

MC Lyte, Cold Rock A Party

Intro:

To the L, to the Y and the T to the E
So get ready cause I want everybody to say this with me
Rock the house, rock the house, rock the house

Chorus:

Now I cold rock a party in a b-girl stance
I rock on the floor make the fellas wanna dance
I be the shit and it's all good and if you understood

Verse One:

Would you stop scheming and trying to look hard
I get my bodyguard, You get that booty scarred, I'm a veteran
which means that I've been in the game too long
Since the days of Paper Thin way back when I've been putting it
down ask your homies who's the baddest bitch on this side of
the M I C, I go for broke, Never giving it less than the best
Lots of years in the game at your request, You like the rhyme
Bite if you dare, I get the paper so I don't care, Fly that's me
The epitome of what a real MC is supposed to be, Fucking you up
everytime that I drop, Fuck a bullet baby, I done took your spot
I guide the best and I ride it well and if you take a look
it ain't hard to tell that I

Chorus (repeat)

Back off me and let my skin breathe, Lyte is everlasting
it's hard to believe I shall prevail cause I'm next to none
Cause I'm claiming no set, Don't plan to get down
Just Brooklyn is where I'm from but I'm resting in Studio City
for the fun, if you don't understand just say you don't (nah!)
and don't wait for me to explain cause I won't
You see it's in my nature to be the best, West to East
See East to West, ready or not I have arrived and I'm live
Showing an MC how to survive. Cause it's crazy how I
get you captured with my tactics, I got many witnesses
that can back this ruffnecks from New York to LA
Been down with me since Poor George
It's '96 -- it's all about show and prove and I'm about to
make the ill type moves, I guide the best and ride it well
and if you take a look it ain't hard to tell that I

Chorus (repeat)

Get out my shit, Please let me be, I don't see why -- you KGB
Why you gotta be all up on me like that, Trying to get over
like a fat rat, but I understand -- I'm a woman in the land of hip-hop
And the shit don't stop, it goes on, on, on, on
You see the shit don't stop till the break of dawn
And now who makes it liver than a hip-hop, scuba diver, chillin with
a pina colada, kidada hooked me up with Tommy now I gotta
lot of gear from everywhere that I'd like to share (yeah right!)
But I'd rather do Kani, Don't ask why! 5001, my son gets shit done
All on the catwalk, What they've ever done for you
You betta get down with your real crew, Cause I ride the beat
and I ride it well and if you take a look it ain't hard to tell that I

Chorus (repeat)

To the L, to the Y, and the T, to the E
Rock the house and rock the house

