

Lord Finesse, Kicking Flavor With My Man

(feat. Percee P)

[Lord Finesse]

Yeah yeah, I got my motherfucking man in the house, you know what I'm saying? Tell 'em your name just about now and shit

[Percee P]

Ayo I'm the Rhyme Inspector MC Percee P

[Lord Finesse]

Now, just about now, we gonna both do this, but I want you to do me a motherfucking favor, you know what I'm saying? (What's that?) Let them motherfuckers know they ain't hearing what you doing right about now, you know what I'm saying?

[Percee P]

Like Mike Tyson I'll bash your face in for basing
Give me some space and I'll put your head out if you get out of place and
Rip you like plastic, don't make me get drastic
Better step fast, quick to get that ass kicked
What could you do to this? I ain't new to this
For you to diss me and come off is ludicrous
I ain't with that, so get back and get that
Wick wack shit out my face before you get smacked
Like a hooker short on my cash
I want all my money, you sonny, I'll put this foot up your ass
I got your bitch all on my dick
I go her panties, her bra, her car and she star in my next flick
It's a triple-X jammie
I rode her like a Camry, damn P, I know you can't stand me
I'm Percee P, P stands for pimp
She gave me head, plus she said that in bed you a dead wimp
He's a goner, working for me on the corner
Locked like a vote, know who to consult if you still wanna
I get devious, treacherous, bet you this
Next verse Perce rehearsed is worse than the previous
Lyrical format leaves your head sore, black
Base and I wipe my feat on you face like a doormat
Percee P, that's who I claim to be
But you're amateurs, you're all the same to me
Yeah, you's a duck and your girl gets fucked
Bout to live it up or giving up her ass for a fast buck
Don't get me upset, B, I'm deadly
Sweat me or press up I'll mess up your head, B
You're booty, so step off and rehearse a few
Hours, and take a shower, take it personal
Lord Finesse, my rhyme have to end
So get on the mic and let yours begin

[Lord Finesse]

Drop it, kick it, I'm about to rip it
I'm young, black, and gifted, plus I sound wicked
I stomp any opponent I come against
So be for real, they don't really want none of this
Since I'm slowing down, I got to keep it flowing now
Tonight it kindd of special, make mine a Lowenbrau
I get ahhs and ooohs not boos because I'm real cool
Fucking with Finesse is the wrong career move
I be taking crews without breaking rules
You know damn well I don't have time to be breaking rules
I'm all about cash flow, pull girls like a lasso
A brother roast me on the mic? Don't be an asshole
I'm indestructable, so bring in a substitute
What's up with a battle? (I can't fuck with you)

So don't try testing me, MC's especially
Couldn't win against me if you paid the referee
You can't get with me, so don't say shit to me
You're out your mind if you're trying to get a victory
You can't affect me with your weak technique
If this was a game, you probably couldn't check me
You might be wild, but I'm on an iller tip
Think you stand a chance? You could kill that shit
I'm intellectual, getting the best of you
I eat MC's like the food at a festival
Drop science and math, stand tall like a giraffe
Completing the task, breaking rappers in half
Putting suckers out of it, yeah I talk a lot of shit
But when it comes to rhymes I deserve a fucking scholarship
Won't front or perp the role, I get the most of hoes
I'm so cool I got girls on remote control
Whether you're a virgin or a bad-looking hot sister
I'm bagging up bitches like a shoplifter
So Lord Finesse is not the one to fool
I was getting sex since they first invented underoos
Got knowledge of self, so who needs a school for help?
Brothers can't get with Finesse, don't even fool yourself
When I begin I set the trend
And I show men, the motherfuckers got no wins
Goddamn, it's no scheme, scam, or plan
I'm just kicking flavor with my motherfucking man

[Lord Finesse and Percee P give shoutouts til fade]