

# Lord Finesse, Isn't He Something

Once again it's the man with the flavor  
It's Lord Finesse so run and tell your neighbors  
So stop sleeping and check out the style I'm freaking  
I stomp opponents and give hoes the silent treatment  
Forget striking out, I'm hitting grand slams  
Taking opponents off the stage like the Sandman  
After Apollo I'm the one to follow now  
I kick the shit that biters can't swallow down  
Mics get lit up as soon as I get up  
Opponents I hit up, make em quit and want to give up  
I'm kicking a party like kung fu  
Snatching all the girls as soon as I say "One two"  
Brothers think I'm new, but they're dead for instance  
I was into rap before they could form a sentence  
I'm finally getting mine after coming up the far way  
So nowadays I just lounge and parlay  
I'm hip to music, whether jazz or country  
I'm the type to make anything sound funky  
I like to talk and shout and go and flow  
Ayo, some brothers just don't know  
That I can take on any played out wack style  
Rhymes so deadly you should put them in a crack vile  
I kick a rhyme as soon as you say when  
So hype on the mic, when I finish you say "Amen"  
I'm not the type to go around fronting  
Ayo, they don't call me Lord Finesse for nothing

"It's the L-O-R-D F-I-N-E double S-E"  
"All the party people say isn't he something" [x2]

Here we go, it's the grand imperial  
With the hip material to blow your stereo  
I sound different and my shit be hitting  
It's the Funky Technician pay attention, listen  
I flow smoothly like a scene in a movie  
Girls that choose me say that I'm a cutie  
Rough like a fistfight when I'm holding this mic  
So keep your lips tight if you can't keep your shit tight  
You can't beat this, better yet top this  
I hold the crowd like Saddam hold a hostage  
I get ferocious so I approach this  
The girls are sweet like the cream from a Hostess  
Yeah, I keep the cash flow  
In a fight I throw the first and the last blow  
So those that's yakking you'd better be packing  
I catch a wreck like a whole mob attacking  
I flow with quickness, MC's are too slow to get this  
I preach on the mic like a Jehovah's Witness  
Give me a mic, watch me saw  
Not Daddy Kane or Eddie Murphy, but I get raw  
To different tempos, a fast or a slow one  
Me a wack MC? Well it takes one to know one  
Rhymes with the quickness and swiftness so come and get with this  
Or be about your business  
Always got something to keep the crowd jumping  
Ayo, they don't call me Lord Finesse for nothing

"It's the L-O-R-D F-I-N-E double S-E"  
"All the party people say isn't he something" [x4]

I get loose to make MC's step back  
Brothers try and diss me but I don't sweat that  
I'm able to stop a crew, pass any obstacle  
I'm not Bobby Brown, but I still wanna rock with you

Smooth rap maestro, wild like a psycho  
Step to this and get sparked like a light show  
I flip like an acrobat, kicking rhymes back to back  
Even with faster raps there's still more after that  
This is the Funky Technician and the one man  
Who burn MC's quicker than a suntan  
So the days of struggling, that's behind me, son  
I got some shit for that ass in '91  
So step back as I flow onward, man  
Listen, I turn a house party into a concert  
Brothers biting pope, crazy rhymes I wrote  
I don't get mad, that just prove they take notes  
Suckers that lack this can't catch this or match this  
They need practice with they played out tactics  
I stand ahead of them, the smooth rap veteran  
Relieve any crowd like a dose of Exederin  
When it comes to fights with mics I can hold mine  
First album was dope, second one should be a goldmine  
I make party people say "Isn't he something"  
Cause yo, they don't call me Lord Finesse for nothing

"It's the L-O-R-D F-I-N-E double S-E"  
"All the party people say isn't he something" [x4]