

## Like That Anna (Interlude)

MC Lyte

Ain't no other, this is me and this is it  
Don't got to get the crowbar to get you up off of my shit  
I don't know why though, they try to compare me  
Did not you know that you can't get NEAR me  
So don't fuck up when identifying the voice  
You know from A to Z, I'm a first choice  
The Y to the T, surrounded by the L and the E  
Put it together and you got Lyte the MC  
Deep, deep, deeper than the vein  
of the membrane, squish it, put your ass to sleep  
I got octaves, not to sing but to rap so  
give me dap, perhaps admit, that I'm all that  
The shit that I write huh, surely chart climbers  
Don't try to run, because your mom'll come and find ya  
Getcha, gotcha, getcha gotcha getcha gotcha  
Break ya break ya punk and fuck that ass in two's  
It's like that anna, it's like that anna  
I'm not the funny fat one they call Roseanne-ah