

# Lord Finesse, Underworld Operations

(feat. Marquee)

[Chorus: Lord Finesse]

Times are shifting, no time to be tricking on chickens  
(No doubt) Your opinion's different?  
Well man listen, players front the role  
And then be forgetting (Straight tripping)

[Verse One: Lord Finesse]

Check out the elite player that keeps flavor  
Producer, beat layer caters spectators to street data  
Real-life portrayer, rap sayer legit like tax payers  
Behavior's cool like sax players  
Conservative, it's all real, no preservatives  
God bless the illest player you ever heard of, kid  
Smooth as margarine, got the squadron, shit  
Don't front, I'll catch you on the rebound like Dennis Rodman

[Chorus: Marquee]

Time to shine, I need my dough bigger (No doubt)  
No time to be chasing a broke nigga  
Get on your job, you can keep those short figures  
'96 we strictly go-getters (How you figure?)

[Verse Two: Marquee]

Marquee, like a diamond, shining, the light is blinding  
And many niggas want to fill this light hymen  
Nah men with the biggest teeth (Why?) Cause his chick is me  
Got him hooked, like smokers are to nicotine  
Queens mommy, keep the skeletons behind me  
Find me at universities scooping degrees with my mommy  
Rap's profoundness, slouches I out and out diss  
Skills be mountainous, so what you know about this?

[Chorus: Lord Finesse & Marquee]

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[Verse Three: Marquee]

No wasting time, money bitch state of mind  
We on top of shit, ain't the generous kind  
Want to owning homes, money loan like the Rolling Stones  
Corleones, staying blown off of flowing poems  
Expanding, keeping Knots like Landing  
Eating steaks and salmon thinking of ways to scamming  
Damn if I ain't taking it, niggas flashing paper  
Trying to real me in, but a snake and I'll partake in  
Legal robberies, Henny flowing through my arteries  
Cloud my vision, controlling every part of me  
Official ties and links moves mind, body, and sinks  
Don't talk before I think, distraught before you blink

Flawless performance, game enormous  
Bet you never met a shorty with this endurance  
Run with crime picks and fine chicks who specialize in mind tricks  
You got a good man? You'd better watch him in '96

[Chorus: Lord Finesse & Marquee]

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[Verse Four: Lord Finesse]

Lyrical invasions, blazing, got you gazing  
So amazing, break down opponents like equations  
The stunning, weigh about a hundred eighty something  
I see you coming, on your toes, kid, you lunging  
Stop fronting, and trash that till you drop like a bad habit  
I'll have you folding like a Craftmatic  
Smooth as satin, this player's patented  
Be in the Himalayan caverns with some chickens playing Sega Saturn  
Keep papes like the amount won in sweepstakes  
Guaranteed every year to take triple what the police make  
Large, Fort Knox size, if I'm not rolling like a rock slide  
I'm laying in the cut like peroxide  
Colossal, soulful like gospels  
Spiritual, so follow the Lord like apostles  
I gots to clock dough, rock shows, I mock foes  
Drop flows that's deep like fucking potholes  
Supreme being, the one you hear but rarely seeing  
Out to hustle, strictly money like the Koreans  
Out to pile money, that's my style sonny  
While you foul honeys be lucky to get a Coke and a smile from me

[Chorus: Lord Finesse & Marquee]

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