

The Marshall Tucker Band

"Survival of the Fittest"

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[Gizmo]
Yo King, man, who we working with today?
[King Of Chill]
Ah - Lyte
[Gizmo]
Bud Light?
[King Of Chill]
Nah Giz, MC Lyte
[Gizmo]
Yo Milk
[both]
Kick it

(Survival of the fittest overcomes the weak meek)

[VERSE 1: MC Lyte]
Never does one know the force that is in them
Till some puss jumps up and offends them
Then I have to subtract, minus and eliminate
Those that try to front and try to perpetrate
Like they know me well when they don't know me at all
Sayin 'hi', 'how you're doin' and 'I'll give you a call'
Then, to top it off, sayin they'll visit
When they don't know the zip code, much less the
digits
Like Shelly says, sometimes you have to get kuffed
Like MC Lyte says, yo, you're gonna get buffed
Each and every time you try to play me
I'm not the egg to be cracked, the digem to be
smacked
So when I see you, you better be fully strapped
At all times, cause it only takes Lyte one time, and one
time only
I'm the microphone controller, MC sucker folder
Lyte'll take you places you never would've seen
If it was dark - you know what I mean?
So show appreciation, gratitude, it is necessary
Cause when I hear weak rhymes, I am quick to bury
Those who try to know me before they meet me
You can't grow on me, so don't greet me
I'm sick of the prentendin and all the make-believe

Pronto, move back, give me space to breathe
I'm not a push-over, so don't push up on me
I'm not a sidewalk, so don't try to walk on me
I seen people taken advantage of
In situations like money, trust and love
I have no time for petty things that are trivial
Like who'll dance with me if I can't dance
I'm not a dancer, that's what Leg 1 and 2 are for
I master the rhyme, that's what I get paid for
They say two extras, yo, it's all in the rhyme
And if you look hard, you can see I work overtime
This is a warning, a due day is dawning
I thought I ought to tell you, so you can start mourning
So put your black on and your best black shoes
And keep your ears open, cause this is today's news
Extra, extra, read all about it
(It's about MC Lyte!) the boy shouted
First time in history you thought to buy a paper
Cause I was on the inside picture on the cover
Oopsy daisy, I should be more modest
But hey, what can I say, I was brought up to be honest
Like a Rican rides a Caddy I'm with this beat, chief
The only time they complain is when it's too brief
But other than that they long for me to go on
On my birth certificate it states: 'star is born'
Sample up the sound if you will
Raps by Lyte, production King Of Chill
So watch the solar system, never stop lookin
Cause up and on the rise is the planet Brooklyn
You can compare me to crackers and cheese
But don't compare me to a sucker MC
See, cause crackers and cheese, yo, that shit is good
But sucker MC's ain't as good as they should
Be, see, they lack, so Lyte must tax
Not much, just enough to see if they can move it
Show and prove to see that they can get into it
Try your best, a useful strategy
And after practice, if you're still raggedy
Then and only then can you be called a sucker MC
Sucker
I hate long good-bye's, so I'll just say farewell
Any last comments, Lyte fans do tell
I got you locked on, so now I'm gonna free ya
Okay, here we go, stop, see ya

(See ya) (see ya) (see ya)...

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