

# In My Business

MC Lyte

Hahaha, introducing 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)

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

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 see  
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

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

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

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

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]