

# 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)