

# MC Lyte, Want What I Got

[Missy]

I can rock a party with a glass of Hennessy  
I know I make yall sick with the way I boogie  
My fake ass friends wanna hang out tonight  
I'll tell m follow me then I'll ditch m at the light  
I see m at the club, they wanna know why I whilin? Cause I smoke weed now I high like a pilot  
Spending more cheese than you throw on a salad  
Hand me my mike, if you out it, then I out it

[MC Lyte]

Mmmm, yea I out it  
Don't doubt it, don't doubt it  
I the MC Lyte boo but please don't crowd me  
Cause my security might get rowdy  
Make m punch you out and watch your vision go cloudy  
Now all you freaks wanna speak 'cause I back  
Stick to your gossip like the glue to your tracks  
I never liked your ass, by the way, 'cause you wack  
Give a dog a bone so here a Lyte snack

[Mocha - CHORUS]

Yo yo (yo) want what i got  
Come through then  
You at home wit? a safe you ain got nothin?in  
Ask how I got it and keep it comin?in  
&gt;From hustlin? doublin?and publishin?(publishin?)  
Want what I got  
Come through then  
You at home wit? a safe you ain got nothin?in (nothin?in)  
Ask how I got it and keep it comin?in  
&gt;From hustlin? doublin?and publishin?

[MC Lyte - Verse Two]

Used to be a rookie singin? Latti Datti  
Now me and Missy beco-rockin? the party  
Flooded Movado ain I fly though  
Never let m see you comin? that my motto  
I on it, I on it, I had the nigga goin? Said I was hot tomali, mind blowin? It crucial, how some folks ge  
Or bourgeois, did I lose you or did you lose me  
Either way we miles apart  
I hittin? the ribbon, you at the start  
I never, ever, ever, gonna let you think  
That your shit don't stink  
So don't come around here thinkin? you can get it  
You'll be the first to admit it  
How you got punked by hip-hop greatest  
Missy and Lyte bringin? you the latest, yo yo

[Repeat CHORUS]

[Missy]

I treat niggas like they my hoe  
Blaze m then I go  
Straight to the Nikko  
Meet another Puerto Rico  
Cute like tico  
Copy me like kinko  
You know la freak, yo  
I don't love them amigos  
I straight to their pockets  
Bow all their sockets  
I plush like carpet  
They wanna stick the target  
I don't give a f\*\*k what you rock  
'cause you see what I got, want what I got

[Repeat CHORUS]

[Mocha]  
Want what I got

[Repeat CHORUS]