

Flans

"Beat Biter"

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Beat
Beat
Beat
Beat
Beat..
Biter
Biter
Biter
Biter..

[INTRO: M.C. Shan]
Let me rock this rhyme, only if I may
It's directed to my man L.L. Cool J
Your brand new jam sure does sound sweet
You rocked the bells, but you stole my beat

My beat
My beat
My beat

[*Marley Marl scratches*]
(DJ Marley Marl and I'm M.C. Shan)

[VERSE 1: M.C. Shan]
Me and Marley Marl, we designed it well
You added some percussion, thought we could not tell
It will be my glory to tell this story
It will even be rocked in your territory
Think they're so slick that they can't be greased
What I really hate most be bitin MC's
To make their own would be a total waste
Let me tell you what happened in this one case
Turned on the radio station of my choice
When I heard my beat with the next man's voice
Put it on tape and I played it again
It just couldn't be, so I asked my friend
He didn't wanna hurt my feelings, so he said "I guess"
Played it one more time, homeboy said "yes"
I got so mad that I wanted to scream
But I sat and wrote a rhyme to release my steam
It just so happened that we met some place

I confronted this beat biter face to face
I asked did he do it and of course he denied
So I had to say, homeboy, I let that slide
To this here story there is no end
I'm just waitin for the sucker kid to do it again
I was just so shocked when I heard his cut
I called his girl everything but a sleazebag slut
Beat biters I devour like a three-course meal
So be careful next time whose beat you steal
That's not really what this song is about
But if you steal my beats, I'm takin you out

[*Marley Marl scratches*]

[*edited vocal samples*]

(And I think I know who that somebody is)
(He don't know me very well, do he?)

[VERSE 2: M.C. Shan]

The lyrics that I use in my rhymes are so nice
You press rewind and say, "Man, I got to hear that
twice"
'Jack be nimble, Jack be quick'
Sayin things like that, you must be sick
I feel sorry for those souls, it really makes me sad
Tellin stories of the battles that they never had
I'm the root - my rhyme the tree
As essential to my mind as my eyes must see
I expand one's thoughts to the very extreme
Have you thinking something's real when it's only a
dream
If I was a perpetrator I'd feel ashamed
Puttin silly words together that all sound the same
If they elected Presidential fresh rhymes that they
wrote
I'd be the winner hands down, they'd abolish the vote
Because I'm quiet at times don't mean I don't have
heart
I be prayin half the time: please, don't let me start
Cause once I start I'm gonna cold get ill
And at times it takes a posse just to make me chill
I say, "Brother, let's do this right
First we'll drink tea, and then we'll fight"
So what I made a jam on the mellow side
It was somethin worth while, so I kept my pride
Now that my neck is out of the news
Rock parties so hard that you gotta get loose

[*edited vocal samples*]

(And I think I know who that somebody is)
(Why, that no-good ???)

(Move - back up, boy)
(Why, that no-good ???)
(Hands up - do you know the answer?)
(Why, man, ??he is??)
(L.L. Cool J)

[VERSE 3: M.C. Shan]

When you were just a kid with your runny nose
With your everlastin sneakers and your bummy clothes
Before you ever thought of makin rap your trade
You were dreamin of Adidas while I got paid
Now you're sittin there wonderin how I know
About the days when you used to be an MC hoe
People souped you up, told you you were nice
Not only rock em once, rockin weak rhymes twice
For guys like you they should create a award
For the most attempts and the least that scored
See, I'm a rhyme writer, Marley mixes my cuts
I adore fly girls and I spit on sluts
I hold the rap population in the palm of my hand
Little children sayin, "Ma, I wanna be like Shan"
I got the knowledge to know, the wisdom to speak
The understanding of my rhymes is at its fullest peak
There were a lot of MC's that tried to riff
But they wound up on the slabs as an MC stiff
No typographical errors, God bless the dead
Don't take it too light, these things I said
Final judgment over all like a full-fledged king
So my sentence to death, others never to sing
I'm chillin for the moment, yes, my friend
In a minute I be makin six g's times ten
This might put you in a state of shock
It's not how much you make, it's how good you rock
Just to let you know who's deejay's greater
Marley, wax, buff and Simonize Cut Creator

[*Marley Marl scratches*]
(Cut up)

[*edited vocal sample*]
(And I think I know who that somebody is)

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