

Fleming & Clausen

"Closer"

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verse 1 (MC Lyte)

In the three on the deegan, we be freakin'
Bobbin' and weavin' my peeps sleepin'
Steady creepin' dippin' in the jeepin'
Dones be peepin', benjis we be keepin'
Cheddar we be spending, niggas ain't cheapin'
Hip hoppin' bobbin' with the beat and
I'm not concieted just never been defeated
Test and get that ass beated
The wanna act like I can't flow phatly
When they attack me I got skills to back me
Go ahead now simulate that
How they forget who originated that
Ladies and gentlemen the ruffneck is back
More potent than a foul vile of crack
I keep you open like a BM hatchback
While you keepin' my tape draped up in yo' knapsack

(chorus)

You comin' closer and closer, I thought I told you
You know that I will toast you
You're not supposed to come closer and closer
I thought I told you, you know that I will toast you
Don't come closer

verse 2 (Space Nine)

Yo, I write my own, but-uh who's writin' your rhymes
Oh you independent now 'coz you bitin' my lines
Listen, two flamin' bitches hide yo' claiming and sixes
Shines so bright can't see us in pictures
Leavin' non believers in ditches
Those who can acchieve won't percieve our existance
They need verbal assistance, check it
All them things you say you got, we now your makin' it
up
To get a man in a club, you steady shakin' it up
See thay played my song twice 'coz they can't get
enough
I'd say put yourself in my shoes but they cost too much
Space Nine bustin' 16 bars on Lyte's time
We write rhymes, y'all chicks is puppets on mic time

While I, chanel stars through pipe lines
Illuminate the sky day and night make my presence
defined
Yo, blue Gucci sale platinum tag taped to my leg
Promise no threat, shine on my neck signing my
cheques

(chorus) x2

verse 3 (MC Lyte)

You can't afford to be nasty if you ask me
Tryin' to pass me but can't outlast me
Sweet like like nector comin' in your sector
Movin' in your direction, takin' over your section
Am I bad no question they just a fraction
Tryin' to get some action from the section
Ain't that somethin' I got your crew jumpin' and bumpin'
While you talkin' nothing
I bring it to you with no hesitation
'Coz the top is where I rest but it's your destination
And I know this so I'm puttin' you on notice
Don't you come too close to this
I got the gift to forsee the drama like they know me
Pullin' up slowly and tryin' to bring out the ol' me
But I'm brand spank comin' for your bank
Not nigga what you think but what you thought, and
now you caught
Long as you live and for eternity
You're only bad as Lyte the MC allows you to be
Not easy to sabbotage wiser than the average
You can jack me now and later you can peep my,
catalogue
You gotta alphanumeric but you can't read
DKNY frames but you can't see
How I'm blow up like a stick of dynie and burn that
hynie baby
C'mon I'm beggin' try me

(chorus) x2

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