Check the Method (Lord Finesse Remix)

Lord Finesse

It's like that, y'all, check it out now
(yeah yeah, now check the method) (repeat 4x)Fuck that, you know who's bigger
Even though nowadays you got all these motherfucking new niggas
Fuck those who spread rumors, I didn't retire
Even though you got all these lord finesse juniors
Trying to get hype and rip mics
They just imitators that can't quite get my shit right
So won't y'all just face it
That y'all sweat me so much I gotta give my dick a facelift
Wanna battle, I'm all for it
When it comes to this, I've been through more shit than a toilet
Now we could get wild and search for peace
Cause right now I'm chillin', like the nigga home on work release
And even on a lover tip I'll still wax brothers quick
When I do my thing I be on some old other shit
Niggas I slaughter, just to bring order
Aw fuck it, my shit be flowing like spring waterIt's like that, y'all, check it out now
(yeah yeah, now check the method) (repeat 2x)Now it's the dictator whose style's greater
It's the man with more flavors than motherfucking now & laters
And rappers I hit 'em well
They automatically go to heaven fucking with me, I give 'em hell
Yeah, so don't try to front, troop
When your style is played out like an osh-kosh jumpsuit
Huh, I'm out to collect figures
I'm on some wu-tang shit, so protect your fucking neck, nigga
I don't front like a man on a high horse
But yo, I make more noise than july 4th
So run, son, I ain't the one, bum, who dial 911
If you don't, you's a motherfucking dumb dumb
I'm not a role model, I'm a bad figure
When it comes to rap, I got skills out the ass, nigga
I got it locked like a warden
Rap without finesse, that's like the nba without jordan
So all you new jacks kicking wack raps it's a fact that
I'll be on your fucking back like a napsack
It ain't shit you can tell me
Cause the ladies still jel me without an lpIt's like that, y'all, check it out now
(yeah yeah, now check the method) (repeat 4x)It's like that y'all, and I keep figures
It's the hardcore ruffneck funky type of street nigga

Lord finesse got the swift rap and
You don't need dionne warwick and them psychic friends to predict that
In years to come I'm bound to shine
Give me a mic and a minute, I'll show niggas I get down for mine
Word life, you know the haps
Fucking with me is like bungee jumping with no rope attached
Man listen, I got plenty rhymes
When it comes to props, motherfucks just oughta gimme mine
Word, cause I slay ya fast
Whether you're the best mc with a mic, or you're straight up trash
My lyrics excel, hops
From the ghetto street upstate to motherfucking cell blocks
No dought I got clout
I gotta give a shout (to who?) to my brother show when I'm outIt's like that, y'all, check it out now
(yeah yeah, now check the method) (repeat 4x)

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/