Mc Lyte "Want What I Got"

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I can rock a party with a glass of Hennessey
I know I make y'all sick with the way I boogie
My fake ass friends wanna hang out tonight
I'll tell 'em follow me then I'll ditch 'em at the light

I see 'em at the club, they wanna know why I'm whilin' 'Cause I smoke weed now I'm high like a pilot Spendin' more cheese than you throw on a salad Hand me my mike, if you 'bout it, then I'm 'bout it

Mmmm, yea I'm 'bout it
Don't doubt it, don't doubt it
I'm the MC Lyte but boo please don't crowd me
'Cause my security might get rowdy
Make 'em punch you out and watch your vision go
cloudy

Now all you freaks wanna speak 'cuz I'm back Stick to your gossip like the glue to your tracks I never liked your ass, by the way, 'cuz you're wack Give a dog a bone so here's a Lyte snack

Yo, yo

Want what I got? Come through then You at home wit' a safe you ain't got nothin' in Ask how I got it and keep it comin' in From hustlin', doublin' and publishin'

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Used to be a rookie singin' Latti Datti Now me and Missy beco rockin' the party Flooded Movado, ain't I fly though Never let 'em see you comin', that's my motto

I'm on it, I'm on it, I had the nigga goin' Said I was a hot tomali, mind blowin' It's crucial, how some folks get bourgeois Or bourgeois, did I lose you or did you lose me? Either way we miles apart I'm hittin' the ribbon, you at the start I'm never, ever, ever, gonna let you think That your shit don't stink

So don't come around here thinkin' you can't get it You'll be the first to admit it How you got punked by hip hop's greatest Missy and Lyte bringin' you the latest, yo, yo

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I treat niggas like they my hoe Blaze 'em then I go, straight to the Nikko Meet another Puerto Rico Cute like tico, copy me like kinko

You know I'ma freak, yo I don't love them amigos I'm straight to their pockets Bow all their sockets

I'm plush like carpet
They wanna stick the target
I don't give a fuck what you rock
'Cuz you see what I got, you want what I got

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