

# God Said Lyte

## Mc Lyte

Yeah, God said Lyte from the beginning of time  
I'm giving 'em rhymes of feminine kind, keeping it tight  
Knockin' the edge off they shoulder  
Colder than any MC, and hotter than the next  
Check the text  
To the left a seagull lights the truth  
Kick it to the youth, pocket full of proof  
Ready to raise the roof, off the vocal booth  
Put hoes back on the track cause they loose  
No one a never come there  
I have 'em going quicker than city of angels left the air last year  
Don't y'all know I scorch MC's  
Leave them all toast from the neck to the knees  
It's remarkable as I spark a few  
Of these rhymes, some rappers find it hard to do  
Goldie of the game, everything bout to change  
You gettin' stripped for ya shit, niggaz thought you knew

I'm rhymin' and designin', also creatin'  
The dope, def rhyme that is always bein' taken  
By a sucker MC that wants to be like me, like me  
No trait of originality, none whatsoever  
Don't ever second guess me, guess me  
And if you're wonderin' who could the best be  
The hip-hop maniac, uptown brainiac  
In full effect MC Lyte is back

Lyte and Maad Phunk, we flamin' on  
And took a vacation, some of them came and gone  
When I push beef it's like flaming y'all  
Tender as I serve these loose rappin' broads  
She sellin' straight up sex, by the sea shore  
We bang beats from boogie down to BK, New York  
I sport the finest of wears, your highness is here  
End your rhyming career  
I spits it like you want to do but can't  
Your skills iffy cause you tryna dance  
Due to the circumstance, get your hands up high  
You know the routine, freeze 'em like a drive-by

You know when I roll through I'm reppin' old school  
Thought I told you, here let me show you, I don't know you  
Fuck you, I don't owe you nothin'  
Paper thin, Georgie, had 'em wildin' somethin'

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None of these broads want to get on a track with me  
Except for Digga and be, they got balls, as for the rest of y'all

You ain't for me you against me  
Means I'm coming for your stacks relentlessly  
You see they speak on a passin', Lyte was a lesson  
I'm still shakin' these hoes down, without a weapon  
Got you guessin' why won't this bitch ever die  
Sure as you get high, we'll never see eye-to-eye  
I'm the Lytro and I might go psycho  
If I'm on my psycho, act like you might know  
Which way the light go, but you never will  
Cause I never spill, fuck it I said it, I'm that ill  
I keeps a tight lip bout what the light hits  
I'm get excited bout what I'm gon' get  
They mad in the studio catchin' the blues  
Why, cause they still can't fill my shoes

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