

Lit**"It's Like That Y'all"**

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(Rolling tape)
Hurby, my headphones are not loud enough
(Alright
Yo Dre, pump it up somethin
How's that?)
Yeah, let's do this

[VERSE 1]

Sweet Tee's in the groove, yes, I'm back on the move
It's the thriller to kill, cause I got nothin to lose
I'm at the top of the heap, Hurby was lookin at me
And oh, how they screamed (Go Sweet Tee!)
Just wanted nothin but fun, cause I'm second to none
And I'm here in the flesh to show how it is to be done
So turn your speakers way up, until your ears start to
pop
And if your mom starts beefin, say, "Mom, do the
Whop"
Hop on the dancefloor, dance to the music
Toe-slam to my jam, you can do it
I write rhymes, and to the world I'm givin
(Get busy, Sweet Tee) That's the way I'm livin
Leather or lace as I step in the place
People come to say hi cause they know my face
And you know I'm stylin, nails I'm filin
Standin on stage, smilin, profilin
Lean, mean, breakin out on the scene
Me and the girls steppin fresh outta Queens
So if you wanna have a ball, give me a call
I'm Sweet Tee, it's like that y'all

[VERSE 2]

Nonchalant as I flaunt the style I know you want
Like a ghost in your mind, it's your conscience I haunt
When I rap I bring joy to every girl, every boy
Some think I play games cause my name is Toi
Back to raise hell, I got records to sell
I'm still on the top, don't you think I fell
Never takin a loss, weak rappers I toss
Make no mistake, Sweet Tee is the boss
Janet Jackson's nasty, but I'm in control

Aretha Franklin, bow down to the new queen of soul
Never settle for less, god is my witness
Jog every day for physical fitness
Climbin higher, I'll never retire
Rap so hot, they start three alarm fires
But don't be alarmed, it's just my grace and my charm
I'm here for the good, I'll never do you no harm
Sweet Tee's on the money, you know I'm makin it
I do it live, so you know I ain't fakin it
Five foot eight, standin ten feet tall
And if you ask me why, it's like that y'all

[VERSE 3]

Slam on the jam just as hard as you can
While I rock the mic with my all-girl band
And you know I'm clever, taken down never
Give me a beat, and I'm a cold-blooded terror
My voice is on wax, now you know I'm set
Cause the better the rhyme, the more money I get
And I hope I'm told, when my record's old
That they all got sold, and my jam went gold
I give it all I got, and all I got I give
I take no shorts, that's the way I live
Tee's on the move, and I never get moved on
(Long live the queen) Well, I'ma live real long
I'm the people's choice, so all the people choose me
Keep my beeper beepin, so the fellas don't lose me
Sly as a fox, sippin juice on the rocks
When I get on the roll, I can never be stopped
When I'm good I'm good, and when I'm bad I'm better
Keep that in mind and don't you forget that
I write the rhymes that make you jump off the wall
And you wanna know why? It's like that y'all

[VERSE 4]

Cruisin down the street in my jett-black Volvo
Rockin to the radio playin [song name]
Heads all turn as I drive by
As I wave to the fellas, all the fellas say (hi)
Stepped on the gas, and I went to the disco
The music's pumpin and the people screamin (Ho!)
The place is packed and people shakin their bodies
The crowd outside is screamin (We wanna party!)
Jump on the stage, knuckleheads began the rampage
They stopped short when my girl pulled the 12-gauge
Rocked anyway, cause I'm bad, and I'm bold
Another rapper couldn't touch me with a ten-foot pole
If you know what it is, then you know I'm a whiz
Toes are tappin while I'm rappin, cause I'm in showbiz
Autographs I sign while they stand in line
I remain number one till I'm 109

I play no games, and you know I ain't frontin
Let me know if you wanna start a little somethin
Why? Cause I'm a heavyweight, I go for it all
I'm Sweet Tee, it's like that y'all

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