

## Fluke

### "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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