

MC Lyte, Kickin' 4 Brooklyn

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)

[VERSE 1]

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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[VERSE 2]

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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[VERSE 3]

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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(Boom) (cha-cha-cha-cha-cha-cha-cha-chack)