

## Lit

### "It's My Beat"

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How shall I rock thee?  
Let me count the ways

(1-2-3-4 - hit it)

The bass is thumpin, the party is jumpin  
I got the rhymes to keep your body pumpin  
To keep you rockin, that's what I intend ta  
This ain't number one on the Sweet Tee agenda  
I'm gonna break it down, so you can see  
The skillfull way I recite my poetry  
Quick as a flash, I'll pop upon the scene  
Break out the Casio and the drum machine  
Got to get busy, cause I know I'm down  
As I tap into my instruments this funky sound  
Prone to make your body start to perspire  
As I turn the volume up higher and higher  
Grab my JVC, pop in a cassette  
Have the people stompin to my beat, you bet  
Play it for my friends cause it sounds so neat  
And they ask (What do you call it?) It's My Beat  
(Ha, what?) It's My Beat  
It's my beat

So take a minute and wipe your sweat  
But don't lose your tissue, cause I'm not done yet  
I'll jump on the stage, the crowd will come swarm in  
And through the bass bottoms my beat'll come stormin  
In, like a beast, breakin out of his cage  
Pursuin eardrums with a deadly rage  
Cold kickin ass, a blast from the past  
First in line, all you weak ones are last  
I'm simply novelist to say the least  
And if I want to be conceited, I'll hear myself, chief  
Ace lady rapper, cold queen of hip-hop  
Have the people screamin (Sweet Tee, don't stop)  
Just gettin busy, I'm tellin you, baby  
Take it as a promise, no ifs, ands, or maybes  
Totally convinced, I wouldn't call it conceit  
But I'm Sweet Tee and it's my beat

I'm the entrepreneur of the hip-hop decor  
Have you people rampagin and hit the dancefloor  
Freak to my melody, get hip to my beat  
As I display my rhymes so viciously, see  
Eh, I'm on the top, number one, yes uno  
Don't play stupid, cause I know that you know  
So go take the chance cause you don't wanna miss  
Jazzy Joyce on the mix, rock my funky beat, bust this  
(It's in my shape  
About to work me to death)  
My beat is rough, but yet it's so tender  
Do the right thing, party people, surrender  
Go with the flow, cause I want you to know  
That the lady Sweet Tee is runnin this here show  
Ain't nothin to it but to go ahead and do it  
Don't need a pair of sneakers to run right through it  
Situation's stable, no question about it  
Me get rocked by who? I doubt it  
I'm only gonna tell you once, dog on it  
Do yourself a favor and g- g- get on it  
Super high post, I catch the beat with ease  
Demolishin rappers while I'm shootin the breeze  
So be on the look-out, Sweet Tee's comin  
Fast with the rhymes and twice as stunnin  
Make my day and you face defeat  
Cause I'm Sweet Tee and it's my beat

(1-2-3-4 - hit it)

Due to circumstances you'll have to be aware  
That Sweet Tee and Jazzy Joyce are definitely here  
To stay on the top, right where we belong  
And if you think we can be taken, I'm sorry, you're  
wrong  
Quite confidentially I'm well aware  
That I'm talkin out my face, but I just don't care  
Cause we're the ultimate, on the top, can't you see  
You better never ever sleep on Jazzy Joyce and Sweet  
Tee  
Jazzy Joyce (On the wheels) Jazzy Joyce (No one better)  
Jazzy Joyce (Speedin faster than a '86 Jetta)  
Cold bloody terrorizin, baby, that you can bet  
(And if you battle me, never let me see you sweat)  
Yo, put on your glasses, so that you can see  
That's right, it's all about Jazzy Joyce and Sweet Tee  
Now you know about us, my voice real clear  
Peace out, yo, be easy, Jazzy Joyce, we're outta here

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