

Shut The Eff Up! (Hoe)

MC Lyte

(I think it's time I start feeling bitchy
I've been too nice too long
Yup, it's definitely time I get nasty) --> Millie Jackson

(Gon' be some shit)
(Hot damn, hoe)
(Gon' be some shit)
(Hot damn, hoe)
(Gon' be some shit)
(Hot) (damn) (hoe)
(Hot damn, hoe)
(Gon' be some shit)
(Hot damn)

Before this jam starts I'm simply stating
You have all waited, now you can stop waiting
Shall I ease into the disses, go 20, then 30
Or shall I got straight to 80 percent?
Aw, it doesn't matter, when you're dissed, you're dissed
The party's not over, it's just beginning
Because Lyte is winning (What are you winning?)
Any battle in any competition
'The Gangstress'? Ha, you're on a wack journey
(Hoe) Headed for nowhere, with time to spare
So I'ma kick this rhyme right now and right here
I'd tell your name, but that would give you fame
And I ain't out to give you what you don't have
So I sit back and relax, cause it makes me laugh
I could diss, call you names and make fun of you
(Hoe) But me the Lyte, I'm into speakin the truth
Like a watchtower, hour by the hour
Lyte is rhymin, perfect timin
Milk keeps the beat (I keep the beat)
With the tap of his feet (With the tap of my feet)
When he count it down (When I count it down
6-7-8) Lyte'll start the debate

(Hot damn, hoe)
(Shut the fuck up)
(Hot damn, hoe)
(Shut the fuck up)
(Hot damn, hoe)
(Shut the fuck up)
(Here we) (here we)
(Gon' be some shit)
(Here we go again)

The first thing you ask yourself is why do I bother?
When you should really ask: where is the father?
(Where is the father?) of your child, aren't we wild?
You get around like a cab, now that's too bad
Everyone has been in you, isn't that sad?
Bodily vibrations? Don't make me laugh
Weight Watchers is waiting, here's a free pass
You ain't gettin loose, you fuckin jerk
And you ain't gettin paid, you're just gettin laid
Sexin and suckin, yeah, that is your trade

Put on this earth just to distract me
Get those to write rhymes and try to attack me
You will get nowhere, the Lyte is too blinding
Tell me, why must I keep reminding
You to step back, let the Lyte shine
Do not take shit till you write your own rhymes

Your mold is fake, crayola, crayon
Don't dare to sleep or even prey on
The Lyte is too wicked, too worthy, too strong
And the rhymes I create are made to last long
Let me wise you up, rappin isn't a sport
You either have to teach yourself, or you have to be taught
And being that you are not wise enough to do it on your own
The ones that write your rhymes might as well hold your microphone
Dropped a little vinyl, now you think you're large
Step aside, Lyte Thee MC is in charge
Don't sleep on me, I'm far, far, far from dumb
So roll correctly if you decide to come
MC sucker, this is what you waited for
I'm sick of the battle, let's go to war
Why do you challenge me, Lyte Thee MC
Did not you know that I am crazy?
My screws are quite loose, in fact I don't have any
But when it comes to rhymes, I've got many
Like I said and will have to say
Over and over, cause you disobey
Here on this earth I reign superior
One of these days I will have to get with ya
Tear you up mentally, from limb to limb
Cause I am the Lyte, and you are just paperthin

I sensed it, predicted it, knew it would happen
You plopped off fast on the scene and start rappin
Now it is my duty, to all MC's
To ask you to go elsewhere, pronto, please
Now I was quite polite, nice I might add
But you insist on stayin, that makes me mad
But then again I don't mind, I've got someone to pick on
Write rhymes to diss and even play tricks on
You ain't really down, you wig-wearin clown
Burrowin money to buy an outfit
Not even good enough for a Sunday picnic
I ask you: do you know who you're fuckin with?
With those bubble gum jeans and those 2 for 1 skips
I'm MC Lyte a/k/a MC Payback
Payback is a bitch, and I'm givin you no slack
Unfinished Business, that shit was wack
So Lyte made no attempt to strike back
But here we go again, what is Light's Out?
Let me ask what the bomboclut you a-chat about?
Let me say next time that you feel pissed
I suggest that you don't try to diss

You better watch what you say to me, cause I can get evil
The things that I'm capable of are unbelievable
In 10% I popped your head in a microwave
I'm into blenders now, so you better behave
Or put you in a toaster, because you're gettin toasted
Better yet an oven, because you're gettin roasted
Don't listen to your rhyme writers, cause yo, they souped you
You ain't dope, you can't cope, they musta dooked you
You musta had some wack crack (real wack crack)

Sent you on a mission, and now you're comin back
But let me school ya, Lyte is runnin this show
So yo, hoe, I think you oughta go
Before Lyte Thee MC gets into it (into it)
But remember, you forced me to do it

Yo, now you know
And no one's have to battle
Slime