

The Marshall Tucker Band

"Slave 2 the Rhythm"

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Why is it that your watch stopped tickin, but you still
keep clockin?
And no matter how hard you jinx, I keep rockin
Listen, hoe, cause I'm the Lyte one
And if you're lookin for a fight, you found the right one

(They call me Lyte)
(And I'm a slave to the rhythm)

(Funky fresh, dressed to impress, ready to party)

[VERSE 1]

I'm not a procrastinator, or a instigator
But when it comes to dope rhymes on the mic, I'm the
creator
I never look for trouble, but somehow it finds me
But yo, I just conquer it, and leave it all behind me
The L-y-t-e, very outspoken
And when I rock a rhyme, sometimes I leave you chokin
I'm MC Lyte, comin live and direct
I never lose a battle, cause I always come correct
In any case I win, again and again
You see Lyte is at the top till the very end
And even though I may be short, believe, I don't take
none
Try your luck and we'll see who will get done
I mean immediately, like quick fast
Don't turn your back, cause this mic'll be in your ass
And don't take what I say too lightly
I beat you, defeat you so quietly
Sneak up and hit you like a fuckin tornado
Cause in the rap field Lyte's the fuckin a/k/a doe
The capital L, the y to the e
Shit, give me room and I'll slay an MC
Whether it's in a crowd, or on the sneak tip
I wax you and your posse watch you trip and flip
As you drop the mic, cause you don't have the gift
To rip a style, fast or slow
(Why, Lyte?) Too busy hoein it, sniffin up blow
Don't get mad, it's just a talent I was given
What I'm sayin, I'm a slave to the rhythm

[VERSE 2]

Bein that I'm dissin, I was reminiscin
You was at my show, yo, you was on a mission
(Yo, what you tellin me, Lyte?) she was ass-kissin
No show, you hoe, no work, you jerk
(Cool, Lyte, I think her feelings are hurt)
Alright, I'll chill and I'll come to my senses
But next time you diss, think of the consequences
Yo, I am no joke, I'm sharp like barbwire
Try to touch me, yo, you're bound to catch a fire
I never lose my cool, but if I do, yo, you're lost
I be forced to show and prove exactly who's the boss
Who gets the income - and then some
I don't diss you for the money, I diss you for the fun
Don't get mad, it's just a talent I was given
What I'm sayin, I'm a slave to the rhythm

[VERSE 3]

It took a whole album for you to try and diss me
And ha-ha-ha, slum bitch, you still missed me
But yo, I'm off the dissin tip, cause that takes no
creation
I'm into other things that bring me commodation
So I rap about funny things, or issues that are serious
Sometimes I rap a topic that leave my people curious
And other times I diss to put one in their place
If I diss you on wax, then I will diss you to your face
Some say I'm foul, and they don't like the way I'm livin
But yo, ask me if I care...
I'm just a slave, I'm just a slave, I'm just a slave
To the goddamn rhythm

(They call me Lyte)
(And I'm a slave to the rhythm)

(Funky fresh, dressed to impress, ready to party)

'Gangstress', don't make me laugh
Ha-ha-ha
And keep your eyes on this
And keep your eyes on THIS

(They call me Lyte)
(And I'm a slave to the rhythm)

(Funky fresh, dressed to impress, ready to party)

[Slave 2 The Rhythm disses Antoinette]

