

Mc Lyte

"10% Dis"

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Hot damn, hot damn, hot damn, hot damn
Hot damn, hot damn hoe, here we go again
Suckers steal a beat, when you know they can't win
You stole the beat, are you havin' fun?
Now, me and the Aud's gonna show you how it's done

You are what I label as a, nerver plucker
You're pluckin' my nerves, you MC sucka
I thought I oughta tell you, better yet warn
That I am like a stop, and my word is Bond

Like James, killin' everybody in sight
The code's three-six, the name is Lyte
After this jam, I really don't give a damn
'Cause I'ma run and tell your whole damn clan, that
you're a

Beat biter, dope style taker
Tell you to your face, you ain't nuttin' but a faker
Beat biter, dope style taker
Tell you to your face, you ain't nuttin' but a faker
(Hit me why don'tcha, hit me why don'tcha?)

Milk's bodyguard, is my bodyguard too
You wanna get hurt, well this is what you do
You put your left foot up, and then your right foot next
Follow instructions, don't lose the context
Thirty days a month your mood is rude
We know the cause of your bloody attitude

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Tell you to your face, you ain't nuttin' but a faker
Beat biter, dope style taker
Tell you to your face, you ain't nuttin' but a faker

Your style is smooth, even for a cheatin' mic
You shoulda won applause as a Rakim sound-alike
Here's a milkbone, a sign of recognition
Don't turn away, I think you should listen close
Don't boast, you said you wasn't braggin'
You fuckin' liar, you're chasin' a chuckwagon

The only way you learn you have to be taught
That if a beat is not for sale, then it can't be bought
When you leave the mic, you claim it's smokin'
Unlike Rakim, you are a joke
And I think you oughta stop, before you gets in too
deep
'Cause with a sister like Lyte, yo, I don't sleep

Beat biter, dope style taker
Tell you to your face, you ain't nuttin' but a faker
Beat biter, dope style taker
Tell you to your face, you ain't nuttin' but a faker

When I'm in a jam, with my homegirl Jill
My cousin Trey across the room with a posse to kill
So I step in the middle, shake it just a little
Wait for some female to step up and pop junk
Give my cousin a cue, treat the girl like a punk

Now I'm not tryin' to say that I'm into static
But yo, if you cause it, yup, we gotta have it
'Cause I ain't goin out like a sucker no way
So I sit around the way for you to make my day

We can go for the hands, better yet for the words
'Cause you'll be ignored, and at the same time, I'll be
heard
Throughout the city, the town and the country
The beat is funky, my rhyme is spunky

There is no delayin in the rhyme I'm sayin'
Neither are the flaws of what my DJ is playin'
So sit back Jack, and listen to this it's 10% dis
'Cause I'm just about ready to fly this fist, against your
lips

But I'll wait for the day or night that you approach
And I'ma serve then burn ya like a piece of, toast
Pop you in the microwave to watch your head bubble
Your skin just crumble, a battle's no trouble

Get my homegirls Dohni and Kiki to get stupid
This thing called hip-hop, Lyte is rulin' it
I hate to laugh in your face, but you're funny
Your beat, your rhymin', your timin', all crummy

On the topic of rappin', I should write a pamphlet,
better yet a booklet
Your rap is weak homegirl and it's definitely crooked
Others write your rhymes, while I write my own
I don't create a character, when I'm on the microphone

I am myself, no games to be played
No script to be written, no scene to be made
I am the director, as far as you are concerned
You don't believe me, then you'll have to learn

This ain't as hard as MC Lyte can get
And matter of fact, you ain't seen nothin' yet
So never let me step into a party hardy
Talk to some people and then hear from somebody

You wanna battle? 'Cause you know where I am
You don't wanna come in the 90's and see me at a jam
When a, mic is handy, ten feet away
I stretch my arm like elastic, head like a magnet

Set assure, you know I don't play
When it comes down to it, the nitty gritty
For a sucker like you I feel a whole lot of pity

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