

## Slave 2 The Rhythm

MC Lyte

Why is it that your watch stopped tickin, but you still keep clockin?  
And no matter how hard you jinx, I keep rockin  
Listen, hoe, cause I'm the lyte one  
And if you're lookin for a fight, you found the right one  
(They call me lyte)  
(And I'm a slave to the rhythm)  
(Funky fresh, dressed to impress, ready to party)

I'm not a procrastinator, or a instigator  
But when it comes to dope rhymes on the mic, I'm the creator  
I never look for trouble, but somehow it finds me  
But yo, I just conquer it, and leave it all behind me  
The l-y-t-e, very outspoken  
And when I rock a rhyme, sometimes I leave you chokin  
I'm mc lyte, comin live and direct  
I never lose a battle, cause I always come correct  
In any case I win, again and again  
You see lyte is at the top till the very end  
And even though I may be short, believe, I don't take none  
Try your luck and we'll see who will get done  
I mean immediately, like quick fast  
Don't turn your back, cause this mic'll be in your ass  
And don't take what I say too lightly  
I beat you, defeat you so quietly  
Sneak up and hit you like a fuckin tornado  
Cause in the rap field lyte's the fuckin a/k/a doe  
The capital l, the y to the e  
Shit, give me room and I'll slay an mc  
Whether it's in a crowd, or on the sneak tip  
I wax you and your posse watch you trip and flip  
As you drop the mic, cause you don't have the gift  
To rip a style, fast or slow  
(Why, lyte? ) too busy hoein it, sniffin up blow

Don't get mad, it's just a talent I was given  
What I'm sayin, I'm a slave to the rhythm

Bein that I'm dissin, I was reminiscin  
You was at my show, yo, you was on a mission  
(Yo, what you tellin me, lyte? ) she was ass-kissin  
No show, you hoe, no work, you jerk  
(Cool, lyte, I think her feelings are hurt)  
Alright, I'll chill and I'll come to my senses  
But next time you diss, think of the consequences  
Yo, I am no joke, I'm sharp like barbwire  
Try to touch me, yo, you're bound to catch a fire  
I never lose my cool, but if I do, yo, you're lost  
I be forced to show and prove exactly who's the boss  
Who gets the income and then some  
I don't diss you for the money, I diss you for the fun

Don't get mad, it's just a talent I was given  
What I'm sayin, I'm a slave to the rhythm

It took a whole album for you to try and diss me  
And ha-ha-ha, slum bitch, you still missed me  
But yo, I'm off the dissin tip, cause that takes no creation

I'm into other things that bring me accommodation  
So I rap about funny things, or issues that are serious  
Sometimes I rap a topic that leave my people curious  
And other times I diss to put one in their place  
If I diss you on wax, then I will diss you to your face  
Some say I'm foul, and they don't like the way I'm livin  
But yo, ask me if I care  
I'm just a slave, I'm just a slave, I'm just a slave  
To the goddamn rhythm

(They call me lyte)  
(And I'm a slave to the rhythm)  
(Funky fresh, dressed to impress, ready to party)  
'Gangstress', don't make me laugh  
Ha-ha-ha  
And keep your eyes on this  
And keep your eyes on this  
(They call me lyte)  
(And I'm a slave to the rhythm)  
(Funky fresh, dressed to impress, ready to party)