Funky On The Fast Tip

Lord Finesse

Lord Finesse - Funky on the Fast Tip

"Man oh man. The boy done found something funky and
don't know what to do. I think you should set it off
right now. Set it off."

I'm a get paid for the 1990's
I don't care who likes me or who stands behind me
The man to peep off a week so don't sleep
>From shades to streets I still go one deep
Save that off the wall bullshit you can have, son
Fuck around, grab the mic, you catch a bad one
I come corect and strapped to bust the ill raps
Me take a loss to who? You oughta kill that
Back up, slap up, give a brother some head room
Hype on the mic, amazing in the bedroom
Girls like me because I'm straight and don't sidestep
I do shit Jack Lalaine ain't tried yet
Ask any female, betcha she'll say I'm good
That's why I'm Finesse, porno star of the neighborhood
Yeah, cause I kick slicker raps
It's Lord Finesse, so bow and tip your hat
And make way, because I get plenty say
Those who don't like me, I don't give a shit anyway
When it comes to lyrics, I always find something
To make brothers press the rewind button
I'm a get mine, rappers what you gonna do?
Cause you couldn't see me if you wanted to
Get who you want, shit you can call the cops
But for now, I'm getting all my props
I reign terror, whatever's clever
I'm cooler than the Mack and Shaft put together
So chill, don't try to get ill, dummy
Me get stomped by who? Be for real, money
I'm not having it so run and get your best groups
You see why they call me Lord Finesse, troop
I eat em like sandwiches, send them home in bandages
Give me a mic, I show you what doing damage is

Nice swift and, deeper than quicksand
I'm taking out opponents like a hitman
I get the crowd hype like assorted drug
It's Lord Finesse, who the fuck you thought it was?
I lounge and chill but still can get ill, I'm
Live and real with skills beyond skills
I thought you knew from the get-go
I'm cool as the whole nine, but that don't mean shit, though
I'm unstoppable, able to rock a crew
Do the impossible and put my opponents in the hospital
Many can't hang when I flow and take off
The said to give it up, had to bag and break north
Before they get schooled like a sophomore
Lord Finesse is the man to look out for
I got cash, the cuties, the red boats
Try to take mine, fuck around, you get your head flown
I take independently, roll like there's ten of me
That's why I'm one of the smoothest in the industry
I'm dropping MC's on the pavement
Cause my entertainment will leave all in amazement
Skills I kick to show many I'm real swift
I got shit that opponents can't deal with
Even though there's competition, I don't worry
I dust opponents quick fast in a hurry
Tracks I analyze, destroy, and vandalize
Even I must admit, shit, goddamn I'm fly
So I don't mind for those trying to get with me
But try dissing me, that ass will be history
Peace to the brothers and sisters that's behind me
Lord Finesse bagging shit for the 90's

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