

# Lord Finesse, Pull Ya Card

[VERSE 1: Lord Finesse]

I wonder how brothers' heads are screwed on  
When they frontin around town with the next man jewels on  
Talkin 'bout they could've been a star  
Sportin turned off beepers, drivin around in rented cars  
That only happens in America  
When you catch a brother frontin with a turned off cellular  
Out there tryin to jingle  
Like he's the muthafuckin man and got a knot full of singles  
And always half-steppin  
Cause even at a dice game niggas gotta start ass-bettin  
They have the whole plan plotted  
Till you say, "Celo, everybody pay up," they yell: ("My man gotta")  
Kickin game at random  
His favorite line is: ("Don't worry, I'ma hit you off when my man come")  
And how claim he got power  
When he doesn't have a pot to piss in or a window to throw it out of  
And always frontin like the other kids  
Not a dime to his name and still livin in his mother's crib  
So why you're frontin like you're large?  
Don't front on me, nigga, I pull your muthafuckin card

[CHORUS x4]

[Large Professor] Pull they cards, yo, tell em how you feel  
I gotta lay it on down (on the real to real)

[VERSE 2: Lord Finesse]

Nowadays hoes is ahead of ya  
(Why you say that?) Cause bitches be frontin on the regular  
For instance, take the neighborhood freak  
Let her get a outfit and her hair done and the bitch won't speak  
Frontin and actin all fly  
But pull up in a 535 and homegirl'll be like: ("Hi...")  
Girls kick the same old song  
(As long as he got money everything is alright) Wrong  
Yo, she's all out of order  
When she barely keeps a quarter lookin for a brother to support her  
Hangin out and she stay frontin  
Wear the tightest shit and get mad when a muthafucka say somethin  
Catch homegirl walkin through  
And be like: ("What's up shorty?") She be like: ("Who you think you talkin to?")  
Me, I'm quick to say, "Walk, hoe"  
And save that conversation for a talk show  
You wanna know what Finesse think?  
I don't give sluts enough to make they muthafuckin breath stink  
Especially when they frontin like stars  
I shout ya out, bitch, and pull your muthafuckin card

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: Lord Finesse]

Nowadays you got jerks frontin  
The softest niggas talkin 'bout they wanna hurt somethin  
Matter of fact, I know plenty of frauds  
The way brothers act, they deserve muthafuckin Emmy Awards  
Nowadays brothers ruin rap  
With all this murder and the killin when them niggas don't be doin that  
You startin to bore me, fellas  
Y'all ain't murderers, but yo, y'all great fuckin storytellers  
I speak what I feel  
And if niggas ain't real, then keep they fuckin lip sealed  
Because they front like vandals  
Runnin all them scandals when they softer than Tevin Campbell  
("I kill a nigga") That's what most say

When they wouldn't shoot a fly off the wall if they had a can of roach spray  
So why you're frontin like you're hard?  
Don't front on me, nigga, I pull your muthafuckin card