

Shystie

"Step Back"

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VERSE ONE

Understand this, here comes another bad gal lyric
Whose more than over pissed that there's not a true
verbalist
Giving competition to this super trooper lyricist
Whose blowing up most these emcees like a terrorist

Let me catch a bit of air
I'm about to smear another emcees career
And there's no stopping me there's no flopping me
In the ranks you'll never be on top of me, I'm new
hot property

I'm hot here, your not near, I'm never gona stop
here
Why? Cos I got a flow that no one ain't got
I'm like a stick of dynamite, behind a mic
I'll leave your skin itching like a parasite
(jeeze)

What am I like? Oh my days
Forget Simon said, this is Shystie says
I'm mc Shystie, causing controversy
On the mic or in your face I spit my lyrics horribly

CHROUS

Step back, you better ease up now
Take it down before I roll up my sleeves right now
Uh oh uh oh, its over now
Its about to get grimey now

Step back, you better ease up now
Take it down before I roll up my sleeves right now
Uh oh uh oh, its over now
Its about to get Shystie now

VERSE TWO

Oh shit I'm flowing merciless, I'm on ma second
verse and this

Gal is spitting sicker, quicker and Iâ€™m getting worse
on this
You donâ€™t really wana see me start this
You donâ€™t really wana see my heart turn into darkness

When Iâ€™m storming on the track, warning emcees that
Youâ€™ll never hold me back,
Iâ€™m on the loose Iâ€™m like a wild cat
Kick back as I flip my lyrics, then I switch back

Traumatizing lives with the tip of my pen
Oh shit look-- sheâ€™s gone and done it again
Iâ€™m big and bigger than bad to the bone
To explosive when I bless on the microphone

Got you contemplating, how I wrote your rhymes
I got far to many lyrics, just not enough lines
too write, not enough ink to spite
Other emcees, that I put on deep freeze
With my frosty flows I breeze out on these

CHROUS
(repeat)

VERSE THREE

Listen to my policy, because Iâ€™m hitting through to
solidly
Iâ€™m causing a controversy because Iâ€™m flowing
horridly
Leaving body frames shook, they ainâ€™t ready
Canâ€™t keep up with my pace Iâ€™ll leave your mind set
unsteady

I walk away from the mic with no worry
leaving every mic melted and I never say sorry
Cos I got that metaphorical flammable tongue
Iâ€™m murdering, too late your got stung

Yes I be that limited addition
Come and listen to my mission
As Iâ€™m spitting on this riddim,
with ambition

Yes my rhyming slang,
You know its nang
Iâ€™m in the place now people prang
Well its over now because the fat lady sang

Iâ€™m here now, spitting acid like I donâ€™t now
Burning anything thatâ€™s in my way or comes near now

Iâ€™m on to this, my tongueâ€™s hot for this
Look Iâ€™ve waited to long so now Iâ€™m ready for this

CHROUS
(repeat)

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