

Ms. Dynamite, Dy-Na-Mi-Tee (Remix)

(Ms. Dynamite)

Yo I'm the same little girl that grew up next door to you
Went through all the things a teenage girl goes through
Hangin' out all night breakin my curfew
When my daddy hit the door I gave my mumma the blues
Use 2 spend my time blazing, lazing days away
Thought I was grown left home at 15 didn't want to obey
Had 2 get my act together couldn't take the heat
And now I'm making beats for the streets

(Chorus: Ms. Dynamite)

I'm Ms. Dy-na-mi-tee
I stay blowin' up ur stereo everybody gotta hear me though
I'm just Ms. Dy-na-mi-tee
Hear me bussin' on da radio
Now feel my flow you get me though
I'm Ms. Dy-na-mi-tee
See me bouncin' in da video
And I come to rock the show
I'm Ms. Dy-na-mi-tee
Everybody loose control
Let my vibe touch your soul

(Ms. Dynamite)

I remeber all the house parties that took place
Being in my bed upstairs and we could still feel the base
And my cousins and my brothers we'd sit up all night
Listenin' to my family vibin' till the mornin' light
Remember Sunday school and after go to grandmas for lunch
Macaroni, rice and peas, chicken and pineapple punch
Never had much, my mum brother sister and me
But love was enough to succeed

(Chorus)

(Nas)

Since I came in the game
I started putting faces with names
Animals, goons, planning your doom
They come for your change
Pulling hammers, big as Woolly Mammoths
To make you extinct, I wait and I think
I plan with a mastermind effort
I make paper, stretch it
Escape court cases, yup, connected--
With law firms, nope, I'm never arrested--
For small things or listen to small terms
All day, I'm every year
New LPs, I want more burn
My auburn forearm hairs stand up
I get goosebumps, in Coupes with the top down
I'm Grey Goose'd up
My man's got bullets in him doctors can't touch
Diamond hand cuffs
Truth-telling, true felons, move your frame
To the sounds of Ms. Dynamite, ladies do the same
Crystal at night or not
I'm still feeling right on the block
Something fresh for the summer, why not?

(Chorus)