

# Lord Finesse, Praise The Lord

This is not a classroom, so put your hands down  
Aww fuck it, let me tell you who I am now  
Finesse is my nickname, the way that I kick game  
Girls don't try to figure me out, cause it's a dick thang  
I kick rhymes, with beats that slam with force  
I'm so gifted my name should be Santa Claus  
Cause I flow, in fact I got the better show  
I'm the baddest motherfucker that you'll ever know  
I get hype and live on a party tip  
I kick more ass than the star of a karate flick  
So just chill, don't even play yourself  
Grab a seat watch Finesse, behave yourself  
I school MC's on the R-A-P scoop  
If you wanna diss me that's OK with me troop  
I finish the album, I'm still kickin new shit  
So step to this you'll get snapped like a toothpick  
And those who think, Finesse is in last place  
You gets the bozack AND the motherfuckin Gas Face  
Yeah, keep your distance  
Bite one rhyme I'll be forced to put a fist in action  
or motion, cause I've got the potion  
My frame of mind is deep like the ocean  
Call me Jaws because I'm eatin yours  
or call me a star because I go on tours  
or call me Swift because it ain't no myth  
A brother got a rift then I'm forced to lift  
that means kill deceased when a brother got a beef  
I swell up eyes or I knock out teeth  
Now you can't beat this or even get with this  
Watch Mike Smooth spin it back with the quickness

[DJ Mike Smooth cuts n scratches]

[Lord Finesse]

Make way for the brother called Finesse  
The man with the S on his chest, can't even mess  
with the player, funky rhyme sayer  
I make crazy paper, whenever I kick the flavor  
Attract or I'll rag it, shit gets dramatic  
Suckers had it, bitches cling like static  
I'm a brother that people wanna see more  
MC's'll get rode up and down like a see-saw  
or played like blackjack as I kick a fat rap  
Those that're rude or intrude'll get a backslap  
Cause I get raw, or smooth like Camay  
Fuckin plan B! I'm gettin over with plan A!  
I can show and prove why brothers can't last with me  
.. as soon as the mic gets passed to me  
Y'all need to chill, cause y'all over the hill  
MC's that can't deal need to leave the field  
.. and head for the back door  
Cause if it wasn't a Lord Finesse, then who would you clap for?  
Don't let your friends soup you up and gas you  
Cause I fuck you up, and kick your crew ass too  
I stand superior, from here to Siberia  
That's why when I'm around, brothers leave the area  
I'm the type to wreck a show, scoop then sex a hoe  
Then I cool the fuck out like a eskimo  
So hold on, better yet you better hang on  
Shit, I break a motherfucker like a crayon  
Punks who don't know, you know I'm gonna school em  
They touch my mic, they got a ass-whippin comin to em  
Cause I get raw off a bass drum  
I make strong moves but shit, I never fake none

The smooth celebrity, none is ahead of me  
You say you're sorry, well you damn well better be  
I get raw, I'm not the type to slip and fall  
when I get up and perform my shit for y'all  
I'm not havin it, I wish a nigga would answer me  
I flip faster than a brother on a trampoline  
Set it off real quick, drop the crazy ill shit  
So stop sweatin me, get off the dilznick  
I'm waitin for those, who wanna flip  
Cause this ain't as funky as I'm gonna get  
On a fast tip, I still drop the mad shit  
Come one come all, step up, you'll get your ass whipped  
When it comes to skills I'm all that plus more  
Throw your hands in the air, and praise the Lord

[DJ Mike Smooth cuts n scratches]