

Mc Lyte "Kamikaze"

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Outside of me, you try to picture me
Young and black, that ain't no mystery
But inside runs deep like an ocean
You couldn't understand if I spoke in slow motion
I'm tryin like hell to get some results
But you can bet your ass that it's difficult
They try to keep it down, because I talk to a beat
In other words, because I try to teach
But if I talk that yang-yang shit
Like "u can't touch this," that shit'll hit
Don't we have any morals anymore?
Or did rap take the toll out the fuckin door?
Well if it did, hardcore's back to claim it
I'ma take it, change it, fuck it, rename it
I got the plan, now let's make it effective
You hip-hoppers you got to be selective
And stop lettin that bullshit slide for rap
Can't you see that it's a brainwash.. trap?
I rap a cha cha cha, and I sat and watched
You liked that shit, you rock around the fuckin clock
But when I talk of education, you fear that
Drugs and such, you don't wanna hear that
First I pleased you, now I teach you
Don't you dare try to bite the hand that'll lead you
To the pot of gold, over the rainbow
Lyte'll guide you, I know the way to go
So just close your eyes and just take my hand
Remember mc lyte has the master plan
We can go thick, in a posse
You ain't said nuttin slick, I'm goin kamikaze

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Inside of me, you try to picture me
Can you detect, can you see I'm angry?
Well usually lyte don't get upset
But when I see wack shit gettin pressed I get vexed
Turn on the video -- what's this mess?
A disgrace to rap and I'm not impressed
So just leave, get out my domain
You lame sucker, you fuckin no-name
Takin up my airtime, with that

Weak whack full of full of bullshit rhyme
So step off roach, or get stepped upon
Because my rhymes they spray like d-con 4
Do you want more?
Cause I floor.. any emcee
That wanna gets with me
So yo, pack your bags, and skedaddle
Just walk, cause you don't wanna battle
I got the button that'll get rid of wack emcees
It's called the brooklynizer, have you beggin on your
knees
So quit takin up space on the cd rack
You better prepare, cause lyte gives no slack
Inside of me, dwells a hundred maniacs
Waitin for the kickoff, waitin for attack
Who gives a fuck? ? bring your posse!
Cause in the 90's, lyte is goin kamikaze

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Inside -- there's no flipside
Outside there's more than meets the eye
So now you know, not because you're guessin
But because I told you so, I never fess
Everyone wants to rap, what's this a wagon?
Bring your band and hop and start draggin
All you rappers, you're fuckin impersonators
Sayin I'll rap now, and learn how to rap later
No time for that, time is too short
And the rappin gift it can not be bought
A solo artist - hah, you can't be
Maybe you'll look better with a posse
But all that you're talkin, you ain't sayin shit!
So why you where you at? I think you oughta quit
Posses don't matter in the 90's
Here's a warning -- lyte is goin kamikaze!

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