

# Cha Cha Cha

MC Lyte

Kick this one here for me and my DJ

You can cha-cha-cha to this Mardis Gras  
I'm the dopest female that you've heard thus far  
And I do get better, the voice gets wetter  
Nobody gets hurt as long as you let her

Do my thing with an '89 swing  
The dopeness I write, I guarantee delight  
To the hip-hop maniac, the uptown brainiac  
In full effect, MC Lyte is back

And better than before as if that was possible  
My competition, you'll find them in the hospital  
Visiting time, I think it's on a Sunday  
But notice they only get one day to shine

The rest of the week is mine  
And I'll blind you with the science that the others have yet to find  
So come along and I'll lead you the right way  
Just clap your hands to the words I say, come on

Kick this one here for me and my DJ

I've got the power to spread out and devour  
At the same time I'll eat you up with a rhyme  
But I'll let you slide, 'cuz you accidentally hopped on the wrong side  
Now come on, that's suicide

Hypothetically speaking  
Okay, let's say you didn't know what you were doing  
You're new in town, and you're looking around  
For another name to ruin, and it's me that you're pursuing?

Well, well, well, I'll be damned  
I might as well tell you who I am  
I am the capital L Y T E  
And it's shocking I'm the one you're mocking

Oh yes, I've been watching, you watching me  
And like the fat on your back it's plain to see  
That you're a wannabe, but you can't be what you're not  
So you better start living with what you got

Kick this one here for me and my DJ

Yeah, DJ K-Rock when you hear a scratch  
Now it's time to kick a rhyme out the batch  
And you're the receiver eager as a beaver  
Time to convert the non-believer

That I'm a roadrunner leaving you in the dust  
I can adjust to the times and at times I might just get quicker  
Than the ticker of your pacemaker  
More tender than a roni but harder than a jawbreaker

So don't ever second guess me

And if you're wondering who could the best be  
Think a second and recollect the worst whipping  
You ever had yet and I'll bet that I did it

My fingerprints are still on you  
How many times I gotta warn you  
About the light? It'll blind your sight  
But the rhythm will still guide you through the night

Kick this tip, kick this tip  
Kick this one here for me and my DJ