turn into darkness

When I'm storming on the track, warning emcees that

You'll never hold me back,

I'm on the loose I'm like a wild cat

Kick back as I flip my lyrics, then I switch back

Traumatising lives with the tip of my pen

Oh shit look-- she's gone and done it again

I'm big and bigger than bad to the bone

To explosive when I bless on the microphone

Got you contemplating, how I wrote your rhymes

I got far to many lyrics, just not enough lines
too write, not enough ink to spite
Other emcees, that I put on deep freeze
With my frosty flows I breeze out on these
[CHORUS][repeat][VERSE THREE]Listen to my policy, because I'm hitting through to solidly
I'm causing a controversy because I'm flowing horridly
Leaving body frames shook, they ain't ready
Can't keep up with my pace I'll leave your mind set unsteady
I walk away from the mic with no worry
leaving every mic melted and I never say sorry
Cos I got that metaphorical flammable tongue
I'm murdering, too late your got stung
Yes I be that limited addition
Come and listen to my mission
As I'm spitting on this riddim,
with ambition
Yes my rhyming slang,
You know its nang
I'm in the place now people prang
Well its over now because the fat lady sang
I'm here now, spitting acid like I don't now
Burning anything that's in my way or comes near now
I'm on to this, my tongue's hot for this
Look I've waited to long so now I'm ready for this
[CHORUS][repeat]

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