

Slave 2 the Rhythm

MC Lyte

Why is it that your watch stopped tickin, but you still keep clockin?
And no matter how hard you jinx, I keep rockin
Listen, hoe, cause I'm the lyte one
And if you're lookin for a fight, you found the right one
(They call me lyte)
(And I'm a slave to the rhythm)
(Funky fresh, dressed to impress, ready to party) I'm not a procrastinator, or a instigator
But when it comes to dope rhymes on the mic, I'm the creator
I never look for trouble, but somehow it finds me
But yo, I just conquer it, and leave it all behind me
The l-y-t-e, very outspoken
And when I rock a rhyme, sometimes I leave you chokin
I'm mc lyte, comin live and direct
I never lose a battle, cause I always come correct
In any case I win, again and again
You see lyte is at the top till the very end
And even though I may be short, believe, I don't take none
Try your luck and we'll see who will get done
I mean immediately, like quick fast
Don't turn your back, cause this mic'll be in your ass
And don't take what I say too lightly
I beat you, defeat you so quietly
Sneak up and hit you like a fuckin tornado
Cause in the rap field lyte's the fuckin a/k/a doe
The capital l, the y to the e
Shit, give me room and I'll slay an mc
Whether it's in a crowd, or on the sneak tip
I wax you and your posse watch you trip and flip
As you drop the mic, cause you don't have the gift
To rip a style, fast or slow
(Why, lyte?) too busy hoein it, sniffin up blow Don't get mad, it's just a talent I was given
What I'm sayin, I'm a slave to the rhythm Bein that I'm dissin, I was reminiscin
You was at my show, yo, you was on a mission
(Yo, what you tellin me, lyte?) she was ass-kissin
No show, you hoe, no work, you jerk
(Cool, lyte, I think her feelings are hurt)
Alright, I'll chill and I'll come to my senses
But next time you diss, think of the consequences
Yo, I am no joke, I'm sharp like barbwire

Try to touch me, yo, you're bound to catch a fire
I never lose my cool, but if I do, yo, you're lost
I be forced to show and prove exactly who's the boss
Who gets the income and then some
I don't diss you for the money, I diss you for the fun Don't get mad, it's just a talent I was given
What I'm sayin, I'm a slave to the rhythm It took a whole album for you to try and diss me
And ha-ha-ha, slum bitch, you still missed me
But yo, I'm off the dissin tip, cause that takes no creation
I'm into other things that bring me accommodation
So I rap about funny things, or issues that are serious
Sometimes I rap a topic that leave my people curious
And other times I diss to put one in their place
If I diss you on wax, then I will diss you to your face
Some say I'm foul, and they don't like the way I'm livin
But yo, ask me if I care
I'm just a slave, I'm just a slave, I'm just a slave
To the goddamn rhythm (They call me lyte)
(And I'm a slave to the rhythm)
(Funky fresh, dressed to impress, ready to party)
'Gangstress', don't make me laugh
Ha-ha-ha
And keep your eyes on this
And keep your eyes on this
(They call me lyte)
(And I'm a slave to the rhythm)
(Funky fresh, dressed to impress, ready to party)

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