

Lord Finesse, Back To Back Rhyming

[Finesse]

Yeah...just about now in the studio, I'm cooling out with Scratchmaster Rahiem, Andre the Giant, my DJ Mike Smooth, Shlomo on the engineering tip, my man DJ Premier from Gangstarr...We're gonna kick this off something funky for this track, know what I'm saying?

Now when it comes to rhymes, I'll drop a swift one
(They'll be another rough rhyme after this one' - Rakim)

I'm the rap senator, ake about ten of ya
The best MC on the southeast perimeter
Equipped to flip with the slip of a lip
So dance, hop, or skip or shake your hips
Cause I'll wax and tax, eat ya up like a Kit Kat
Don't even riff back, I ain't with that
Skillful sharp with the words of an index
Spark and glow MC's like Windex
Swifter, faster, microphone master
Lord Finesse writes rhymes by the chapter
Adapt to rap but I won't even break yet
So damn hype that I might blow your tape deck
Full grown, stoned to the bone
Write rhymes and poems just to get known
Superior sargeant, take your whole squadren
Toast MC's, eat em up with margin
Cause I'm smart like Einstein, I say the fly lines
I get funky while you play the sidelines
Here to take care of you, never sound terrible
Ready equipped, cause I'm always available
To rag, snag, and rip the mic
Cause me and Dre will get ya hyped
On top in rank and I plan to stay there
The funkiest poet out since Shakespeare
Take note of this soloist, cause I'm a pro at this
Even make the crippled want to get up and go to this
Now MC's try to get rid of me
But, I won't fall in negativity
Cause I'm well respected, Lord that's majestic
Rhymes are written by thoughts that's selected
Released in public, but not as a subject
Many are below it but not quite above it
Dre my brother, drop the know how
One, two three, here we go now

[A.G.]

Finesse, it's my turn to kick a swift one
(They'll be another rough rhyme after this one' - Rakim)
You know an MC, well tell him to hybernate
Cause Dre Smooth is flowing at a liver rate
You knock em out the box, I'm knocking niggas out
You fear the Giant, well money live it out
I'm not a punk, far from a chump
You sleep at all, and you will fall from the top bunk
I'm dropping math, science, and all that other shit
Step in the studio, it's just another hit
Take about ten from beginning to end
Don't mean to brag, but I am what I am
And that's a mean machine, a dream machine
You say, "Golly Polly, Dre's a jolly green
Giant" and you're not half or even semi
You say "Is he?" I say "Am I?"
The one you fear cause it's near
The time for your death so step to the rear
Now get off, let off, step off cause you're soft
Stop blushing i'm rushing/Russian like Mikael Gorbechov
Special tactics, you can't hack this
Brothers ain't half stepping, they're walking backwards

You can't get near, if you do, you're near here
Stepping to me like a man in a wheelchair
Pressure's like a new pearl, you're in a new world
I run with just a pen like a Catholic schoolgirl
Back in the first grade, thought you had it made
Got a tounge twister to catch a tounge blister
Sally sells seashells down by the seashore
How much wood could a woodchuck chuck more
No more twisters, for blisters Blistex
Now you're confused, you what's this, what's next
Tables rotate, you will go rate
Try to locate, but Dre won't negotiate
Slaughter toys say boys what's the science
You shugged your shoulders and quote "Andre's a Giant"
[Finesse]
Yeah, that was crazy funky. Yo, like I said, we two brothers just getting
crazy funky in the studio and we gonna drop it like this...see ya!