

# Lord Finesse, Fat For The 90s

Suckas out there better pray and shout for help  
When it comes to skills on the mic, I'm out for self  
Finesse is dangerous, so those who came to fuss  
Will fuck around and get smoked like angel dust  
Swift with the gift when I'm dropping my shit  
I do shows, collect the dough, grab a hoe, then I split  
I'm not the brother to riff and get raw with  
I grab the mic and get funky as dog shit  
Many try to bore me and harm me  
So what you got an army? you're all washed up like laundry  
It's lord finesse, the rap phenomenom  
I take this more serious than a muslim do rhamadan  
I get loose and stop brothers with the quickness  
I'm so cool I put fans out of business  
Suckas try to to copy and beat me  
They try to see me, but it's not that easy  
They should take shit slowly, because they don't know me  
I'm on the down low, that means I play low key  
But at a party, I'm quick to rag a mic  
And brothers can't see me with a satellite  
So those who want to battle me, step up lively  
A bad motherfucker is a few words to describe me  
I raise instead of sinking, I use my head for thinking  
I'm leaving opponents all dead and stinking  
I kick game, I got more than a small rap  
I drop facts on tracks, shit I'm all that  
Whether foreign or american, I come better than  
Any specialist or any rap veteran  
I'm a brother with skills and a good rep  
That's why all the players want to follow my footsteps  
So when you hear me, don't come compare me to all the rest  
They might be good, but they ain't fucking with lord finesse  
Whether you're old or a rapper with a new name  
I'll bust that ass and send you home on the 2 train  
So don't come here looking for a bargain, troop  
I get looser than a freak in a jogging suit  
I'm quick to send a nigga home in stitches  
Don't sing and dance, but I still get the bitches  
So don't ever diss the smooth rap terrorist  
I get paid each year to come back and write better shit  
Me getting done? now that's a hot one  
It's like throwing a rock at a man with a shotgun  
Then you wonder why rappers get murdered fast  
They talking trash but yet haven't heard the half  
They don't understand it  
Cause I'm living gigantic, and I'm the best, goddammit  
Now you know who's on who's jock  
When it comes to rhyming I get funkier than an old pair of tube socks  
You can't fuck with finesse, pal  
And when I'm done with ya, send your man for the next round  
Andre the giant, tell me how ya living  
(get on down to the old slick rhythm)

[Andre the Giant]

You said I wasn't ready, joke's on you, jack  
Because I'm the giant, but before it was who's that?  
I don't get girls that's hard to imagine  
You be pulling witches, I get the bitches from the beauty pagent  
It ain't hard to tell, ain't had enough yet?  
Cause you're wet and I still haven't bust a sweat  
I'm a fat cat, you're just a kitten  
Leaving chumps in a slump, because the punks ain't hitting  
You're low budget, and my skills are so rugged  
I make peace, but you wanna keep beef, so fuck it

Round up the best mc's and confront me  
One on one, they gets done, they better jump me  
Me against your crew, now that's a fair fight  
Me get done one on one? yeah right  
Come on and face reality  
I get hype and pull out a can of brutality  
You'll get knocked in the first round, you won't even get to brag  
And ask your girl do the giant got the gift of gab?  
Slit her off, hit her off on the first date  
Sex, no lies, and plenty of videotape  
Why didn't you step, yeah you had the chance  
To face an avalanche, but you'd rather dance  
Cause you know the consequences  
To anybody that's comp but just romp and stomp them senseless  
Cause I speak with a hypertone  
The baddest motherfucker to ever hold a microphone  
The mic's in my hands, raise your arms, god  
Me and finesse on the same team? come on, that's a bomb squad  
Got the things that's wanted by every girl  
Mack daddy without the caddy or the jheri curls  
You got game like me? I doubt it  
They say pimping ain't easy...what's so hard about it?  
In front of crowds to get lots of cheers  
He's finesse, I'm a.g. and I'm the fuck up out of here

Yeah, fat for the 90's, money