

MC Lyte, Like That Anna (Interlude)

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 fuck 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 fuck 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