

MC Lyte, Steady Fucking

[INTRO: KRS-One]

Du-du-du-duuu-du-du

You wanna test Lyte?

Are you stupid?

You gotta be out of your f**kin mind!

MC Lyte is THE DON!

Come down, MC Lyte, seen

Dirty bitch, you dirty, dirty bitch...

(Roxanne Shant?is only good for steady f**king) (6x) --> KRS-One
Go, go, go, go...

(You done insulted me
And I got to kick yo ass right now)

[VERSE 1]

So what's up, Big Bahama Mama?

You know where to find me

You could never climb me

So why do you persist

To be placed upon my f**kin hit list

You a low-down dirty loser

Next time I see you, I'ma hit you with my Land Cruiser

You'se a pooh-put, Lyte don't give a f**k

I.U. sayin he laid pipe in that butt?

And in case you didn't know

I been known to f**k up a hoe during a show

So now you wanna play Miss Hardrock

Don't test me, I put up career roadblocks

I heard you're smokin crack, lady

You just had a kid, I guess that makes him a - crack - baby

Whadda ya think?

The 55th nigga you f**ked said your poom-poom stink

Slow down, you're movin too fast

The 56th said he stuck a curling iron up that ass

Now you think you're hot shit

Steppin to Lyte with a limp tryin to pop shit

You're still a loser

No joke, when I see you I'ma hit you with the Cruiser

(Set the bitch on fire
Your f**king days are over)

(Roxanne Shant?is only good for steady f**king) (4x)
Go, go, go, go...

[VERSE 2]

>From upstate New York to way Down South

I heard you do a mic-a-check-a with a dick in your mouth

You're ready for the showdown, the low down

Lyte strikes again, another hoe down

F**kin to you, Shanny, is like a fad

Flippin coins with your mom to see who sucks dad

But wait a second, I heard you're kinda funky

But then again, who's heard of a clean junkie?

How funky of a smell could one woman make?

Yo fellas, I think she need a douche break

(Douche, douche it out - douche break

(Douche, douche it out - douche

(Douche, douche it out - douche break

(Douche, douche it out - douche, douche, douche

(Douche, douche it out - douche break

(Douche, douche it out - I think you need a douche)

Tisk-tisk, what a relief it is
Not to be, not to be, not to be you
Not to be, not to be, not to be you
Or one of those pussy-eatin members of your crew
Cause if your crew was cool, they woulda scooped you
But instead, you let them fool you
Into talkin that bullshit you been talkin
Walkin that stank strut you been walkin
I don't play that, ring around the rosie
Pocket full of posie, red-rum, you dumb, dumb

(We can all be some fightin muthaf**kas in here this evening
Bring your ass, nigga, bring it on, come on)

(Roxanne Shant?is only good for steady f**king) (4x)
Go, go, go, go...

[VERSE 3]

Now let's talk about the grill (the grill)
Now let's talk about the grill (the grill)
Now let's talk about that grill (the grill)
We'd all be dead if looks could kill (ugh)
Now let's talk about your teeth
Shits ain't been straight since you was 8
When you bit into a bad piece of beef
And even for a small fee
You let your uncle get one off while you bonced on his f**kin knee
Now what's my f**kin name?
Left you so far behind, you can't get back into the f**kin game
You must like puttin dough in my pocket
Since '86 my career sky-rocket
Where ya at? (Ah-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha
Ho-ho, hu-hu-hu) - Dumb hoe (Ha-ha-ha)
I got this rap shit locked, sewn, hemmed
While you're hangin from a buddah stem
I do this and that, baby pop, I get residuals
I'm liable to just f**k up you schedule
You'll be sittin on your fat ass another 10 years
Until the coast is clear
So next time they push a rhyme in your hand
You better fully understand who the f**k I am

(At least now we know...)
Dumb
...It's all about Lyte)
Bitch

(Roxanne Shant?is only good for steady f**king) (repeat till end)
Go, go, go, go...