Lord Finesse, Here I Come

"I got something to say, man, you dig? I mean, you cats been up
there rappin ain't said nothin about the real thing, you know
what I mean? I got something to say, man"
Lord Finesse is the brother who's talking
And this is somethin funky to pump in your walkman
So watch me, troop, and pay attention as I get down
Get funky and kick some real shit now
The rap professional, so intellectual
Go against me and I'll get the best of you
Cause gettin funky is no coincidence
Finesse can flow to any musical instrument
But I'm better for, my skill's the metaphor
I can get loose and flow like a reservoir
Or the Nile river, maybe the Amazon
I'm the brother that you should have the cameras on
I'm not the type to go out the way others do
Finesse fall off? You must be on a drug or two
Cause MC's try they best to flow and catch the
L-o-r-d F-i-n-e-double s-e
I'ma get raw and score, then I'm outta here
This is like a classroom, any volunteers?
Yeah, I thought so, you better stay frozen
I can kick a tune like my man Beethoven
I got strategy, none is as bad as me
I'm the funky brother that many are glad to see
On a platform, stage, or in public
Lord Finesse is gettin funky on the subject
"Here I come" "A slick brother with a fade and a half-moon" (Repeat 2x)
Now watch the pro as I perform and rock the show
Do with ease what others find impossible
Cause I'm so damn fly, so just stand by
In a fight I beat rappers by a landslide
Cause I hit hard, make em run and discharge
Best believe Finesse is gonna get large
And swifter, fresher, better than ever
Yeah, etcetera, etcetera
I'm filled with action cause I'm so spectacular
Yet I flow smooth like a Benz or a Acura
A man of skill and high fidelity
I'm a funky brother, so what is you telling me?
Many rappers step on a stage like it's a star search
To be funky it takes crazy hard work
They try to flip and skip to the wack sound
But I play the stage while others play the background
And since I rhyme quick many get crushed fast
I sport a fade, half moon, and now a moustache
I'm ready, set to step
And come correct, in full effect
Yeah, I'm makin things funky
"Here I come" "A slick brother with a fade and a half-moon" (Repeat 4x)
Now I rock the hip-hop to reach the tip-top
So see and believe as I proceed to rip shop
Rhymes are handmade, smooth like mayonnaise
Cut you up so bad you need more than a band aid
Make MC's forfeit, think they lost it
Get over-exhausted, I rock the raw shit
Bust it, peep it, rhymes are top secret
Me gettin swift on the mic, that's done frequent
I tell MC's to get lost when I get pissed off
You think I'm wack? Well, you got to think criss-crossed
Will and able, far from a fable
MC's I disable, make em stand stable
I burn and weld you, beat and expel you
I'm out to tell you, I put you on Bellevue

Hospital, now I did the impossible
I'm Lord Finesse cause I'm so remarkable
I'm so bad, I make MC's go mad
They can't deal with my style of vocab
I'll rip and bust that, make MC's hushed at
And when I'm finished y'all will say "Yo, who was that
brother?" Cause I'm a bad motherfucker
Rhymes so swift, parallel to no other
I'm the Funky Technician kicking a fresh rhyme
Lord Finesse sayin peace till the next time
"Here I come" "A slick brother with a fade and a half-moon" (Repeat til fade