

All That

MC Lyte

There's a song that I sing
Whenever I'm sad, feelin' bad

It was a date, a simple little fuckin' date
Or so I thought, wasn't that my great mistake?
He picked me up at eight from my crib
We went to dinner and he ordered Babyback Ribs

What a waste, a waste of the mind and body
And then he said, "Lyte, would you like to go and party?"
I thought about it and then I said no
Pay for my food, motherfucker and let's go

He said, "My, aren't we aggressive?"
Damn right and I'm also perceptive
I know your kind, you roam around the fuckin' town
You wanna slap it, flip it and rub it down

You want some booty but you're gettin' none this way
You better ask Suzy, Sally or that girl, Fay
You gets none, you hear me you cheesy rat?
Because I'm Lyte and I'm havin' none of that

I'm all that, yes, I'm all that
You ask how? I'm all that now
I'm all of that, yes, I'm all of that
And rollin' through your hood with a baseball bat

First I head out into the red eyed
Turn the AC on, so it feels cool inside
Step in the jam, baring good news
Although for some folks I bring the blues

Always solo, no relyin' on a posse
I see what you see, do you see what I see?
I see suckers, many pucker uppers
Asskissers as well as buttlickers

Many, many that will do me good and plenty
Don't know me from Adam but wanna get with me
Claimin' they will do or have done or have did me
Talkin' that yang, your ass'll get slapped
Because I'm Lyte and I'm havin' none of that

Ladies and gentlemen

I'm all that, yes, I'm all that
You ask how? I'm all that now
I'm all of that, yes, I'm all of that
And rollin' through your hood with a baseball bat

That, that

Aiyyo, milk, aiyyo, milk, this is Teddy B
Yo, I just checked out Lyte's new cut
(That, that)
And, yo, it's all that, all that

Yo, I get with you, peace

Back, way back when shit wasn't funny
I'm talkin' L Q days, your golds and your money
If you wore gold the shit was gettin' taken
Hard rocks, don't even bother fakin'

'Cause they can sense a sucker as soon as they saw ya
And oh well, how I felt sorry for the
Razor in my pocket for my protection
Blackjack in my bag for a little selection

You got beef? Bitch, chose your weapon
I sliced and diced and then I kept steppin'
For me to go for that woulda just been whack
Because I'm Lyte and I'm havin' none of that

I'm all that, yes, I'm all that
You ask how? I'm all that now
I'm all of that, yes, I'm all of that
And rollin' through your hood with a baseball bat

(That, that)
Yo, yo, Lyte, you there?
(That, that)
Alright, I just called to see if you was still shittin on wax
Yo, and don't make that shit soft, alright? Yo, pump it up
Alright, when you get in just give me a buzz