

Hip 2 da Game

Lord Finesse

(you know what?)
(you know what?)
(you know what?)[chorus]
I'm hip to the game (right)
I'll always be the same (true)
Cause whether I'm broke or got fame
Sunshine or rain
Ain't a damn thing changed[verse 1]
Finesse fell off, that's what some figure
You better see mary blige and get the 411, nigga
I rock rappers frequently
I'm like stevie wonder, I can't see a brother beatin me
Wanna throw joints? you get spanked, fella
Wanna talk dough? I'm seein more cash than a bank teller
Wanna talk girls, you can't follow this
I been through more skins than the average dermatologist
I'm no joke on a fast or slow tip
Pockets stay so thick, be on some down-low shit
I turn mc's red fast
I never sell out, fuck that, yo, I'm dead ass
I'm on it like tnt
When it comes to this, ain't another brother seein me
That's why opponents always get scared
Cause I make brothers go, "hey yo, that's that shit there!"[chorus][verse 2]
Brothers better lounge when I pass through town
(you better recognize) don't know? better ask around
Word life, I'm not a new figure
They say good things come to those who wait - I'm overdue, nigga
I lounge and rock tunes
The way I be savin the day, give me a cape and a costume
But no, it's not batman, it's the original blackman
That goes back like the gap band
I don't run scams, got dumb fans
Yo, I'm one man that's quick to toast a nigga like a sun tan
People wondered would I rock again?
Shit, rap without finesse is like life without oxygen
It's no quiz, I get biz, you know what the deal is
Rap ain't shit if it ain't real, kid
Can't a rapper outplay me

(do your thing, kid) word life, no doubt, baby[chorus][verse 3]
I don't stutter, I'm so butter, like no other
Word, I'm that funky type of soul brother
I get stupid, but I'm dumb wise, I'm one guy
That can rock a party from night until sunrise
You can't mess with the rap lord
That's like sayin you can dunk when you can't touch the backboard
Ha, I got the smooth rep
I got styles that kung-fu muthafuckas didn't use yet
How long I been rockin raps?
Since niggas was wearin lee's, mark-necks and sportin stocking caps
Plus I be flippin figures
In '95 and beyond, best believe I got some shit for niggas(you know what?)
(you know what?)
(you know what?)
(yeah!)

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