Isn't He Something

Lord Finesse

Once again it's the man with the flavor
It's lord finesse so run and tell your neighbors
So stop sleeping and check out the style I'm freaking
I stomp opponents and give hoes the silent treatment
Forget striking out, I'm hitting grand slams
Taking opponents off the stage like the sandman
After apollo I'm the one to follow now
I kick the shit that biters can't swallow down
Mics get lit up as soon as I get up
Opponents I hit up, make em quit and want to give up
I'm kicking a party like kung fu
Snatching all the girls as soon as I say "one two"
Brothers think I'm new, but they're dead for instance
I was into rap before they could form a sentence
I'm finally getting mine after coming up the far way
So nowadays I just lounge and parlay
I'm hip to music, whether jazz or country
I'm the type to make anything sound funky
I like to talk and shout and go and flow
Ayo, some brothers just don't know
That I can take on any played out wack style
Rhymes so deadly you should put them in a crack vile
I kick a rhyme as soon as you say when
So hype on the mic, when I finish you say "amen"
I'm not the type to go around fronting
Ayo, they don't call me lord finesse for nothing"it's the l-o-r-d f-i-n-e double s-e"
"all the party people say isn't he something" (repeat 2x)Here we go, it's the grand imperial
With the hip material to blow your stereo
I sound different and my shit be hitting
It's the funky technician pay attention, listen
I flow smoothly like a scene in a movie
Girls that choose me say that I'm a cutie
Rough like a fistfight when I'm holding this mic
So keep your lips tight if you can't keep your shit tight
You can't beat this, better yet top this
I hold the crowd like saddam hold a hostage
I get ferocious so I approach this
The girls are sweet like the cream from a hostess
Yeah, I keep the cash flow

In a fight I throw the first and the last blow
So those that's yakking you'd better be packing
I catch a wreck like a whole mob attacking
I flow with quickness, mc's are too slow to get this
I preach on the mic like a jehovah's witness
Give me a mic, watch me saw
Not daddy kane or eddie murphy, but I get raw
To different tempos, a fast or a slow one
Me a wack mc? well it takes one to know one
Rhymes with the quickness and swiftness so come and get with this
Or be about your business
Always got something to keep the crowd jumping
Ayo, they don't call me lord finesse for nothing"it's the l-o-r-d f-i-n-e double s-e"
"all the party people say isn't he something" (repeat 4x)I get loose to make mc's step back
Brothers try and diss me but I don't sweat that
I'm able to stop a crew, pass any obsticle
I'm not bobby brown, but I still wanna rock with you
Smooth rap maestro, wild like a psycho
Step to this and get sparked like a light show
I flip like an acrobat, kicking rhymes back to back
Even with faster raps there's still more after that
This is the funky technician and the one man
Who burn mc's quicker than a suntan
So the days of struggling, that's behind me, son
I got some shit for that ass in '91
So step back as I flow onward, man
Listen, I turn a house party into a concert
Brothers biting pope, crazy rhymes I wrote
I don't get mad, that just prove they take notes
Suckers that lack this can't catch this or match this
They need practice with they played out tactics
I stand ahead of them, the smooth rap veteran
Relieve any crowd like a dose of exederin
When it comes to fights with mics I can hold mine
First album was dope, second one should be a goldmine
I make party people say "isn't he something"
Cause yo, they don't call me lord finesse for nothing"it's the l-o-r-d f-i-n-e double s-e"
"all the party people say isn't he something" (repeat 4x)

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