

## Back To Back Rhyming

Lord Finesse

Yeah...just about now in the studio, I'm cooling out with scratchmaster  
Rahiem, andre the giant, my dj mike smooth, shlomo on the engineering  
Tip, my man dj premier from gangstarr...we're gonna kick this off  
Something funky for this track, know what I'm saying?

Now when it comes to rhymes, I'll drop a swift one  
( 'they'll be another rough rhyme after this one' - rakim)  
I'm the rap senator, ake about ten of ya  
The best mc on the southeast perimeter  
Equipped to flip with the slip of a lip  
So dance, hop, or skip or shake your hips  
Cause I'll wax and tax, eat ya up like a kit kat  
Don't even riff back, I ain't with that  
Skillful sharp with the words of an index  
Spark and glow mc's like windex  
Swifter, faster, microphone master  
Lord finesse writes rhymes by the chapter  
Adapt to rap but I won't even break yet  
So damn hype that I might blow your tape deck  
Full grown, stoned to the bone  
Write rhymes and poems just to get known  
Superior sargeant, take your whole squadren  
Toast mc's, eat em up with margin  
Cause I'm smart like einstein, I say the fly lines  
I get funky while you play the sidelines  
Here to take care of you, never sound terrible  
Ready equipped, cause I'm always available  
To rag, snag, and rip the mic  
Cause me and dre will get ya hyped  
On top in rank and I plan to stay there  
The funkiest poet out since shakespeare  
Take note of this soloist, cause I'm a pro at this  
Even make the crippled want to get up and go to this  
Now mc's try to get rid of me  
But, I won't fall in negativity  
Cause I'm well respected, lord that's majestic  
Rhymes are written by thoughts that's selected  
Released in public, but not as a subject  
Many are below it but not quite above it  
Dre my brother, drop the know how  
One, two three, here we go now

Finesse, it's my turn to kick a swift one  
( 'they'll be another rough rhyme after this one' - rakim)  
You know an mc, well tell him to hybernate  
Cause dre smooth is flowing at a liver rate  
You knock em out the box, I'm knocking niggas out  
You fear the giant, well money live it out  
I'm not a punk, far from a chump  
You sleep at all, and you will fall from the top bunk  
I'm dropping math, science, and all that other shit  
Step in the studio, it's just another hit  
Take about ten from beginning to end  
Don't mean to brag, but I am what I am  
And that's a mean machine, a dream machine  
You say, "golly polly, dre's a jolly green  
Giant" and you're not half or even semi

You say "is he? " I say "am i? "  
The one you fear cause it's near  
The time for your death so step to the rear  
Now get off, let off, step off cause you're soft  
Stop blushing I'm rushing/russian like mikael gorbechov  
Special tactics, you can't hack this  
Brothers ain't half stepping, they're walking backwards  
You can't get near, if you do, you're near here  
Stepping to me like a man in a wheelchair  
Pressure's like a new pearl, you're in a new world  
I run with just a pen like a catholic schoolgirl  
Back in the first grade, thought you had it made  
Got a tounge twister to catch a tounge blister  
Sally sells seashells down by the seashore  
How much wood could a woodchuck chuck more  
No more twisters, for blisters blistex  
Now you're confused, you what's this, what's next  
Tables rotate, you will go rate  
Try to locate, but dre won't negotiate  
Slaughter toys say boys what's the science  
You shugged your shoulders and quote "andre's a giant"

Yeah, that was crazy funky. yo, like I said, we two brothers just getting  
Crazy funky in the studio and we gonna drop it like this...see ya!