Praise the Lord (Lord Finesse Remix Instrumental)

Lord Finesse

This is not a classroom, so put your hands down
Aww fuck it, let me tell you who I am now
Finesse is my nickname, the way that I kick game
Girls don't try to figure me out, cause it's a dick thang
I kick rhymes, with beats that slam with force
I'm so gifted my name should be santa claus
Cause I flow, in fact I got the better show
I'm the baddest motherfucker that you'll ever know
I get hype and live on a party tip
I kick more ass than the star of a karate flick
So just chill, don't even play yourself
Grab a seat watch finesse, behave yourself
I school mc's on the r-a-p scoop
If you wanna diss me that's ok with me troop
I finish the album, I'm still kickin new shit
So step to this you'll get snapped like a toothpick
And those who think, finesse is in last place
You gets the bozack and the motherfuckin gas face
Yeah, keep your distance
Bite one rhyme I'll be forced to put a fist in action
Or motion, cause I've got the potion
My frame of mind is deep like the ocean
Call me jaws because I'm eatin yours
Or call me a star because I go on tours
Or call me swift because it ain't no myth
A brother got a rift then I'm forced to lift
That means kill deceased when a brother got a beef
I swell up eyes or I knock out teeth
Now you can't beat this or even get with this
Watch mike smooth spin it back with the quickness* dj mike smooth cuts n scratches *[lord finesse]
Make way for the brother called finesse
The man with the s on his chest, can't even mess
With the player, funky rhyme sayer
I make crazy paper, whenever I kick the flavor
Attract or I'll rag it, shit gets dramatic
Suckers had it, bitches cling like static
I'm a brother that people wanna see more
Mc'sll get rode up and down like a see-saw
Or played like blackjack as I kick a fat rap

Those that're rude or intrude'll get a backslap
Cause I get raw, or smooth like camay
Fuckin plan b! I'm gettin over with plan a!
I can show and prove why brothers can't last with me
.. as soon as the mic gets passed to me
Y'all need to chill, cause y'all over the hill
Mc's that can't deal need to leave the field
.. and head for the back door
Cause if it wasn't a lord finesse, then who would you clap for?
Don't let your friends soup you up and gas you
Cause I fuck you up, and kick your crew ass too
I stand superior, from here to siberia
That's why when I'm around, brothers leave the area
I'm the type to wreck a show, scoop then sex a hoe
Then I cool the fuck out like a eskimo
So hold on, better yet you better hang on
Shit, I break a motherfucker like a crayon
Punks who don't know, you know I'm gonna school em
They touch my mic, they got a ass-whippin comin to em
Cause I get raw off a bass drum
I make strong moves but shit, I never fake none
The smooth celebrity, none is ahead of me
You say you're sorry, well you damn well better be
I get raw, I'm not the type to slip and fall
When I get up and perform my shit for y'all
I'm not havin it, I wish a nigga would answer me
I flip faster than a brother on a trampoline
Set it off real quick, drop the crazy ill shit
So stop sweatin me, get off the dilznick
I'm waitin for those, who wanna flip
Cause this ain't as funky as I'm gonna get
On a fast tip, I still drop the mad shit
Come one come all, step up, you'll get your ass whipped
When it comes to skills I'm all that plus more
Throw your hands in the air, and praise the lord* dj mike smooth cuts n scratches *

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