

# MC Lyte, In My Business

[Missy]

Hahaha, introducing MC Lyte

[MC Lyte]

I think I need a sound check

Hit me with a sound check

Yea, now what about that dope stuff

Alright now, gimme an 8-0 (8-0, 8-0, 8-0)

[Missy]

Uh uh uh uh uh uh uh

Yo, 1-2

Uh, MC Lyte (yea)

You don't know (yea)

Ficky ficky, oh you don't know

[MC Lyte - Verse One]

On the regular they guessin' how the Lyte get down

Nevermind that, nigga you better watch your mouth

Keep snoopin' and you bound to hit a brick

Get out the crack of my ass all up in my shiznit

To you nosey Nikki and you Peepin' Tom

So, you know I about to drop the Brooklyn Bomb

7 and 7 is 14, 1 and 4 is 5

But none of that matters if your ass ain't alive

You could care less about the records I se;;

You just wanna know I tried but I fell

But even on your best day and on my worst

I'll still be first, without the need to rehearse

[Missy Elliott singing - CHORUS]

Why you up in my business?

Find somethin' better to do

Why you talkin' about me?

I ain't say shit out you

Forgive me for my attitude

But I got something to say

Y'all better not f\*\*k with me

'cause I had a bad day

[MC Lyte - Verse Two]

Y'all must really think I the host of the freakshow

Got me taggin' piranhas I don't even know

Got me swimmin' in waters, gettin' caught in fishnet

Got me hooked up wit' folks I ain't never even met

Now y'all so busy tryin' to market this

I guess yo stupid ass forgot who started this

But I about to ransack you make your memory

Come back to you, let all my true niggas jack you

Talkin' 'bout the Lyte like you gettin' paid for it

Better wish for your own and get out my business

Besides I too quick and pigeons oughta know

By the time you get the info, it was two years ago

Aside from that I too swift to catch

Don't pay to chase the joint, you can light the match

And everybody knows I too quick to flip the latch

It ain't many that can even say they been attached

[Repeat CHORUS]

[Missy rapping - Verse Three]

I heard a lotta y'all runnin' round

Ain't none of y'all this supa dupa fly

Supa Dupa as I

Fly, fly across the sky  
Cut you like pie  
Me and, me and MC Lyte  
'cause you wack  
Straight from the jump, yea you wack  
Better get back  
I can I can f\*\*k wit?that  
I ain sayin?jack  
la just smack you ross your face so deep that youl never talk back

[Repeat CHORUS]

[Missy talking - Verse Four]  
Why you up in my business  
Find something better to do  
Why you talkin?out me  
I ain said shit about you (uh)  
Forgive me for my attitude  
But I got something to say  
Yall better not f\*\*k with me  
'cause I had a bad day  
Ficky-ficky check me out  
Uh uh, uh (repeats through chorus)