

# Return of the Funky Man

## Lord Finesse

(Mad brothers know his name)  
(Yeah, it's him again)(Mad brothers know his name)  
(Yeah, it's him again)(Mad brothers know his name)  
(Yeah, it's him again)(Mad brothers know his name)  
(Yeah, it's him again)Lord Finesse got something for your eardrums  
Back on the scene, long time, no hear from  
It's the funky man, the brother with the same sound  
I've been coolin about a year and some change now  
So hand over the microphone cause it's my turn  
The brother with a fade, half-moon, and long sideburns  
Nice, dope, and keep the girls scoping  
Say the funky shit and get all the niggas open  
So heed that, don't try to yap and give me feedback  
I'll get in that ass, believe that  
Can it, I'll steal your show like a bandit  
I get papes while you're broke like mass transit  
You're not as smooth as this, so what can you do with this  
Brothers need to stop and step with that foolishness  
I'm the type to interrupt a party  
I don't need a phone to reach out and touch somebody  
Gimme a mic, it's just as good as one  
Leave the party is what you wack MC's should have done  
Cause y'all starving, I'm living extra large and  
I'm swinging shit as if my name was Tarzan  
Yeah, cause I'm on some old new shit  
Got more styles than you see in a kung fu flick  
Mic the seas, wax opponents off with ease  
I'm more deadly than a venereal disease  
So think twice, those who think Imma fall  
I'm shining more than a tire full of Armour All  
It's Lord Finesse and I got shit planned  
Hot damn, it's the return of the funky man(Mad brothers know his name)  
(Yeah, it's him again)(Mad brothers know his name)  
(Yeah, it's him again)(Mad brothers know his name)  
(Yeah, it's him again)(Mad brothers know his name)  
(Yeah, it's him again)Brothers get cash, but I get way more  
In the 90's, I'm getting paid for  
Rhyme and envy, 21st century  
When asked, 'who's the funkier?' You better mention me

I go all out while a lot of crews be fronting  
I know and they know that they can't do me nothing  
Cause I'm smooth and wise, the skills I utilize  
Lyrics all advanced you'd think my brain was computerized  
So who needs a partner or a sidekick?  
When it comes to being funky, I got all that old fly shit  
The rough and rugged, plus the pimp smooth rhyme  
I polish opponents off like a shoe shine  
They be fronting like they on the crazy tip  
Trying to hang but they softer than baby shit  
Fronting like they wild with they bullshit style  
I'll put they ass on trial, pull they card and they file  
I'm hardcore, but I still keep the scene pumping  
So all that singing and dancing, that shit don't mean nothing  
MC's suffer Lord Finnese lately Some of them hate me, think that they can take me  
I'll take on some of them, bring a whole ton of them  
I'll take em all on and stomp each and every one of them  
I just chill, relax and flaunt my cash  
You wanna riff, I'll be quit to stomp that ass  
And let you know that you can't get with this  
Come one come all and get burnt by the quickness  
Greater, creator, drop stupid data  
If I ever got served it had to be by a waiter  
I lounge in the rest until my song is done  
I plan to be straight with papes in the long run  
Cause when it comes to rhymes I give you more than you ask for  
Bring a whole task force, I rhyme my fucking ass off  
I stand in command with the mic in my hand  
Aw shit, it's the return of the funky man (Mad brothers know his name)  
(Yeah, it's him again) (Mad brothers know his name)  
(Yeah, it's him again) (Mad brothers know his name)  
(Yeah, it's him again) (Mad brothers know his name)  
(Yeah, it's him again) Stand back, I'm about to flip here  
Got dissed last year so I kick ass this year  
Brothers were stressing me, strictly overworking me  
(They showed you last year)  
Yeah, that fits perfectly  
Cool, cause I'm still kinda fed with them  
Who gives a fuck, I'm about 20 steps ahead of them  
Now I'm established, they feel all embarrassed  
Cause I'm with Warner Brothers and my man Gary Harris  
Spread the news or should I say buzz?  
(Finesse is paid!) Thought I wasn't when I was  
The last label was confusing me, jerking me, fooling me  
Now that I'm paid, you know what y'all can do for me

Since I sound funky a lot of labels want me  
But I'll be damned to be another man's flunky  
I can never be a stool pigeon, I'd rather be a full pigeon  
Fuck the bullshitting  
Cause in the 90's I got more than a little game  
I'm Lord Finesse and funky is my middle name  
Plus my title and everyone wants mine  
It's the brother with the compounds and punchlines  
I can still put my foot all in your ass  
I'm smooth and funky plus smoother than Teddy Pendergrass  
It's the man to put words in a simile  
(He's a funky technician)  
Yeah, y'all remember me  
I'm real and actual, the man out taxing you  
I got rhymes and Mike got a scratch or two  
So ain't no use trying to eat us for din-din  
Brothers better off trying their luck with Win-Ten  
To the opposition I'm the man out burning ya  
I dust a rapper off like furniture  
So take our stand, I foil your plan  
Goddamn, it's the return of the funky man(Mad brothers know his name)  
(Yeah, it's him again)(Mad brothers know his name)  
(Yeah, it's him again)(Mad brothers know his name)  
(Yeah, it's him again)(Mad brothers know his name)  
(Yeah, it's him again)

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>