Show 'Em How We Do Things

Lord Finesse

Aw yeah, I got brothers from around the way in the house, you
Know what I'm saying? Yo check it out, check it out
I got my man Shel-Rumble in the house
I got my man Harry-O in the house
I got my man Rock-A-Lot in the house
Yo, yo, we gonna do it like this, check it outI know some brothers with the skills to rock right
Problem is they don't be getting no spotlight
They got potential as good as any others
So I'm a take time out to kick it with them brothers
They brothers are professional, crazy intellectual
Just some fellas I got to give credit to
They rolling strong, know right from wrong
They got skills, so I got to put 'em on
So Shel-Rumble (what's up?) Since this is a three man crew thing
Put down the 40 and show 'em how we do thingsShel-Rumble, yeah, that's the name
I'm a kick this off just like a football game
I'm stepping out with my mic in my right hand
Bagging up rappers and throwing their rhymes in the trash can
They play the roll like they hard but yet they sit off
Put me against the best and I'll still get my shit off
I'm like Simon so you'd better do what Simon says
I'm not Christopher Williams, but yo, I'm making promises
My style's treacherous, it's so impetuous
I'll go all out if a chump tries to step to this
So hear the flavor through the speakers
I get the ladies strung just like sneakers
I'm a brother who's too hard to touch
Cause if you try my crew we'll jump in just like double dutch
You'll get bombarded if you come unprepared son
Cause yo (there's no such thing as a fair one)
So step, to avoid a fucking crack tooth
Rhymes are insulated, that means I'm wack proof
You're just the opposite, you're nothing but a small fry
Weak MC coming up for a black guy
So don't provoke a saga
Cause you'll catch amnesia just like the central park jogger
That's what happens when cases gets drastic
I'll give you two options, step or get that ass kicked
So, jot this down before you hail a

MC getting shit sewn just like a tailor
I get smooth, rough, rugged, raw, and swift
Too tough to bluff, so rough you just drift
Away, now can I get a hip-hip hooray?
I say shit that you never would have thought to say
Rhymes poured just enough so we can quench your thirst
I guarentee I'll have you saying "kick another verse"
Or, if you feel that's not your style
I guarantee you'll be laid back with a Kool-Aid smile
On your grill, you chill, I'm for real
As my rhyme fulfills Shel-Rumble got skills
I flaunt the gift on the mic the way a man should
Even old folks be saying (that boy is damn good)
Cause I flow so perfectly
That's why so many motherfuckers worship me
I got skills, but that's not why I'm here
I'm here to let you know I rock it like a pioneer
So Harry-O (what's up?) You way far from fronting
Won't you get on the mic and show the people a little somethingYo, brothers grab the mic and plan on waxing me
But since they're no match to me they can't do jack to me
The great rap pros slay rappers for fun
Bust rhymes like a gun so run son or get done
My rap style may change like a cashier
As I bust ass with shit I wrote last year
So MC's step up and press your luck
I don't give a fuck, I roll like a fucking Tonka truck
I watch MC's get silenced when it comes to a challenge
Cause the shit I kick is knocking niggas off balance
Watch 'em fall and crawl just like a baby
Heading for the door yelling "save me, save me"
Don't attempt to attack me, just shut your trap, B
Don't have me grab the mic and bust your ass like an acne pimple
Cause ripping shop is simple
I tear mics up while Rock rips the instrumental
A part, so don't start up a seminar
Cause we'll bust your ass word to God, you can send Allah
My DJ's no joke, and I'm hype, folks
So fuck around and get your turns and your mics broke
I take no shorts here, this ain't last year
I'm getting swift, elevating in fast gear
I create rhymes and kick them, never will I fall victim, yo
Brothers know the rap pro can flow
And rap norm, both off and on platform
You couldn't turn me off if I was hooked to a platform

I get raw like bloody liver, make a rapper shiver and shake
So make no mistake you're stepping to the great
Rap pro, I get raw cause it's natural
My cousin sport a fade and half-moon, I sport an afro
Friends call my Harry-O, my real name's Harry though
I scream on rapper like the niggas did to Carry, so
Finesse (yeah yeah) my man, my cousin
I know you're going to kick some shitYou thought I wasn't?
When it comes to being funky I'll show you who the boss is
(Yo money rock that shit!) Hold your motherfucking horses
Wait up, hold up, I sport the low cut
If rap was a game I'd leave opponents on a doughnut
Funky warlord, top on the scoreboard
Dissing Finesse, that shit is uncalled for
Brothers front and fret how they roll correct
Grab the mic and think they pose a threat
Talking about all the brothers they coulda killed
I don't care if you're a New Jack or you're older than Sugar Hill
Cause I slay with no delay
I stomp you out, so be about your way
You can't hang, you're still in the slow poke zone
You're helpless like a patient in an old folks home
So keep up with my further adventures
I'll have it going on til I'm old with dentures
I rock parties and tear the roof off of houses
Think I can't? Put your money where your mouth is
Give me a mic, let me clear my throat
Guaranteed I'll send you home broke
Fast and quick cause I'm quick with the gift
Give me my money I don't wanna hear shit
And those who can't rap, I don't wanna hear jack
I dust opponents in two minutes flat
When it's showtime, MC's they don't wanna fight
They start bitching saying (Why he have to come at night?)
It's the Funky Man the brother with the new swing
Lord Finesse just showing you how I do thingsYeah, like I said
Got the brothers in the house Harry-O and Shel-Rumble
Rock-A-Lot, my man Jazzy Jay, and I'm outta here like Sugar Ray, peace

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