

# Lord Finesse, No Gimmicks

(feat. KRS-One)

[KRS-One]

Lord Finesse and Blastmaster KRS-One  
Lyrical styles weigh a ton  
Lord Finesse, we know you got skills  
Come into the cypher and build  
Chill out, all MC I kill  
Come down

[VERSE 1: Lord Finesse]

Check it out, come on, here's your chance to swing  
With some ill muthafuckas, we don't dance and sing  
In '95 we out-jinglin  
Servin 'poetic justice' without that nigga John Singleton  
I do my thing while the fans be jealin  
Hey yo, I'm so dope, you better tap your man and tell him  
I don't fake moves, I scrape crews, I make brothers break fool  
Just give me a beat with a bass groove  
I'm mad funky, ask the experts  
Cause I make you bob your head until your muthafuckin neck hurt  
So don't ask me to match, gee  
Cause if you ain't real, I'm bringin it to your face like acne  
Now rappers run scams and flim-flams  
On how they be gettin loose when they rusty like a tin man  
They rap fast, tryin to stack cash  
But on the reel to reel, yo, they still soundin half-assed  
Yellin and screamin like they got somethin  
When they don't got nothin, so them niggas need to stop frontin  
Talkin how they be raggin shit  
When I don't know if them niggas are rappin or talkin muthafuckin Arabic  
They act so ill, they no frills  
They should go chill, they all mouth with no skills  
When I'm around y'all feel funny  
Cause I'm young makin funds like Shaquille O'Neal, money  
You want any drama? You better wear plenty armor  
I cut that ass like the chef at Benny Harner's  
The funky man's in it to win it  
We gotta keep it real yo, no muthafuckin gimmicks

Whoever make a hit they the best (That's a gimmick)  
You sell records based on how you dress (That's a gimmick)  
Hey yo, that tongue-twistin shit, that's kinda fresh (That's a gimmick)  
What's when you're soft but you're frontin like you're stressed? (That's a gimmick)  
What's when you're only into rap to get paid? (That's a gimmick)  
What's when you're yellin and screamin up on stage? (That's a gimmick)  
When your career is numbered by days? (That's a gimmick)  
What's when your lyrical style is just a faze? (That's a gimmick)

[VERSE 2: KRS-One]

I guess yes y'all, to the beat y'all, bring in the street  
Let me put my beeper on 'vibrate', so won't hear it beep  
Representin the street, concrete what I speak, yeah, I live it  
Let it be known, KRS is not about a gimmick  
I grab the mic and rip it, meanwhile they stallin  
I raise the mic stand, because I'm tall and I keep the crowd callin  
I'm not like those other rappers talkin about the caps they peel  
Punk, I battle MC's for real  
Fuck a record deal when you're still into hip-hoppin  
With your country ass, sound like you're still pickin cotton  
You get thrown across the room in that direction, listen  
The lyrical teacher's not the one you should be checkin  
This is my eera, or era or eera, whatever, I'm mad clever  
I shoop, you doop, you doop like Salt-N-Pepa

Lyrical terror, you should never ever come for mine  
When I rhyme I clean up MC's with the fresh smell of pine  
I got skills, and it shows  
You could slow or speed up the tempo, your style is fake like Janet Jackson's nose  
I'm sellin that real live shit, and you could get hurt  
You're sellin that fake shit like the Home Shopping Network  
You got a lotta rhymes to battle in a second  
But frankly the bottom line is: where's your hit record?  
You claim I'm jockin, you claim I'm on your dick, where's your witness?  
If i'm on your dick, my name has got to be syphilis  
I come with lyrical physical fitness  
Two months from now you will have bit this  
Watch me light that ass up like Christmas  
Don't let me come out on that ass  
Start flippin the lyrics I be kickin  
Be hotter than curry chicken  
So whether from the east or from the west  
There's no other KRS  
I got force  
I came to your town to set it off  
So when Finesse goes 'hit it'  
I'll never mimick  
KRS-One could never use a gimmick

When you're ridin the next rapper's dick (That's a gimmick)  
When you're R&B, and then you cold flip (That's a gimmick)  
Start rhymin hardcore just to get a hit (That's a gimmick)  
When you get over, but your skills ain't shit (That's a gimmick)  
When you rap, but you don't have soul (That's a gimmick)  
When you cross over just to go gold (That's a gimmick)  
When you're not a gangster, but portrayin a role (That's a gimmick)  
What's when you shape in somebody else's mould? (That's a gimmick)

[VERSE 3: Lord Finesse]

Man your station, cause the clan you're facin  
Is steppin to you trash muthafuckas like sanitation  
I shoot and throw rhymes, the whole nine when it's showtime  
(What up, kid?) Brothers know I can hold mine  
On the real I got rhymes skills  
When the time's ill I'm blowin up spots like a minefield  
Brothers front with they chest out  
But words from Finesse's mouth'll leave them niggas stressed out  
They make me sick to my stomach  
(So put it on em, kid!) Them muthafuckas don't want it  
They can't see me, believe me  
They all phoneys, like them niggas that be wrestlin on tv  
Yo, they're nowhere near pro  
And niggas couldn't hang if they was muthafuckin scarecrows  
Nowadays a lotta rappers sound fake  
Talkin that gangster shit, when they're softer than a poundcake  
So why you're frontin with the burner, kid  
When you done took more ass-whippins than fuckin Tina Turner did  
You wanna front? So be it  
But fuck beatin around the bush, I just speak how I see it  
Me fall off? That shit's dead  
That's not happenin, kid, so get that shit through your thick head  
I'll never sellout (What?) You head right  
I'll never cross over (Aight!) Word life  
So when I said it, peep the method  
If I never go gold but get credit, I won't sweat it  
In '95 we all in it  
We gotta keep it real, yo, no muthafuckin gimmicks

What's when you rap and don't appreciate the art? (That's a gimmick)  
What's when you sell out just to get a start? (That's a gimmick)

What's when you make bullshit just for the charts? (That's a gimmick)  
What's when you rap, but it's not from the heart? (That's a gimmick)  
What's when you're hardcore, then you turn pop? (That's a gimmick)  
When you steal ideas to get props? (That's a gimmick)  
When you sell out to be on top? (That's a gimmick)  
What's when you front like you're hard, but you're not? (That's a gimmick)

[KRS-One]

Now let this be a lesson to all MC's

And DJ's

Anyone that come across the line will have to pay

Real hip hop is in effect

Real hip-hop is in effect

Real hip-hop is in effect

Give it respect

We catch wreck