

Lyte Mc

"In My Business"

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featuring Missy 'Misdemeanor' Elliott

[Missy]

Hahaha introducing MC Lyte

[MC Lyte]

I think I need a sound check

Hit me with a sound check

Yea now what about that dope stuff

Alright now gimme an 8 0 (8 0 8 0 8 0)

[Missy]

Uh uh uh uh uh uh uh

Yo 1 2

Uh MC Lyte (yea)

You don't know (yea)

Ficky ficky oh you don't know

[MC Lyte Verse One]

On the regular they guessin' how the Lyte get down

Nevermind that, nigga you better watch your mouth

Keep snoopin' and you bound to hit a brick

Get out the crack of my ass all up in my shiznit

To you nosey Nikki's and you Peepin' Tom's

So, you know I'm about to drop the Brooklyn Bomb

7 and 7 is 14 , 1 and 4 is 5

But none of that matters if your ass ain't alive

You could care less about the records I se;;

You just wanna know I tried but I fell

But even on your best day and on my worst

I'll still be first, without the need to rehearse

[Missy Elliott singing - CHORUS]

Why you up in my business?

Find somethin' better to do

Why you talkin' about me?

I ain't say shit 'bout you

Forgive me for my attitude

But I got something to say

Yall better not fuck with me

Cuz I'm had a bad day

[MC Lyte - Verse Two]

Yall must really think I'm the host of the freakshow

Got me taggin' piranhas I don't even know

Got me swimmin' in waters, gettin' caught in fishnet

Got me hooked up wit' folks I ain't never even met

Now yall so busy tryin' to market this

I guess yo stupid ass forgot who started this

But I'm about to ransack you make your memory

Come back to you, let all my true niggas jack you

Talkin' bou the Lyte like you gettin' paid for it

Better wish for your own and get out my business

Besides I'm too quick and pigeons oughta know

By the time you get the info, it was two years ago

Aside from that I'm too swift to catch

Don't pay to chase the joint, you can't light the match

And everybody knows I'm too quick to flip the latch

It ain't many that can even say they been attached

[Repeat CHORUS]

[Missy rapping - Verse Three]

I heard a lotta yall runnin' runnin' 'round

Ain't none of yall this supa dupa fly

Supa Dupa as I

Fly, fly across the sky

Cut you like pie

Me and, me and MC Lyte

Cuz you wack

Straight from the jump, yea you wack

Better get back

I can't I can't fuck wit' that

I ain't sayin' jack

I'ma just smack you 'cross your face so deep that you'll
never talk back

[Repeat CHORUS]

[Missy talking - Verse Four]

Why you up in my business

Find something better to do

Why you talkin' 'bout me

I ain't said shit about you (uh)

Forgive me for my attitude

But I got something to say

Yall better not fuck with me

Cuz I had a bad day

Ficky-ficky check me out

Uh uh, uh (repeats through chorus)

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