

10% Dis

MC Lyte

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!"

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!
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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

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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!"
[x2]