

Lord Finesse, Just A Little Something

[Lord Finesse]

Yeah, peace Showbiz
Since you got this beat goin
I'ma drop somethin funky to this track
Now I'm the constabulary, great in vocabulary
I'm no joke, when up against any adversary
Nifty rowdy, best not crowd me
I snuff MC's, I step off and be audi
Wax and tax ya, comin straight at ya
Your girl I snatch her, cause I'm no bachelor
Don't roll up, I got the mic sewed up, cause I'ma grown up
Me sound wack? Wait up, hold up
I'm fresh and no half-stepper, and I bet ya
mess with me, you'll be leavin on a stretcher
Nasty fancy, rap vigilante
Get funky on the mic cause it comes in handy
You can't stomp this, mission accomplished
I burn MC's, and I leave em unconcious
Mystical magical, I'm quite rational
Tell me now, am I little too fast for you?
Smashin dashin, swift and long lastin
Bust the move, cause I'm far from old fashioned
I educate the society, keep the girls eyein me
Change up, switch up, rhymes for my variety
I'ma, fiendish genius, a rap confederate
Call me the Lord, King, or better yet
lyrical artistical, cause I'm original
I'm Lord Finesse, the funky individual
Take my advice, think once or twice
I get stupid crazy nice with a mic device
Now, I say the hype rhymes, make you wanna bite mine
It's eighty-nine and now is the right time
to get hype a microphone maestro
I could drink a 40 but still sound nice though
Picture it, figure it, could never be illiterate
Light and smoke MC's like a cigarette
I'm on the mic with my DJ on the one and two
Mike Smooth, tell me what you gonna do..
Yeah, I wanna give the special shout out
to the 163rd Forest Posse
To the brother Showbiz, my man Andre the Giant
To the brother 40 Ounce, my DJ Mike Smooth
Master Rob, Diamond D, Force One and Two
Gizmo the Magician
To my man Big Tone and Big Joe
Harry O on the ABC Crew
Last but not least
Peace to all brothers from the Hill
Max on out..