

Sweet Tee

"It's My Beat"

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How shall I rock thee?
Let me count the ways

(1 2 3 4 hit it)

The bass is thumpin the party is jumpin
I got the rhymes to keep your body pumpin
To keep you rockin that's what I intend ta
This ain't number one on the Sweet Tee agenda
I'm gonna break it down so you can see
The skillfull way I recite my poetry
Quick as a flash I'll pop upon the scene
Break out the Casio and the drum machine
Got to get busy, cause I know I'm down
As I tap into my instruments this funky sound
Prone to make your body start to perspire
As I turn the volume up higher and higher
Grab my JVC, pop in a cassette
Have the people stompin to my beat, you bet
Play it for my friends cause it sounds so neat
And they ask (What do you call it?) It's My Beat
(Ha, what?) It's My Beat
It's my beat

So take a minute and wipe your sweat
But don't lose your tissue, cause I'm not done yet
I'll jump on the stage, the crowd will come swarm in
And through the bass bottoms my beat'll come stormin
In, like a beast, breakin out of his cage
Pursuin eardrums with a deadly rage
Cold kickin ass, a blast from the past
First in line, all you weak ones are last
I'm simply novelist to say the least
And if I want to be conceited, I'll hear myself, chief
Ace lady rapper, cold queen of hip-hop
Have the people screamin (Sweet Tee, don't stop)
Just gettin busy, I'm tellin you, baby
Take it as a promise, no ifs, ands, or maybes
Totally convinced, I wouldn't call it conceit
But I'm Sweet Tee and it's my beat

I'm the entrepreneur of the hip-hop decor
Have you people rampagin and hit the dancefloor
Freak to my melody, get hip to my beat
As I display my rhymes so viciously, see
Eh, I'm on the top, number one, yes uno
Don't play stupid, cause I know that you know
So go take the chance cause you don't wanna miss
Jazzy Joyce on the mix, rock my funky beat, bust this
(It's in my shape
About to work me to death)
My beat is rough, but yet it's so tender
Do the right thing, party people, surrender
Go with the flow, cause I want you to know
That the lady Sweet Tee is runnin this here show
Ain't nothin to it but to go ahead and do it
Don't need a pair of sneakers to run right through it
Situation's stable, no question about it
Me get rocked by who? I doubt it
I'm only gonna tell you once, dog on it
Do yourself a favor and g- g- get on it
Super high post, I catch the beat with ease
Demolishin rappers while I'm shootin the breeze
So be on the look-out, Sweet Tee's comin
Fast with the rhymes and twice as stunnin
Make my day and you face defeat
Cause I'm Sweet Tee and it's my beat

(1-2-3-4 - hit it)

Due to circumstances you'll have to be aware
That Sweet Tee and Jazzy Joyce are definitely here
To stay on the top, right where we belong
And if you think we can be taken, I'm sorry, you're
wrong
Quite confidentially I'm well aware
That I'm talkin out my face, but I just don't care
Cause we're the ultimate, on the top, can't you see
You better never ever sleep on Jazzy Joyce and Sweet
Tee
Jazzy Joyce (On the wheels) Jazzy Joyce (No one better)
Jazzy Joyce (Speedin faster than a '86 Jetta)
Cold bloody terrorizin, baby, that you can bet
(And if you battle me, never let me see you sweat)
Yo, put on your glasses, so that you can see
That's right, it's all about Jazzy Joyce and Sweet Tee
Now you know about us, my voice real clear
Peace out, yo, be easy, Jazzy Joyce, we're outta here

