

# Lord Finesse, You Know What I'm About

[Lord Finesse]

Check it out, for those that know me  
Ya wonder why I always play low key  
I know I got people and fans that like me  
But all the noise and attention don't excite me  
So I just lounge and play the D.L  
In the crib with just me and a female  
I'm still slick besides the others  
Cause a player like me  
Yo, I'm smoother than the Isley Brothers  
When I'm on the scene I get feedback  
Brothers runnin up, wassup, where you be at?  
I be by myself just coolin  
Cause I don't have time to sweat what someone else is doin  
Cause their not equal to me  
I got places to go, money to make, people to see  
What'cha gonna do  
The man is comin through  
(You got it goin on)  
Hey yo, that ain't nothin new  
But my fame is stressin others  
So you always got some that always wanna test a brother  
But I'm wildin at home kid  
I'm straight makin papes, so tell me what ya problem is  
Ya talk about unity, but when I turn my back  
You talkin about what ya wanna do to me  
Yeah, you could keep riffin  
I ain't the one, I sent ya home with ya teeth missin  
So stop runnin at the mouth  
Straight up and down  
You, you know what I'm about

Knockin brothers off  
Knockin brohters out [x3]  
Yo, you know what I'm about [all x2]

[Lord Finesse]

I'm out to get dough  
Makin brothers petro  
Some suckas don't like me  
But I could care less though  
Cause I'm a command y'all  
I'm smackin' brothers up like Puerto Ricans play handball  
But I ain't the funny type that joke around, huh  
I gotta get my money right  
And I got the right game  
I'm definetely the wrong man to invite to a dice game  
Cause I got strategy  
I'm rollin head cracks, trips  
And makin all the brothers mad at me  
They might as well give up  
The way I'm takin all the dough, this might as well be a stick up  
Cause it's a mans thing  
The way I got things sold  
Yo, they can't do a damn thing  
Tryin to gain props  
I ain't the one to see  
Ya clowns mess around and get played like a drum machine  
You gotta find a better way  
I'm pullin everything from your car to your resume  
Cause I don't play clown  
I'm tryin to get mine  
That's why my face stay frown  
I don't smile or try to play my foul

I light your boys like ?tile?  
Hey yo, you know my style  
So just slow down, cause y'all can't throw down  
And y'all can't accept that a brothers makin dough now  
And I'm livin better, true  
I makin more noise than the loudest heavy metal group  
It's the cool man, brother with the smooth plan  
That's why I'm seeing more papers than a newstand  
So peep it, don't try to run and speak it  
Point blank that keep my way about secret  
While brothers is packin still, actin ill  
I'm on the D.L, with a female  
And I'm stackin bills  
How ya livin? Yeah I'm livin swell  
Cause a brother like me  
Yo I'm ringin bells  
No doubt, I got clout  
Ain't no future in frontin  
Yo, you know what I'm about

Knockin brothers off  
Knockin brothers out [x3]  
Yo, you know what I'm about [all x2]