

10% Dis

MC Lyte

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Hot damn, hot damn, hot damn, hot damn
Hot damn, hot damn hoe, here we go again
Suckers steal a beat, when you know they cant win
You stole the beat, are you havin' fun?
Now, me and the Auds gonna show you how its done
You are what I label as a, nerver plucker
Youre pluckin' my nerves, you MC sucka
I thought I oughta tell you, better yet warn
That I am like a stop, and my word is Bond
Like James, killin' everybody in sight
The codes three-six, the name is Lyte
After this jam, I really dont give a damn
'Cause Ima run and tell your whole damn clan, that youre a
Beat biter, dope style taker
Tell you to your face, you aint nuttin' but a faker
Beat biter, dope style taker
Tell you to your face, you aint nuttin' but a faker
(Hit me why dontcha, hit me why dontcha?)
Milks bodyguard, is my bodyguard too
You wanna get hurt, well this is what you do
You put your left foot up, and then your right foot next
Follow instructions, dont lose the context
Thirty days a month your mood is rude
We know the cause of your bloody attitude
Beat biter, dope style taker
Tell you to your face, you aint nuttin' but a faker
Beat biter, dope style taker
Tell you to your face, you aint nuttin' but a faker
Your style is smooth, even for a cheatin' mic
You shoulda won applause as a Rakim sound-alike
Heres a milkbone, a sign of recognition
Dont turn away, I think you should listen close
Dont boast, you said you wasnt braggin'
You fuckin' liar, youre chasin' a chuckwagon
The only way you learn you have to be taught
That if a beat is not for sale, then it cant be bought
When you leave the mic, you claim its smokin'
Unlike Rakim, you are a joke
And I think you oughta stop, before you gets in too deep

'Cause with a sister like Lyte, yo, I dont sleep
 Beat biter, dope style taker
 Tell you to your face, you aint nuttin' but a faker
 Beat biter, dope style taker
 Tell you to your face, you aint nuttin' but a faker
 When Im in a jam, with my homegirl Jill
 My cousin Trey across the room with a posse to kill
 So I step in the middle, shake it just a little
 Wait for some female to step up and pop junk
 Give my cousin a cue, treat the girl like a punk
 Now Im not tryin' to say that Im into static
 But yo, if you cause it, yup, we gotta have it
 'Cause I aint goin out like a sucker no way
 So I sit around the way for you to make my day
 We can go for the hands, better yet for the words
 'Cause youll be ignored, and at the same time, Ill be heard
 Throughout the city, the town and the country
 The beat is funky, my rhyme is spunky
 There is no delayin in the rhyme Im sayin'
 Neither are the flaws of what my DJ is playin'
 So sit back Jack, and listen to this its 10% dis
 'Cause Im just about ready to fly this fist, against your lips
 But Ill wait for the day or night that you approach
 And Ima serve then burn ya like a piece of, toast
 Pop you in the microwave to watch your head bubble
 Your skin just crumble, a battles no trouble
 Get my homegirls Dohni and Kiki to get stupid
 This thing called hip-hop, Lyte is rulin' it
 I hate to laugh in your face, but youre funny
 Your beat, your rhymin', your timin', all crummy
 On the topic of rappin', I should write a pamphlet, better yet a
 booklet
 Your rap is weak homegirl and its definitely crooked
 Others write your rhymes, while I write my own
 I dont create a character, when Im on the microphone
 I am myself, no games to be played
 No script to be written, no scene to be made
 I am the director, as far as you are concerned
 You dont believe me, then youll have to learn
 This aint as hard as MC Lyte can get
 And matter of fact, you aint seen nothin' yet
 So never let me step into a party hardy
 Talk to some people and then hear from somebody
 You wanna battle? Cause you know where I am
 You dont wanna come in the 90s and see me at a jam
 When a, mic is handy, ten feet away
 I stretch my arm like elastic, head like a magnet
 Set assure, you know I dont play
 When it comes down to it, the nitty gritty
 For a sucker like you I feel a whole lot of pity
 Beat biter, dope style taker
 Tell you to your face, you aint nuttin' but a faker
 Beat biter, dope style taker
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