Cha Cha Cha

Mo' Horizons

Kick this one here for me and my DJYou 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 herDo 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 backAnd 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 shineThe 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 onKick this one here for me and my DJI'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 accidently hopped on the wrong side
Now come on, that's suicideHypothetically 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 mockingOh 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 gotKick this one here for me and my DJYeah, 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-believerThat 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 jawbreakerSo 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 itMy 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 nightKick this tip, kick this tip

Kick this one here for me and my DJ

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