

Here Come the Lords

Lords of the Underground

Hey, yo, Funke wake up, huh? Turn your radio up, what?
It's us, it's us? Yeah, listen to the cut, it's our style, our style?
Your style, stop brother, aiyyo, nigga, wake up
Let me show you some thin'

Listen to the way they flip the metaphors and phrases
Listen, listen, it's driving me crazy
'Cause every time I do a style and flip it kind of simple
Brothers say, that's fat and do it on the demo

From a demo to a promo, now a hit on the radio
Next thing you know, they'll be doing our video
Same one? Same one, concepts, whole nine
And crazy similarities to the whole rhyme

I'm not worried though, why? I'm flipping hits from the grill
And in the underground only real stays real, so, umm
Check the skills, the skills are kinda ill and, yo
Here come the Lords, 'cause we're here to make a kill

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Aiyyo, Marley, aiyyo whassup knocka?
Do you hear these suckas trying to clock, the Lord Chief Rocka
Yeah, I hear 'em they're just a bunch of clones on your bone
Hold up, I'm trying to figure out where could they get my style from

Aiyyo, wait a minute remember the tape, you shopped around
A while back? Yo, what wasn't that your boys? Now they got our stuff Down pa
t, yo, man don't sweat it just show 'em why they call you Mr.Funke, yo, Lord
Jazz, pass me some of that Brass Brass Monkey

Here come the Lords, here come the Lords Mr.Funke don't you see me?
I told you we were coming you suckas didn't believe me the Skipper
My Lords style stick like Jack the Ripper, I'm hanging other rappers like Yo
ur girl hangs on my zipper, Lord Jazz, hit me one time make it funky
Stop being stingy knocka pass that Brass Monkey

I step off a stage everyone knows, who I am
Grab the mic like Teddy Riley and I jam, jam
Give me the mic and watch me wax that ass
Keep the camera moving 'cause I'm kinda fast
You can trip, you can flip, you could even slip or dip

But you'll never ever rip, Funke style as good as this
Because you sound like you're drugged you might as well be a singer
Your whimsy couldn't touch me if your name was Sticky Fingaz
So when I come around, don't try to be down, don't try to be down
Just dig the sound 'cause here comes the Lords of the Underground

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Well, umm, open up the doors and yell, here come the Lords
Yell it loud, yell it loud let me hear it from a crowd
I packs 'em, in the closet like Michael Jackson
And love to hear the girls go, oh, when I'm rocking

So catch it, no stutter in my flow but I wrecks it
And caught you on the dillz from my jam called Check It
Check it, check it, check it, check it microphone, check it
Yeah, you went wild 'cause your moms digs my records

So come on, I'm taking you where the sun don't shine
The underground but everything is fine
I rhyme, copacetic, unless it gets hectic
Your vocal chords'll get cracked, you gets no chloraseptic

So hit 'em, so chill, chill man, chill
I know who used to be but now who's Top Bill
Well, it's me and yes, I am back by the Funke
Marley filled the House with Hits so you know the Lords are chunky

We stink, like pee-eww, funk from my shoe
But what about this funk, can two brothers like us do?
But get down like James Brown and rock the whole town
Hah, and now the Lords have broke ground

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