Flip Da Style

Lord Finesse

[verse 1]
Aw shit now, word spreads around when I get down
I rip clowns, I make niggas wanna skip town
Lord finesse got the rough raps, fuck that
When I do my thing, I come off like a hub cap
I put shit out like a fireman, you never met a flier man
I slide up in chicks like a diafram
(you can't murder me, you better recognize) people heard of me
I say the shit that get you open like surgery
I'm so def, I catch wreck with no sweat
When I rock mics it don't make sense to try to go next
With the mic I'm royal, see
You could have a silver jacket with rhinestones and couldn't shine more than me
Don't be silly and try to kill me
Soundin like milli vanilli, I smoke your ass like a philly
I rap with force when I'm kickin my facts across
The shit I kick is hotter than tabasco sauce
Don't try to ruin me or talk about doin me
(why?) I got shit that'll spark your whole community
So lounge and peep the deal
(cause I'm one muthafucka you don't have to tell keep it real)Brothers don't know I can (flip the style)
I'm out to make dough, kid (flip the style)
Come to my show, so I can (flip the style)
Check the flow, yo (just flip the style)
Can I do my thing, kid? (flip the style)
I'm ready to swing, yo (flip the stlye)
I got rap on a string, kid (flip the style)
Just gimme your ring when I (just flip the style)[verse 2]
I get attention like a lexus, girls wanna sex this
Play rappers like tetris, eat em like breakfast
Think you're nice? boy, you better be, you know my pedigree
I'm on the rise like afros in the 70s
I keep money, I freak honeys, I represent the streets, sonny
You know my style, don't sleep, money
I put it on like sneakers, it's the smooth speaker
Peace to krs-one, that's the teacher
Now let me hit you with this line I drive, this rhyme's fly
This is how it goes down in the '95
That's right, because I said it, don't sweat it, kid

Don't think I'm nice? well, I am, so give me credit, kid
I wreck niggas, collect figures
Yo, I'm like aretha franklin - all I want is some respect, nigga
I drop facts when I rock raps over hot tracks
That's why niggas be on my dick like a jock strap
Bring the best, I get with him
Even deaf people be sayin, "i heard that kid got some shit with him"
None could diss this or rip this, for instance
Give me a cordless mic, I beat a rapper long-distance
Crews I run through, won't fall or fumble
You can get done, too, don't let me catch you on the humble
Niggas don't like me, but that's aight, gee
Brothers act sheisty, that's why I play the crib with the wifey
One of the best, don't compare me to none of the rest
Straight up and down, word life you can't fuck with finesseShit sound hype, yo (flip the style)
It's only right that I (flip the style)
Pass the mic, so I can (flip the style)
I got my flow down tight, kid (just flip the style)
I got the skills to make papes, yo (flip the style)
I gotta set em straight, kid (flip the style)
I bet diggin' in the crates can (flip the style)
I got moves to make, yo (just flip the style)

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