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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written by KEITH WILKINS / GERARD HARMON / LANA MOORER
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