

Kickin' 4 Brooklyn

MC Lyte

Kick this one for Brooklyn
(Cha) (cha) (cha)
Kick this one for the 90s
(Boom) (cha-cha)
Now kick this one here for Me & My DJ
(Boom) (cha) (boom) (cha) (boom)

Now I was rockin this party in the 90s, Brooklyn
You know where the people get hype
'll rock a party from Friday to Saturday night
48 hours done, and I still hold the mic
I try to put you down and say that I'm through
But they give it back to me and say, "Continue"
That's the thing about Brooklyn, they never get enough
Of the rap and the music and all the good stuff
That makes your life worth livin for
Respect is the crowd, the crowd that I draw
Never am I dissed, and never ever shall I be
Ain't a MC alive that can deal with me
And if you think you're the one that can deal with this
Well, you ah - best prepare for a big fat dis

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Now I was chillin in Flatbush, mindin my own
When a girl walked up with a chrome microphone
She said, "Hey, MC Lyte, I heard about you
So here's the microphone, let's see what you can do"
So I took the microphone and I threw it to the ground
Cause I need no assist when it comes to gettin down
When I start to rap, she start to shake
She knew to confront me was truly a mistake
So she picked the microphone off the grey concrete
And before I turned around, she was down the street

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Now when I'm on the stage, everyone starts starin
Is it what I'm sayin, or is it what I'm wearin?
50/50 chance it's what I'm sayin
And at the same time what my deejay is playin
If you can get hype and sort of like loud
Yo, K-Rock, kick this one for the crowd
I been to lots of parties, mostly Uptown
And one thing I noticed: young people get down
So hip-hoppers, hip-hoppers, from all around
Get with the funky sound

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