

MC Lyte, Like That Anna

Ain't no other, this is me and this is it
Don't got to get the crowbar to get you up off of my shit
I don't know why though, they try to compare me
Did not you know that you can't get near me
So don't f**k up when identifying the voice
You know from a to z, I'm a first choice
The y to the t, surrounded by the l and the e
Put it together and you got lyte the mc
Deep, deep, deeper than the vein

Of the membrane, squish it, put your ass to sleep
I got octaves, not to sing but to rap so
Give me dap, perhaps admit, that I'm all that
The shit that I write huh, surely chart climbers
Don't try to run, because your mom'll come and find ya
Getcha, gotcha, getcha gotcha getcha gotcha
Break ya break ya punk and f**k that ass in two's
It's like that anna, it's like that anna
I'm not the funny fat one they call roseanne-ah