

# Cold Rock a Party (Mousse T. Remix)

MC Lyte

To the L, to the Y and the T to the E  
So get ready cause I want everybody to say this with me  
Rock the house, rock the house, rock the house Now I cold rock a party in a b-girl stance  
I rock on the floor make the fellas wanna dance  
I be the shit and it's all good and if you understood Would you stop scheming and trying to look hard  
I get my bodyguard, You get that booty scarred, I'm a veteran  
Which means that I've been in the game too long  
Since the days of Paper Thin way back when I've been putting it  
Down ask your homies who's the baddest bitch on this side of  
The M I C, I go for broke, Never giving it less than the best  
Lots of years in the game at your request, You like the rhyme  
Bite if you dare, I get the paper so I don't care, Fly that's me  
The epitome of what a real MC is supposed to be, Fucking you up  
Every time that I drop, Fuck a bullet baby, I done took your spot  
I guide the best and I ride it well and if you take a look  
It ain't hard to tell that I Now I cold rock a party in a b-girl stance  
I rock on the floor make the fellas wanna dance  
I be the shit and it's all good and if you understood Back off me and let my skin breathe, Lyte is everlasting  
It's hard to believe I shall prevail cause I'm next to none  
Cause I'm claiming no set, Don't plan to get down  
Just Brooklyn is where I'm from but I'm resting in Studio City  
For the fun, if you don't understand just say you don't (nah!)  
And don't wait for me to explain cause I won't  
You see it's in my nature to be the best, West to East  
See East to West, ready or not I have arrived and I'm live  
Showing an MC how to survive. Cause it's crazy how I  
Get you captured with my tactics, I got many witnesses  
That can back this ruffnecks from New York to LA  
Been down with me since Poor George  
It's '96 it's all about show and prove and I'm about to  
Make the ill type moves, I guide the best and ride it well  
And if you take a look it ain't hard to tell that I Now I cold rock a party in a b-girl stance  
I rock on the floor make the fellas wanna dance  
I be the shit and it's all good and if you understood Get out my shit, Please let me be, I don't see why you KGB  
Why you gotta be all up on me like that, Trying to get over  
Like a fat rat, but I understand I'm a woman in the land of hip-hop  
And the shit don't stop, it goes on, on, on, on  
You see the shit don't stop till the break of dawn  
And now who makes it liver than a hip-hop, scuba diver, chillin with

A pina colada, kidada hooked me up with Tommy now I gotta  
Lot of gear from everywhere that I'd like to share (yeah right!)  
But I'd rather do Kani, Don't ask why! 5001, my son gets shit done  
All on the catwalk, What they've ever done for you  
You betta get down with your real crew, Cause I ride the beat  
And I ride it well and if you take a look it ain't hard to tell that I  
Now I cold rock a party in a b-girl stance  
I rock on the floor make the fellas wanna dance  
I be the shit and it's all good and if you understood  
To the L, to the Y, and the T, to the E  
Rock the house and rock the house

Songwriters

Smith, Rashad / Mc Kenzie, Kevin Harold / Moorer, Lana Michele  
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