

Want What I Got

MC Lyte

I can rock a party with a glass of Hennessey
I know I make y'all sick with the way I boogie
My fake ass friends wanna hang out tonight
I'll tell 'em follow me then I'll ditch 'em at the light

I see 'em at the club, they wanna know why I'm whilin'
'Cause I smoke weed now I'm high like a pilot
Spendin' more cheese than you throw on a salad
Hand me my mike, if you 'bout it, then I'm 'bout it

Mmmm, yea I'm 'bout it
Don't doubt it, don't doubt it
I'm the MC Lyte but boo please don't crowd me
'Cause my security might get rowdy
Make 'em punch you out and watch your vision go cloudy

Now all you freaks wanna speak 'cuz I'm back
Stick to your gossip like the glue to your tracks
I never liked your ass, by the way, 'cuz you're wack
Give a dog a bone so here's a Lyte snack

Yo, yo
Want what I got? Come through then
You at home wit' a safe you ain't got nothin' in
Ask how I got it and keep it comin' in
From hustlin', doublin' and publishin'

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Used to be a rookie singin' Latti Datti
Now me and Missy beco rockin' the party
Flooded Movado, ain't I fly though
Never let 'em see you comin', that's my motto

I'm on it, I'm on it, I had the nigga goin'
Said I was a hot tomali, mind blowin'
It's crucial, how some folks get bourgeois
Or bourgeois, did I lose you or did you lose me?

Either way we miles apart
I'm hittin' the ribbon, you at the start
I'm never, ever, ever, gonna let you think
That your shit don't stink

So don't come around here thinkin' you can't get it
You'll be the first to admit it
How you got punked by hip hop's greatest
Missy and Lyte bringin' you the latest, yo, yo

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I treat niggas like they my hoe
Blaze ?em then I go, straight to the Nikko
Meet another Puerto Rico
Cute like tico, copy me like kinko

You know I?ma freak, yo
I don?t love them amigos
I?m straight to their pockets
Bow all their sockets

I?m plush like carpet
They wanna stick the target
I don?t give a fuck what you rock
'Cuz you see what I got, you want what I got

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