

# Big Bad Sister

MC Lyte

Oh yeah  
Brooklyn's in the house, so come on now  
Brooklyn's in the house  
Yo, Staten Island is in the house  
Staten Island is in the house

So let me hear you say Queens is in the house  
Come on now, Queens is in the house  
Long Island is in the house, say what?  
Long Island is in the house, yeah

The Bronx is in the house, uh  
The Bronx is in the house, let me hear you say  
Uptown's in the house one time  
Uptown's in the house

Well, they're fallin', fallin' but I can catch them  
I just toot the whistle and you go fetch them  
Bring them back into the real rap attack  
Set the soft silly stuff back on the rack

Forty five, yeah baby, forty five, yeah  
Tell the silly mothers that we do give a  
I'm not a psychic but you can tell your sidekick  
In ninety-one, Lyte is kickin' some fly

Take it from me, or could you really take it?  
And if you got away with it, would you really make it  
In the world of hip-hop, frontin' like you're me?  
C'mon now Hobbes, that I could never see

So just step aside and feel it tonight  
'Cause comin' to a store near you is M.C. Lyte

Who's that bad? Who's that bad?

I'm bigger than Bono, see I go solo  
Broader than broad, see how I soared  
The big bad sister from around your way  
I'm not tall but I'm small don't matter what I weigh

I kick the copacetic rhyme from the down to earth mind  
I get hip with the hop I'm the tip from the top  
I go all out, you never see me fall out  
Although you hear me yell out, you never see me sellout

Because my rhyme's about a profit, no one can stop the one  
Funky lyrics synced with M.C. Lyte 'cause I be droppin' it  
The name the Lyte because my skin I'm blacker than black  
Comin' right and exact, for the rap attack

Some say they don't like the words I choose to use  
I don't give a damn, Lyte will never loose  
I ain't no sucka and I ain't into pleasin'  
Some critic that criticizes me for no reason

What's with the opinion it's a stated fact

I rule the pack, from the top of the stack  
So fuck the stocks and bonds I'm your new investment  
Pick up the album it's quite a refreshment

Compared to the day to day bullshit you hear  
Pay attention and listen I'm comin' clear to the ear  
For all you non believers and you perpetrators  
That talk to me now but talk about me later

It's time for you to grieve, grovel in your sorrow  
I'm the star of today and the star of tomorrow  
I'm takin' out the old jacks, rippin' up the new ones  
I don't care if it means I have to ruin

I will and I shall and I get the job completed  
Those that don't belong they will be deleted  
From the rap roster, I'm not an impostor  
I'm comin' to you live with the forty five  
Straight from the studio with a view in New York City