

Lyte Mc

"10 Percent 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

