

Mc Lyte "Shut The Eff Up!"

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I think it's time I start feeling bitchy
I've been too nice, too long
Yup, it's definitely time I get nasty

Gon' be some shit
Hot damn hoe
Gon' be some shit
Hot damn hoe
Gon' be some shit
Hot damn hoe
Hot damn hoe
Gon' be some shit
Hot damn

Before this jam starts, I'm simply stating
You have all waited, now you can stop waiting
Shall I ease into the disses, go 20, then 30
Or shall I got straight to 80%?
Aw, it doesn't matter, when you're dissed, you're
dissed
The party's not over, it's just beginnin'
Because Lyte is winning, what are you winning?
Any battle in any competition

'The Gangstress' ha, you're on a wack journey
Hoe headed for nowhere, with time to spare
So I'ma kick this rhyme right now and right here
I'd tell your name, but that would give you fame
And I ain't out to give you what you don't have
So, I sit back and relax, 'cause it makes me laugh
I could diss, call you names and make fun of you

Hoe but me the Lyte, I'm into speakin' the truth
Like a watchtower, hour by the hour
Lyte is rhymin', perfect timin'
Milk keeps the beat, I keep the beat
With the tap of his feet, with the tap of my feet
When he count it down
When I count it down, 6, 7, 8, Lyte'll start the debate

Hot damn hoe
Shut the fuck up

Hot damn hoe
Shut the fuck up
Hot damn hoe
Shut the fuck up
Here we, here we
Gon' be some shit
Here we go again

The first thing you ask yourself is why do I bother?
When you should really ask
?Where is the father of your child, aren't we wild??
You get around like a cab, now that's too bad
Everyone has been in you, isn't that sad, bodily
vibrations?
Don't make me laugh, weight watchers is waiting
Here's a free pass, you ain't gettin' loose, you fuckin'
jerk
And you ain't gettin' paid, you're just gettin' laid

Sexin' and suckin', yeah, that is your trade
Put on this earth just to distract me
Get those to write rhymes and try to attack me
You will get nowhere, the Lyte is too blinding
Tell me, why must I keep reminding
You to step back, let the Lyte shine
Do not take shit till you write your own rhymes

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Your mold is fake, Crayola, crayon
Don't dare to sleep or even prey on
The Lyte is too wicked, too worthy, too strong
And the rhymes I create are made to last long
Let me wise you up, rappin' isn't a sport

You either have to teach yourself, or you have to be
taught
And being that you are not wise enough to do it on your
own
The ones that write your rhymes might
As well hold your microphone
Dropped a little vinyl, now you think you're large
Step aside, Lyte Thee MC is in charge

Don't sleep on me, I'm far, far, far from dumb
So roll correctly if you decide to come
MC sucker, this is what you waited for
I'm sick of the battle, let's go to war
Why do you challenge me, Lyte Thee MC
Did not you know that I am crazy?

My screws are quite loose, in fact I don't have any
But when it comes to rhymes, I've got many
Like I said and will have to say
Over and over, 'cause you disobey
Here on this earth, I reign superior
One of these days, I will have to get with ya
Tear you up mentally, from limb to limb
'Cause I am the Lyte, and you are just paper thin

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I sensed it, predicted it, knew it would happen
You plopped off fast on the scene and start rappin'
Now it is my duty, to all MC's
To ask you to go elsewhere, pronto, please
Now I was quite polite, nice I may add
But you insist on stayin', that makes me mad
But then again I don't mind, I've got someone to pick
on

Write rhymes to diss and even play tricks on
You ain't really down, you wig-wearin' clown
Burrowin' money to buy an outfit
Not even good enough for a Sunday picnic
I ask you, do you know who you're fuckin' with
With those bubble gum jeans and those 2 for 1 skips?

I'm MC Lyte a.k.a. MC Payback
Payback is a bitch, and I'm givin' you no slack
Unfinished business, that shit was wack
So Lyte made no attempt to strike back
But here we go again, what is Light's Out?
Let me ask what the bomboclut you a chat about?
Let me say next time that you feel pissed
I suggest that you don't try to diss

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You better watch what you say to me, 'cause I can get
evil
The things that I'm capable of are unbelievable
In 10%, I popped your head in a microwave
I'm into blenders now, so you better behave
Or put you in a toaster, because you're gettin' toasted
Better yet an oven, because you're gettin' roasted
Don't listen to your rhyme writers, 'cause yo, they
souped you

You ain't dope, you can't cope, they musta dooked you
You musta had some wack crack real wack crack
Sent you on a mission, and now you're comin' back
But let me school ya, Lyte is runnin' this show
So yo, hoe, I think you oughta go
Before Lyte Thee MC gets into it
But remember, you forced me to do it

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Hot damn hoe
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Hot damn hoe
Shut the fuck up
Here we, here we
Gon' be some shit
Here we go again

Yo, now you know
And no one's have to battle
Slime

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