

# Lord Finesse, Funky On The Fast Tip

"Man oh man. The boy done found something funky and don't know what to do. I think you should set it off right now. Set it off."

I'm a get paid for the 1990's  
I don't care who likes me or who stands behind me  
The man to peep off a week so don't sleep  
From shades to streets I still go one deep  
Save that off the wall bullshit you can have, son  
Fuck around, grab the mic, you catch a bad one  
I come correct and strapped to bust the ill raps  
Me take a loss to who? You oughta kill that  
Back up, slap up, give a brother some head room  
Hype on the mic, amazing in the bedroom  
Girls like me because I'm straight and don't sidestep  
I do shit Jack Lalaine ain't tried yet  
Ask any female, betcha she'll say I'm good  
That's why I'm Finesse, porno star of the neighborhood  
Yeah, cause I kick slicker raps  
It's Lord Finesse, so bow and tip your hat  
And make way, because I get plenty say  
Those who don't like me, I don't give a shit anyway  
When it comes to lyrics, I always find something  
To make brothers press the rewind button  
I'm a get mine, rappers what you gonna do?  
Cause you couldn't see me if you wanted to  
Get who you want, shit you can call the cops  
But for now, I'm getting all my props  
I reign terror, whatever's clever  
I'm cooler than the Mack and Shaft put together  
So chill, don't try to get ill, dummy  
Me get stomped by who? Be for real, money  
I'm not having it so run and get your best groups  
You see why they call me Lord Finesse, troop  
I eat em like sandwiches, send them home in bandages  
Give me a mic, I show you what doing damage is  
Nice swift and, deeper than quicksand  
I'm taking out opponents like a hitman  
I get the crowd hype like assorted drug  
It's Lord Finesse, who the fuck you thought it was?  
I lounge and chill but still can get ill, I'm  
Live and real with skills beyond skills  
I thought you knew from the get-go  
I'm cool as the whole nine, but that don't mean shit, though  
I'm unstoppable, able to rock a crew  
Do the impossible and put my opponents in the hospital  
Many can't hang when I flow and take off  
The said to give it up, had to bag and break north  
Before they get schooled like a sophomore  
Lord Finesse is the man to look out for  
I got cash, the cuties, the red boats  
Try to take mine, fuck around, you get your head flown  
I take independently, roll like there's ten of me  
That's why I'm one of the smoothest in the industry  
I'm dropping MC's on the pavement  
Cause my entertainment will leave all in amazement  
Skills I kick to show many I'm real swift  
I got shit that opponents can't deal with  
Even though there's competition, I don't worry  
I dust opponents quick fast in a hurry  
Tracks I analyze, destroy, and vandalize  
Even I must admit, shit, goddamn I'm fly  
So I don't mind for those trying to get with me  
But try dissing me, that ass will be history

Peace to the brothers and sisters that's behind me  
Lord Finesse bagging shit for the 90's