

## The Marshall Tucker Band

### "10% Dis"

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(11 seconds of audio collage at the intro)

\*MC Lyte's voice gradually fades in\*

Hot damn, hot damn, hot damn, hot damn  
Hot damn! Hot damn hoe, here we go again  
Suckers steal a beat, when you know they can't win  
You stole the beat, are you havin fun?  
Now me and the Aud's gonna show you how it's done  
You are what I label as a, nerver plucker  
You're pluckin my nerves, you MC sucka  
I thought I oughta tell you, better yet warn  
That I am like a stop, and my word is Bond  
like James, killin everybody in sight  
The code's three-six, the name is Lyte  
After this jam, I really don't give a damn  
Cause I'ma run and tell your whole damn clan  
that you're a

"Beat biter! Dope style taker!  
Tell you to your face you ain't nuttin but a faker!"  
(repeat 2X)

Hit me why don'tcha, hit me why don'tcha?  
Milk's bodyguard, is my bodyguard too  
You wanna get hurt, well this is what you do  
You put your left foot up, and then your right foot next  
Follow instructions, don't lose the context  
Thirty days a month your mood is rude  
We know the cause of your bloody attitude

"Beat biter! Dope style taker!  
Tell you to your face you ain't nuttin but a faker!"  
(repeat 2X)

Your style is smooth, even for a cheatin mic  
You shoulda won applause as a Rakim sound-alike  
Here's a Milkbone, a sign of recognition  
Don't turn away, I think you should listen close  
Don't boast, you said you wasn't braggin  
You fuckin liar, you're chasin a chuckwagon

The only way you learn you have to be taught  
that if a beat is not for sale, then it can't be bought  
When you leave the mic, you claim it's smokin  
Unlike Rakim, you are a Joke  
and I think you oughta stop, before you gets in too  
deep  
Cause with a sister like Lyte, yo I don't sleep

"Beat biter! Dope style taker!  
Tell you to your face you ain't nuttin but a faker!"  
(repeat 2X)

When I'm in a jam, with my homegirl Jill  
My cousin Trey across the room with a posse to kill  
So I step in the middle, shake it just a little  
Wait for some female to step up and pop junk  
Give my cousin a cue, treat the girl like a punk  
Now I'm not tryin to say that I'm into static  
But yo if you cause it, yup, we gotta have it  
Cause I ain't goin out like a sucker no way  
So I sit around the way for you to make my day  
We can go for the hands, better yet for the words  
Cause you'll be ignored, and at the same time, I'll be  
heard  
throughout the city, the town and the country  
The beat is funky, my rhyme is spunky  
There is no delayin in the rhyme I'm sayin  
Neither are the flaws of what my DJ is playin  
So SIT BACK Jack, and listen to this  
It's 10% Dis..  
cause I'm just about ready to fly this fist  
against your lips!  
But I'll wait for the day or night that you approach  
and I'ma serve then burn ya like a piece of, toast!  
Pop you in the microwave to watch your head bubble  
Your skin just crumble, a battle's no trouble  
Get my homegirls Dohni and Kiki to get stupid  
This thing called hip-hop, Lyte is rulin it  
I hate to laugh in your face, but you're funny  
Your beat, your rhymin, your timin, all crummy  
On the topic of rappin, I should write a pamphlet  
Better yet a booklet..  
Your rap is weak homegirl  
and it's definitely crooked!  
Others write your rhymes, while I write my own  
I don't create a character, when I'm on the microphone  
I am myself, no games to be played  
No script to be written, no scene to be made  
I am the director, as far as you are concerned  
You don't believe me, then you'll have to learn  
This ain't as hard as MC Lyte can get

And matter of fact, you ain't seen nothin yet!  
So never let me step into a party hardy  
Talk to some people and then hear from somebody  
'You wanna battle?' cause you know where I am  
You don't wanna come in the 90's and see me at a jam  
when a, mic is handy, ten feet away  
I stretch my arm like elastic, head like a magnetic  
Set assure, you know I don't play  
When it comes down to it, the nitty gritty  
For a sucker like you I feel a whole lot of pity

"Beat biter! Dope style taker!  
Tell you to your face you ain't nuttin but a faker!"  
(repeat 2X)

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