No Gimmicks

Lord Finesse

[krs-one]
Lord finesse and blastmaster krs-one
Lyrical styles weigh a ton
Lord finesse, we know you got skills
Come into the cypher and build
Chill out, all mc I kill
Come down[verse 1: lord finesse]
Check it out, come on, here's your chance to swing
With some ill muthafuckas, we don't dance and sing
In '95 we out-jinglin
Servin 'poetic justice' without that nigga john singleton
I do my thing while the fans be jealin
Hey yo, I'm so dope, you better tap your man and tell him
I don't fake moves, I scrape crews, I make brothers break fool
Just give me a beat with a bass groove
I'm mad funky, ask the experts
Cause I make you bob your head until your muthafuckin neck hurt
So don't ask me to match, gee
Cause if you ain't real, I'm bringin it to your face like acne
Now rappers run scams and flim-flams
On how they be gettin loose when they rusty like a tin man
They rap fast, tryin to stack cash
But on the reel to reel, yo, they still soundin half-assed
Yellin and screamin like they got somethin
When they don't got nothin, so them niggas need to stop frontin
Talkin how they be raggin shit
When I don't know if them niggas are rappin or talkin muthafuckin arabic
They act so ill, they no frills
They should go chill, they all mouth with no skills
When I'm around y'all feel funny
Cause I'm young makin funds like shaquille o'neal, money
You want any drama? you better wear plenty armor
I cut that ass like the chef at benny harner's
The funky man's in it to win it
We gotta keep it real yo, no muthafuckin gimmicksWhoever make a hit they the best (that's a gimmick)
You sell records based on how you dress (that's a gimmick)
Hey yo, that tongue-twistin shit, that's kinda fresh (that's a gimmick)
What's when you're soft but you're frontin like you're stressed? (that's a gimmick)
What's when you're only into rap to get paid? (that's a gimmick)

What's when you're yellin and screamin up on stage? (that's a gimmick)
When your career is numbered by days? (that's a gimmick)
What's when your lyrical style is just a faze? (that's a gimmick)[verse 2: krs-one]
I guess yes y'all, to the beat y'all, bring in the street
Let me put my beeper on 'vibrate', so won't hear it beep
Representin the street, concrete what I speak, yeah, I live it
Let it be known, krs is not about a gimmick
I grab the mic and rip it, meanwhile they stallin
I raise the mic stand, because I'm tall and I keep the crowd callin
I'm not like those other rappers talkin about the caps they peel
Punk, I battle mc's for real
Fuck a record deal when you're still into hip-hoppin
With your country ass, sound like you're still pickin cotton
You get thrown across the room in that direction, listen
The lyrical teacher's not the one you should be checkin
This is my eara, or era or eera, whatever, I'm mad clever
I shoop, you doop, you doop like salt-n-pepa
Lyrical terror, you should never ever come for mine
When I rhyme I clean up mc's with the fresh smell of pine
I got skills, and it shows
You could slow or speed up the tempo, your style is fake like janet jackson's nose
I'm sellin that real live shit, and you could get hurt
You're sellin that fake shit like the home shopping network
You got a lotta rhymes to battle in a second
But frankly the bottom line is: where's your hit record?
You claim I'm jockin, you claim I'm on your dick, where's your witness?
If I'm on your dick, my name has got to be syphilis
I come with lyrical physical fitness
Two months from now you will have bit this
Watch me light that ass up like christmas
Don't let me come out on that ass
Start flippin the lyrics I be kickin
Be hotter than curry chicken
So whether from the east or from the west
There's no other krs
I got force
I came to your town to set it off
So when finesse goes 'hit it'
I'll never mimick
Krs-one could never use a gimmickWhen you're ridin the next rapper's dick (that's a gimmick)
When you're r&b, and then you cold flip (that's a gimmick)
Start rhymin hardcore just to get a hit (that's a gimmick)
When yout get over, but your skills ain't shit (that's a gimmick)
When you rap, but you don't have soul (that's a gimmick)
When you cross over just to go gold (that's a gimmick)

When you're not a gangster, but portrayin a role (that's a gimmick)
What's when you shape in somebody else's mould? (that's a gimmick)[verse 3: lord finesse]
Man your station, cause the clan you're facin
Is steppin to you trash muthafuckas like sanitatian
I shoot and throw rhymes, the whole nine when it's showtime
(what up, kid?) brothers know I can hold mine
On the real I got rhymes skills
When the time's ill I'm blowin up spots like a minefield
Brothers front with they chest out
But words from finesse's mouth'll leave them niggas stressed out
They make me sick to my stomach
(so put it on em, kid!) them muthafuckas don't want it
They can't see me, believe me
They all phoneys, like them niggas that be wrestlin on tv
Yo, they're nowhere near pro
And niggas couldn't hang if they was muthafuckin scarecrows
Nowadays a lotta rappers sound fake
Talkin that gangster shit, when they're softer than a poundcake
So why you're frontin with the burner, kid
When you done took more ass-whippins than fuckin tina turner did
You wanna front? so be it
But fuck beatin around the bush, I just speak how I see it
Me fall off? that shit's dead
That's not happenin, kid, so get that shit through your thick head
I'll never sellout (what?) you head right
I'll never cross over (aight!) word life
So when I said it, peep the method
If I never go gold but get credit, I won't sweat it
In '95 we all in it
We gotta keep it real, yo, no muthafuckin gimmicksWhat's when you rap and don't appreciate the art? (that's a gimmick)
What's when you sell out just to get a start? (that's a gimmick)
What's when you make bullshit just for the charts? (that's a gimmick)
What's when you rap, but it's not from the heart? (that's a gimmick)
What's when you're hardcore, then you turn pop? (that's a gimmick)
When you steal ideas to get props? (that's a gimmick)
When you sell out to be on top? (that's a gimmick)
What's when you front like you're hard, but you're not? (that's a gimmick)[krs-one]
Now let this be a lesson to all mc's
And dj's
Anyone that come across the line will have to pay
Real hip hop is in effect
Real hip-hop is in effect
Real hip-hop is in effect
Give it respect

We catch wreck

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