

Frontstreet Boys

"Lights Out, Party's Over *"

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[* disses MC Lyte]

[male announcer]

This party ain't over

[Antoinette]

That's what YOU think

[VERSE 1: Antoinette]

Hot damn, you're the hoe, so yo, pull up your zipper

This ain't 'How Ya Like Me Now' or 'Jack the Ripper'

You swing, you swung low, and now you're sub-sub

(Mh-mh) Yep, you f-ed up

Antoinette's the Boss, get it straight and remember
that

I dis and don't miss, cause I ain't a friend of that

Scallywag, that Tom, Dick & Harry-hag

Don't get upset, homegirl, just get mad

You're a lightweight, so it's easy to demo teeth

A '10% Dis'? Here's a 100% beef

So get closer and try to figure how

You wasn't hype before, but you look like a [bleeped]
now

And that's factual, cause I got actual

Proof, troop, I got you floatin like Fruit Loops

No wonder you hang with M-i-l-k

A brother that's a Gremlin and a rockhead deejay

It's a shame you didn't make no money

And roll with Antoinette? Hah - ain't that funny

And lucky you, here's a four leaf clover

Meanwhile: Lyte's out, the party's over

[crowd chants]

Lyte's out, now the party's over

Homegirl reminds me of my dead dog Rover

Lyte's out, now the party's over

Homegirl reminds me of my DEAD DOG Rover

(The party's) (over)

[VERSE 2: Antoinette]

Fly that fist, fly that fist, go 'head
She'll front and I'll fly that bitch's head
(Oooooohhh...) Yo G. Off, back to the program
Word to Hurb, they tried to dis this
But I'ma snow and drop a blizzard like Christmas
Just one of my - ehm, season's greetings
(To Lyte?) Yeah, to help the needy
So pitch and I'ma hit, you catch it
A present from me to you, now wrap it
In bandage, cause I do damage
And if I do say so myself, I do manage
To make a record dope, even when I'm dissin
I move right, and now you're left missin
In action, or should I say actions
Cause my satisfaction's a fraction
Of what I do when I'm hoggin it
I hold you like a jail cell, and you're the dog in it
I when I think, you're like my dead dog Rover
(Yo yo, Lyte's out) Yeah, the party's over

[crowd chants]

Lyte's out, now the party's over
Homegirl reminds me of my dead dog Rover
Lyte's out, now the party's over
Homegirl reminds me of my DEAD DOG Rover

[VERSE 3: Antoinette]

I stretch my arm like elastic and finally reach the hoe
Antoinette's dope, and now I'ma teach you, so
Ain't nobody chillin, your whole clan's wack
And damn, you cram to is understand that
Picture me in flicks more than Dudley
You may be Lyte, but you ain't lovely
I'm fed up, so I had to get rude
Now who's puffin with a bloody attitude

[crowd chants]

Lyte's out, now the party's over
Homegirl reminds me of my dead dog Rover
Lyte's out, now the party's over
Homegirl reminds me of my DEAD DOG Rover

[VERSE 4: Antoinette]

Now let's start booin the Audio 2 and
Whoever else is in your wick-wack crew'n
I got the rhymes, you got the place, name it
You get the picture? Now frame it
And you thought that you would hit with a dis
Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha... sucker, you missed

[male voice]

Oh boy!
Hah!
E-ex-excuse me, m'am
Your new jam I like
But what about MC Lyte?
[Antoinette]
Ah, she's with the pipe

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