

# MC Lyte, Kamikaze

Outside of me, you try to picture me  
Young and black, that ain't no mystery  
But inside runs deep like an ocean  
You couldn't understand if I spoke in slow motion  
I'm tryin like hell to get some results  
But you can bet your ass that it's difficult  
They try to keep it down, because I talk to a beat  
in other words, because I try to TEACH  
But if I talk that yang-yang shit  
like &quot;U Can't Touch This,&quot; that shit'll hit  
Don't we have any morals anymore?  
Or did rap take the toll out the fuckin door?  
Well if it did, hardcore's back to claim it  
I'ma take it, change it, FUCK IT, rename it  
I got the plan, now let's make it effective  
You hip-hoppers you GOT to be selective  
And stop lettin that BULLSHIT slide for rap  
Can't you see that it's a brainwash.. trap?  
I rap a Cha Cha Cha, and I sat and watched  
You liked that shit, you rock around the fuckin clock  
But when I talk of education, you fear that  
Drugs and such, you don't wanna hear that  
First I pleased you, now I teach you  
DON'T YOU DARE try to bite the hand that'll lead you  
to the pot of gold, over the rainbow  
Lyte'll guide you, I know the way to go  
So just close your eyes and just take my hand  
Remember MC Lyte has the master plan  
We can go THICK, in a posse  
You ain't said nuttin slick, I'm goin kamikaze

..

Inside of me, you try to picture me  
Can you detect, can you see I'm angry?  
Well usually Lyte don't get upset  
But when I see wack shit gettin pressed I get VEXED  
Turn on the video -- what's this mess?  
A disgrace to rap and I'm not impressed  
So just leave, get out my domain  
You lame sucker, you fuckin no-name  
Takin up my airtime, with that  
WEAK WHACK FULL OF FULL OF BULLSHIT RHYME  
so step off ROACH, or get stepped upon  
Because my rhymes they spray like D-Con 4  
Do you want more?  
Cause I floor.. ANY emcee  
that wanna gets with me  
So yo, pack your bags, and skedaddle  
Just walk, cause you don't wanna battle  
I got the button that'll get rid of wack emcees  
It's called the Brooklynizer, have you beggin on your knees  
So quit takin up space on the CD rack  
You better prepare, cause Lyte gives no slack  
Inside of me, dwells a hundred maniacs  
Waitin for the kickoff, waitin for attack  
Who gives a FUCK?? Bring your posse!  
Cause in the 90's, Lyte is goin kamikaze

..

Inside -- there's no flipside  
Outside there's more than meets the eye  
So now you know, not because you're guessin

But because I told you so, I never fess  
Everyone wants to rap, what's this a wagon?  
Bring your band and hop and start draggin  
All you rappers, you're fuckin impersonators  
Sayin I'll rap now, and learn how to rap later  
No time for that, time is too short  
And the rappin gift it can not be bought  
A solo artist - HAH, you can't be  
Maybe you'll look BETTER with a posse  
But all that you're talkin, you ain't sayin shit!  
So why you where you at? I think you oughta quit  
Posses don't MATTER in the 90's  
Here's a warning -- Lyte is goin kamikaze!