

## Mc Lyte "Steady Fucking"

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You wanna test, Lyte? Are you stupid?  
You gotta be out of your fuckin' mind  
MC Lyte is the don  
Come down, MC Lyte, seen

Dirty bitch, you dirty, dirty bitch  
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Roxanne Shante is only good for steady fucking  
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You done insulted me  
And I got to kick yo' ass, right now

So what's up, big Bahama Mama?  
You know where to find me, you could never climb me  
So why do you persist  
To be placed upon my fuckin' hit list?

You a low-down dirty loser  
Next time I see you, I'ma hit you with my Land Cruiser  
You see a pooh-put, Lyte don't give a fuck  
I.U. sayin', he laid pipe in that butt

And in case you didn't know  
I been known to fuck up a hoe during a show  
So now, you wanna play Miss Hard Rock  
Don't test me, I put up career roadblocks

I heard you're smokin' crack, lady  
You just had a kid, I guess that makes him a, crack  
baby  
Whadda ya think?  
The fifty-fifth nigga you fucked said

Your poom poom stink  
Slow down, you're movin' too fast  
The fifty-sixth said, he stuck a curling iron up that ass  
Now you think, you're hot shit

Steppin' to Lyte with a limp, tryin' to pop shit  
You're still a loser, no joke, when I see you  
I'ma hit you with the Cruiser

Set the bitch on fire  
Your fucking days are over

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From upstate New York to way down South  
I heard you do a mic a checka with a dick in your mouth  
You're ready for the showdown, the low down  
Lyte strikes again, another hoe down

Fuckin' to you, Shanny, is like a fad  
Flippin' coins with your Mom to see who sucks Dad  
But wait a second, I heard you're kinda funky  
But then again, who's heard of a clean junkie?

How funky of a smell could one woman make?  
Yo, fellas, I think she need a douche break

Douche, douche it out, douche break  
Douche, douche it out, douche  
Douche, douche it out, douche break

Douche, douche it out, douche, douche, douche  
Douche, douche it out, douche break  
Douche, douche it out, I think you need a douche

Tisk, tisk, what a relief it is  
Not to be, not to be, not to be you  
Not to be, not to be, not to be you  
Or one of those pussy-eatin' members of your crew

'Cause if your crew was cool, they woulda scooped you  
But instead, you let them fool you  
You went into talkin' that bullshit you been talkin'  
Walkin' that stank strut you been walkin'

I don't play that, ring around the rosie  
Pocket full of posie, red rum, you dumb, dumb

We can all be some fightin' muthafuckas in here this evening  
Bring your ass, nigga, bring it on, come on

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Now let's talk about the grill, the grill  
Now let's talk about the grill, the grill  
Now let's talk about that grill, the grill

We'd all be dead if looks could kill  
Now let's talk about your teeth  
Shits, ain't been straight since you was eight  
When you bit into a bad piece of beef

And even for a small fee  
You let your uncle get one off, while you bounced on his fuckin' knee  
Now what's my fuckin' name?  
Left you so far behind, you can't get back into the fuckin' game

You must like puttin' dough in my pocket  
Since eighty-six, my career sky-rocket  
Where ya at?

Dumb hoe  
I got this rap shit locked, sewn, hemmed  
While you're hangin' from a buddah stem  
I do this and that, baby pop, I get residuals  
I'm liable to just fuck up your schedule

You'll be sittin' on your fat ass another ten years  
Until the coast is clear  
So next time, they push a rhyme in your hand  
You better fully understand, who the fuck I am

At least, now we know  
Dumb  
It's all about Lyte  
Bitch

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