

## Mc Lyte "All That"

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There's a song that I sing  
Whenever I'm sad, feelin' bad

It was a date, a simple little fuckin' date  
Or so I thought, wasn't that my great mistake?  
He picked me up at eight from my crib  
We went to dinner and he ordered Babyback Ribs

What a waste, a waste of the mind and body  
And then he said, "Lyte, would you like to go and party?"  
I thought about it and then I said no  
Pay for my food, motherfucker and let's go

He said, "My, aren't we aggressive?"  
Damn right and I'm also perceptive  
I know your kind, you roam around the fuckin' town  
You wanna slap it, flip it and rub it down

You want some booty but you're gettin' none this way  
You better ask Suzy, Sally or that girl, Fay  
You gets none, you hear me you cheesy rat?  
Because I'm Lyte and I'm havin' none of that

I'm all that, yes, I'm all that  
You ask how? I'm all that now  
I'm all of that, yes, I'm all of that  
And rollin' through your hood with a baseball bat

First I head out into the red eyed  
Turn the AC on, so it feels cool inside  
Step in the jam, baring good news  
Although for some folks I bring the blues

Always solo, no relyin' on a posse  
I see what you see, do you see what I see?  
I see suckers, many pucker uppers  
Asskissers as well as buttlickers

Many, many that will do me good and plenty  
Don't know me from Adam but wanna get with me  
Claimin' they will do or have done or have did me

Talkin' that yang, your ass'll get slapped  
Because I'm Lyte and I'm havin' none of that

Ladies and gentlemen

I'm all that, yes, I'm all that  
You ask how? I'm all that now  
I'm all of that, yes, I'm all of that  
And rollin' through your hood with a baseball bat

That, that

Aiyyo, milk, aiyyo, milk, this is Teddy B  
Yo, I just checked out Lyte's new cut  
(That, that)  
And, yo, it's all that, all that  
Yo, I get with you, peace

Back, way back when shit wasn't funny  
I'm talkin' L Q days, your golds and your money  
If you wore gold the shit was gettin' taken  
Hard rocks, don't even bother fakin'

'Cause they can sense a sucker as soon as they saw ya  
And oh well, how I felt sorry for the  
Razor in my pocket for my protection  
Blackjack in my bag for a little selection

You got beef? Bitch, chose your weapon  
I sliced and diced and then I kept steppin'  
For me to go for that woulda just been whack  
Because I'm Lyte and I'm havin' none of that

I'm all that, yes, I'm all that  
You ask how? I'm all that now  
I'm all of that, yes, I'm all of that  
And rollin' through your hood with a baseball bat

(That, that)  
Yo, yo, Lyte, you there?  
(That, that)  
Alright, I just called to see if you was still shittin on wax  
Yo, and don't make that shit soft, alright? Yo, pump it  
up  
Alright, when you get in just give me a buzz

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