

# Lord Finesse, Yes You May

(feat. A.G., Percee P)

[Lord Finesse]

Aw yeah, coming is my man Andre the Giant in the house, you know what I'm saying? I got my man Rhyme Inspector Percee P in the house. We gonna set this off for the 90's, you know what I'm saying?

[Percee P]

We repping Queensville and Forrest in the house.

[Lord Finesse]

Let Percee get his props, let him get his props.

[Percee P]

Like sulfuric acid I'm lethal, soon as my words reach you  
They eat through brains of those that chose to speak to  
A wiser and smoother, keep up or I lose you  
When I manuver words when I'm heard I confuse you, bruise you  
I'm high potent, devoting much time into one rhyme  
Every line of mine is worth quoting  
I'm like a college dorm, people will swarm  
For knowledge, applicants chill out and fill out a form  
I know I'm the best MC, no one can mess with me  
I'm a recepie, diss the P and you're history  
Percee P's the man to praise  
For day's after a phrase is said I'll leave your head phased  
No one can surpass the P, get on before or after me  
That can be a catastrophe  
Brains I kill, when I build  
With my skill, in my field cause I'm ideal  
Foes I decompose from nose to toes  
I will dispose of all of those that chose to go to my shows  
You gotta hand it to me, you know I'm uno assumo  
Doing Judo, couldn't do no damage to me  
I stayed up later made up a rhyme straight up after I ate up yours  
Sprayed up yours, cause get laid up  
Thinking I'm a make it big, you rap fans know it  
Prepare for stale rap, and you snap your Kodak  
Diss me, the P? That'll be suicide  
You no frills with no skills, I'll just put you aside  
Rappers are skinned in battles and winning them from within them  
Befriend them, before I beat them I greet them then eat them, then send them  
A ?court hide?, my lyrics coincide  
And dwell all through your brain cells as soon as they go inside  
The Giant, you got something to say?

[A.G.]

Can I kick it? (Yes, you may)

Pass the mic, and watch how I rock the show  
Suckers try to diss, now they got to go  
I got so much talent  
I get hype when I write and I might even get violent  
I see and dismantle  
You might be nice with the mic, but are you nice with your hands, too?  
And I hope you're not lacking  
Cause you'll be missing in action if you ain't been practicing  
If you seem to get a victory and it's legit, shit  
Then I'll admit you can get with me  
I never quit, cause it's never none of that  
Get the best rhyme and Tec-9 and I'm coming back  
What, you think I'm joking?  
The last nigga I broke quit rapping and started smoking

This was seen from a close fan  
One crawl, some fall, none stall, not all but most ran  
You should have seen them running  
The tune I was humming is "A.G. is Coming"  
Get your best MC's that have heart to fight  
Finesse, A.G., and Percee P is gonna spark the mic  
All girls leave convinced  
I'm not a giant in hight, on the strength, I'm a giant in length  
Cuties with booties I know how to pick 'em  
(But do you stick 'em?) Ask your girl, she became another victim  
Now you're heated because I'm dissing  
Go ahead and get your ammunition cause I'm already on a mission  
But don't approach with that wack plan  
I'm one strong black man, mentally I'm a fat man  
I get heated til I boil  
Competition I heard to spoil, leave them under dirt and soil  
A mastermind when it comes to a puchline  
Anybody wants mine? That's when it's lunch time  
So Finesse you got something to say?

[Lord Finesse]  
Can I kick it? (Yes, you may)

I reign terror, fall off never  
(So how you gonna do this?) Ayo, whatever  
I prepared, equipped, and I'm here to flip  
Me take a loss? I'm not trying to hear that shit  
Neither me or the brothers that I run with  
So grab a seat and shut up with that dumb shit  
It's showtime, so it's time to get hype now  
Wack MC's leave the stage, put the mic down  
Just like that now, riff you get smacked now  
You know what I know? You take your ass to the background  
MC's I eat up, chew up, mash up  
Get out of hand and I'll fuck your damn ass up  
Come prepared, don't front and get scared  
I grab the mic, go "One two" and say "Yeah"  
I rock any track that's thrown me  
A classic, a breakbeat, or even R&B  
Whether a variety, or even one group  
Any MC against me, now that's a dumb move  
As I proceed to flip, I'm a succeed with this  
A brother beat me? No one would believe that shit  
So don't play me, stress me, or stand hard  
Never send a pussy out to do a man's job  
This is my game, I play the cards here  
I bust a rapper's ass plus I send him home with car fare  
I flow like a faucet, kick the crazy raw shit  
I beat a rapper from the party to his doorstep  
Straight up and down you don't want no conflict  
Smoother than a pimp, rougher than a convict  
Save the riff cause you ain't saying shit  
Go against this, you get smoked like a spliff  
I drop hits and watch my competitors flip  
To them it's dope, to me it's just regular shit  
That I dropped on the scene cause I knew it would boom  
I get in a rapper's ass like a tight pair of Fruit of the Looms  
They try to hang, but all of them struck out  
What they need to do is retire and chill the fuck out  
Cause I get fancy, funky, plus nasty  
I'll be damned to let a motherfucker pass me  
With my style of hip-hop, won't fall or flip flop  
Here to get props cause my shit's hot  
So when you see me don't hog me or crowd me  
Lord Finesse saying peace, I'm Audi

[A.G.]

Yeah yeah, word up. We just getting fat for '91. A.G., Lord Finesse,  
Percee P. Percee P is the new member, the new member down with the  
crew.

[Lord Finesse]

Yeah, Diggin in the Crates and all that, all that.

[AG] All that, all that, Diggin in the Crates, Finesse Squad

[LF] Peace to Showbiz, Diamond D

[AG] All that, all that

[LF] Fat Gangsta, Harry-O and the ABC Crew

[AG] Don't forget GangStarr

[LF] Don't forget GangStarr! My man Shel Rumble..