

Speak Ya Peace

Lord Finesse

(Speak the peace
Then slide like grease) --> Dida(Rock to the beat, get wreck on the regular) --> Grap Lover
(That's right) --> Biz Markie
[VERSE 1: Lord Finesse]

I'm real like the Son Of Sam while other are soft like Richie Gun-In-Hand
Their styles is outdated like the _Running Man_
A tough vet, I'm the roughneck that drops logic
The hefty solid, prophet from the projects
The spiritual, the lyrical, individual
(No doubt, kid) Yeah, the Lord works miracles
I hustle for mine like those pumpin cracks
I got thumpin raps that'll have you niggas doin jumpin jacks
I come with the fat songs, put me on any platform
Watch me get my muthafuckin rap on
A top cat that rocks rap
>From the part of Boogie Down Bronx where the cabs don't stop at
The Asiatic rap fanatic that don't have it
My style's tighter than a virgin locked in traffic
You get ripped like a cardboard
Because you watch gangsta flicks, you write rhymes, don't mean you're hardcore
I'm so devine when I flow and rhyme
I blow your mind when I go for mine
(Come on) why'all niggas know the time
I kick hip-hop in its true form
Big up to Fat Joe, congratulations on the newborn[VERSE 2: Marquee]
Like the Coyote I gets Wile E.
And freaks it with the stylee
My shit is type ???, so my life be like irie
I be the MC that's above and beyond
Them all, stand out like Leon, tackle comp like Deion
Be on some hip-hop shit, cause the music like hypnotic
I can't stop it, oh Lord, so I just drops it
Till the slayings leave abrasions, hot like cajun
Trails be blazin behind this chinky-eyed non-Asian
Female bringin it to ya like e-mail
With advanced techniques off these New York streets
So hardrocks licks a smooth exotic sister
Strong as a bull, while you be slackin like a 76er
Yeah, this is my world, the slang sign

And out no doubt, Marquee, I do my thing[VERSE 3: Diamond D]

Now, you say Grenada, and I say Grenada
Big up to Greeny Green, I meet your black ass later
But wait a, minute, cause I'm in it to win it
With the freestyle flow I steal the show like John Benett
But then it, really wouldn't matter to a nigga
You figure you have to sneak up cause I'm bigger
Yo jigga, take down the beat just a little
Far from brittle, chew a nigga like a skittle
But it'll, be a cold day in the Caribbean
At the Meridian, I swim through girls like an amphibian
I'm witty and, versed with the lyrical blessin
Never fessin, and keep the chickens second-guessin
Known for stressin engineers in my session
I flake in one take, and slide like Wesson
So learn a lesson, I make the episode brief
You seek relief as you pick up your teeth

Songwriters

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