

# Lord Finesse, Brainstorm/P.S.K.-No Gimmicks Re

(feat. KRS-One, O.C.)

Now we found out, some time ago□that if you take a whole group of really□  
superbad dudes, and hang em in together□they'll make some music whether or not □  
somebody else thought it was hip or not.□

You know, they be OK.

You dig?□

Somebody's got to start it.

[Verse One: O.C.]

It's like me against anyone

First full verse is spontaneous, combustion thrusts me

No rapper can dust me

Bounced upon the scene with a theme, Word...Life

I cut fantasy out cause I differ from a dream

Wisdom lies deep in my molecules, you assumed

I fell victim to, hip-hop blues

You way off I stay on tour often rockin spots

on the California coast, range you know back to Boston

Enforcin my theory, leavin rappers teary-eyed

Fly most who came and thought they had stride

You accustomed to cussin and bluffin fussin for nothin

Half of y'all crumbs are just soft like muffins

I bake, masterpieces, sharper thesis

Y'all candy coated motherfuckers stink like feces

Needless to say, are these running shoes yours?

You retreated when I gave out head for wars

My microphone set is immensely brick wall

Solid in and out you slept so now snore

Who got my back, you ask Lord and BlastMaster

Unorthodox, combinations from the masters

Mics I menace, when it's finished

You get an understanding of what we bringin, no gimmicks

[Verse Two: Lord Finesse]

My decision is precision, I'm ill in ways you can't vision

I got niggaz worshipping Lord Finesse like religion

You can't fuck around, you're kiddin

You don't want no collision, you better fly South like a pigeon

Good riddance, I flip flows you can't imagine

I break down your Flintstone style, into fragments

So pay attention to the man rappin

Don't think that it can't, I'm livin proof, it can happen

I reign supreme logical, verbally, I drop it in ways

that you never dreamed possible

So lyrically, I personally figure

That my Harvard style, is too deep for you nursery niggaz

When I clutch the mic, I'm comin rough and right

I build more than them workers on construction sights

I'm skilled at it, I'm Illmatic

So yes answers your question if you ask me do I still have it

I'm the realest, the illest

Comin out the woodwork, like them homos in the Village

But seriously, I'm got the remedy

If I's at the bottom of the toilet

you niggaz still couldn't shit on me

Originally, it's the same the vet

I'm on that get rich list, but they didn't call my name yet

I make it special like a prom night I bomb mics

while other brothers are old news like Walter Kronkite

It's critical, you got these Xerox individuals

But word life, it ain't nothin like the original

I wreck kids, that's my theory and perspective  
When it comes to hip-hop, I'm on the case like detectives  
You better step to the next man  
Cause the greatest soccer player couldn't kick it like Finesse can

[Verse Three: KRS-One]

This is the scientific extra-prolific terrific  
mystic simplistic metaphysic, no gimmick type lyric  
When you hear it or hear me, runnin through the scrimmages  
You see images, affecting your sight to make you go  
(Yo there he is! No there he is!) No here he is  
Rockin your superiors, in your hardest area  
Your lyrical skills are inferior  
It's because your video that they cheer for ya  
I'll take care of ya, quickly, cause I cannot take it  
Your weak head needs to be decapitated  
Cause you fake it  
If your heart was caffeine, well you're now decaffeinated  
You scream battle but it's the end of your career  
you anticipate it, I hate it Career ended, how splendid  
For wack MC's I come doctor recommended

Haha! You know whassup when Lord Finesse up in the piece  
All you wack ass rappers better go rewrite your album  
O.C. in the house, KRS in the house, yeah  
New York style in the house, yeah  
BDP crew in the house, YEAH...