

CHA CHA CHA

pecera

Kick this one here for me and my DJ You can cha-cha-cha to this Mardis Gras

I'm the dopiest female that you've heard thus far

And I do get better, the voice gets wetter

Nobody gets hurt as long as you let her Do my thing with an '89 swing

The dopeness I write, I guarantee delight

To the hip-hop maniac, the uptown brainiac

In full effect, MC Lyte is back And better than before as if that was possible

My competition, you'll find them in the hospital

Visiting time, I think it's on a Sunday

But notice they only get one day to shine The rest of the week is mine

And I'll blind you with the science that the others have yet to find

So come along and I'll lead you the right way

Just clap your hands to the words I say, come on Kick this one here for me and my DJ I've got the power to spread out and devour

At the same time I'll eat you up with a rhyme

But I'll let you slide, 'cuz you accidentally hopped on the wrong side

Now come on, that's suicide Hypothetically speaking

Okay, let's say you didn't know what you were doing

You're new in town, and you're looking around

For another name to ruin, and it's me that you're pursuing? Well, well, well, I'll be damned

I might as well tell you who I am

I am the capital L Y T E

And it's shocking I'm the one you're mocking Oh yes, I've been watching, you watching me

And like the fat on your back it's plain to see

That you're a wannabe, but you can't be what you're not

So you better start living with what you got Kick this one here for me and my DJ Yeah, DJ K-Rock when you hear a scratch

Now it's time to kick a rhyme out the batch

And you're the receiver eager as a beaver

Time to convert the non-believer That I'm a roadrunner leaving you in the dust

I can adjust to the times and at times I might just get quicker

Than the ticker of your pacemaker

More tender than a roni but harder than a jawbreaker So don't ever second guess me

And if you're wondering who could the best be

Think a second and recollect the worst whipping

You ever had yet and I'll bet that I did it My fingerprints are still on you

How many times I gotta warn you

About the light? It'll blind your sight

But the rhythm will still guide you through the night Kick this tip, kick this tip

Kick this one here for me and my DJ

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