

Lord Finesse, Slave To My Soundwave

[Lord Finesse]

Hear the crowd, and get the stage set
You still got time, so put a tape in your tape deck
Sit down, relax, as I drop facts
Rhymes attract the crowd once I got em down pat
I'm teachin the masses, join up for classes
You're blind to the truth, so I'ma get you some glasses
Cause as I flow, my rep start to grow
And brothers don't diss me, cause they all know
That I can get raw and hang with the rest of em
Brothers be frontin, but Finesse'll be testin em
As I rhyme, and strive for perfection
It used to be mics, now it's girls I'm collectin
Mike Smooth is on the Wheels of Fortune
You don't want none so proceed with caution
Clap along, you didn't know that I was that strong
to kick a rap song on top of a platform
A stage, when I speak I bring rage, shoot
I kick my rhymes from page to page
Get em down pat, when it's time for a hype track
I don't scheme, cause I ain't livin like that
I don't front when it's time for a autograph
A Grammy award for rap is what I oughta have
made up, cause I ate up, most the comp'
Set up a beat, and watch me stomp
like a boot, hot in pursuit, now tell me troop
Do I keep the loot?
Throw me a mic yo and watch me damage it
Brothers run it, because they can't handle it
Now MC's I amaze, shock and daze
Just max -- you're a slave to my soundwave