

Fat For The 90's

Lord Finesse

Suckas out there better pray and shout for help
When it comes to skills on the mic, I'm out for self
Finesse is dangerous, so those who came to fuss
Will f**k around and get smoked like angel dust
Swift with the gift when I'm dropping my shit
I do shows, collect the dough, grab a hoe, then I split
I'm not the brother to riff and get raw with
I grab the mic and get funky as dog shit
Many try to bore me and harm me
So what you got an army? you're all washed up like laundry
It's lord finesse, the rap phenomenom
I take this more serious than a muslim do rhamadan
I get loose and stop brothers with the quickness
I'm so cool I put fans out of business
Suckas try to to copy and beat me
They try to see me, but it's not that easy
They should take shit slowly, because they don't know me
I'm on the down low, that means I play low key
But at a party, I'm quick to rag a mic
And brothers can't see me with a satellite
So those who want to battle me, step up lively
"a bad motherf**ker" is a few words to describe me
I raise instead of sinking, I use my head for thinking
I'm leaving opponents all dead and stinking
I kick game, I got more than a small rap
I drop facts on tracks, shit I'm all that
Whether foreign or american, I come better than
Any specialist or any rap veteran
I'm a brother with skills and a good rep
That's why all the players want to follow my footsteps
So when you hear me, don't come pare me to all the rest
They might be good, but they ain't f**king with lord finesse
Whether you're old or a rapper with a new name
I'll bust that ass and send you home on the 2 train
So don't come here looking for a bargain, troop
I get looser than a freak in a jogging suit
I'm quick to send a nigga home in stitches
Don't sing and dance, but I still get the bitches
So don't ever diss the smooth rap terrorist
I get paid each year to come back and write better shit
Me getting done? now that's a hot one
It's like throwing a rock at a man with a shotgun
Then you wonder why rappers get murdered fast
They talking trast but yet haven't heard the half
They don't understand it
Cause I'm living gigantic, and I'm the best, goddammit
Now you know who's on who's jock
When it comes to rhyming I get funkier than an old pair of tube socks
You can't f**k with finesse, pal
And when I'm done with ya, send your man for the next round
Andre the giant, tell me how ya living
(get on down to the old slick rhythm)

You said I wasn't ready, joke's on you, jack
Because I'm the giant, but before it was "who's that? "
I don't get girls that's hard to imagine
You be pulling witches, I get the bitches from the beauty pagent

It ain't hard to tell, ain't had enough yet?
Cause you're wet and I still haven't bust a sweat
I'm a fat cat, you're just a kitten
Leaving chumps in a slump, because the punks ain't hitting
You're low budget, and my skills are so rugged
I make peace, but you wanna keep beef, so f**k it
Round up the best mc's and confront me
One on one, they gets done, they better jump me
Me against your crew, now that's a fair fight
Me get done one on one? yeah right
Come on and face reality
I get hype and pull out a can of brutality
You'll get knocked in the first round, you won't even get to brag
And ask your girl "do the giant got the gift of gab? "
Slit her off, hit her off on the first date
Sex, no lies, and plenty of videotape
Why didn't you step, yeah you had the chance
To face an avalanche, but you'd rather dance
Cause you know the consequences
To anybody that's comp but just romp and stomp them senseless
Cause I speak with a hypertone
The baddest motherf**ker to ever hold a microphone
The mic's in my hands, raise your arms, god
Me and finesse on the same team? come on, that's a bomb squad
Got the things that's wanted by every girl
Mack daddy without the caddy or the jheri curls
You got game like me? I doubt it
They say pimping ain't easy...what's so hard about it?
In front of crowds to get lots of cheers
He's finesse, I'm a.g. and I'm the f**k up out of here

Yeah, fat for the 90's, money