

Outside of me, you try to picture me
Young and black, that ain't no mystery
But inside runs deep like an ocean
You couldn't understand if I spoke in slow motion

I'm tryin' like hell to get some results
But you can bet your ass that it's difficult
They try to keep it down because I talk to a beat
In other words because I try to teach

But if I talk that yang-yang shit
Like you can't touch this, that shit'll hit
Don't we have any morals anymore
Or did rap take the toll out the fuckin' door?

Well if it did, hardcore's back to claim it
I'ma take it, change it, fuck it, rename it
I got the plan, now let's make it effective
You hip-hoppers, you got to be selective

And stop lettin' that bullshit slide for rap
Can't you see that it's a brainwash trap?
I rap a cha, cha, cha and I sat and watched
You liked that shit, you rock around the fuckin' clock

But when I talk of education, you fear that
Drugs and such, you don't wanna hear that
First I pleased you, now I teach you
Don't you dare try to bite the hand that'll lead you

To the pot of gold, over the rainbow
Lyte'll guide you, I know the way to go
So just close your eyes and just take my hand
Remember MC Lyte has the master plan
We can go thick, in a posse
You ain't said nuttin' slick, I'm goin' kamikaze

Inside of me, you try to picture me
Can you detect, can you see I'm angry?
Well, usually Lyte don't get upset
But when I see wack shit gettin' pressed I get vexed

Turn on the video, what's this mess?
A disgrace to rap and I'm not impressed
So just leave, get out my domain
You lame sucker, you fuckin', no name

Takin' up my airtime, with that weak whack
Full of, full of bullshit rhyme
So step off roach or get stepped upon
Because my rhymes they spray like D-Con 4
Do you want more?

'Cause I floor any emcee
That wanna gets with me
So yo, pack your bags, and skedaddle
Just walk, 'cause you don't wanna battle

I got the button that'll get rid of wack emcees
It's called the Brooklynizer, have you beggin' on your knees
So quit takin' up space on the CD rack
You better prepare, 'cause Lyte gives no slack

Inside of me, dwells a hundred maniacs
Waitin' for the kickoff, waitin' for attack
Who gives a fuck? Bring your posse
'Cause in the 90's, Lyte is goin' kamikaze

Inside, there's no flipside
Outside there's more than meets the eye
So now you know not because you're guessin'
But because I told you so, I never fess

Everyone wants to rap, what's this a wagon?
Bring your band and hop and start draggin'
All you rappers, you're fuckin' impersonators
Sayin' I'll rap now and learn how to rap later

No time for that, time is too short
And the rappin' gift it cannot be bought
A solo artist? You can't be
Maybe you'll look better with a posse

But all that you're talkin', you ain't sayin' shit
So why you where you at? I think you oughta quit
Poses don't matter in the 90's
Here's a warning, Lyte is goin' kamikaze