Yes You May

Lord Finesse

[lord finesse]
Yeah, now check this out.
Now what we have here is the "yes you may" remix, right?
But percee p and my man a.g. ain't here,
And I got my man big l in the house, you know what I'm saying?
And we swinging shit for '92[big l]
Ah check it out, yo
Ayo everywhere I go, brothers know my fucking name
I'm flooring niggas and I only weight a buck and change
I gave a lot of black eyes in my extorting days
Fucking with me, a lotta niggas was sporting shades
I grab the microphone and scar jerks
Niggas running up (put me on!) what the fuck, is this star search?
I'm relieving rappers like sudafed
And if the microphone was smoke then big l would be a buddha head
Ayo my crew's real smooth like lopez
I was rocking mics since niggas was wearing pro keds
I only roll with originators
Chicks stick to my dick like magnets on refridgerators
I'm a crazy mean lyracist
Many are in fear of this, yeah, so they stand clear of this
And those that refuse the order, big l bruise and slaughter
Niggas hear me and take notes like a news reporter
I'll bend a rapper like a fender, I'm slender, but far from tender
Killing niggas like a klan member
You can't touch this, your rhyme's to darn weak, front
And I'm a introduce your brains to the concrete
I keep hoes satisfied, I'm pushing the fattest ride
To take me out, troop, even the baddest try
But they fell cause my techniques are liver
I'm so deaf I need a hearing aid with an equalizer
You tried to hit a home run but you struck out
My rhymes were released, I'd like to say peace the fuck out[lord finesse]
Check it out, it's the brother you have to hear, stand up, clap, and cheer
As far as running mine, ain't nothing happening here
Cause I'm on some ruthless shit
It ain't over til the fat lady sing? I'm a shoot the bitch
I'm swift with this, it's ridiculous to get with this
When I kick some shit, I'm a cold flip the script

It's all systems go when I start ripping shows
I swing and do my thing and I'm coming home with different hoes
I got game like genesis
When I finish this I can bag any hoe on the premisis
I spin into action like a whirlpool
Get wilder than a rapist in a catholic all-girls school
Cause I'm scoring mine, never kicking boring rhymes
I'm living larger than my dick in the morning time
I get paid and laid on a good night
Me take a loss? that shit don't even look right
Brothers couldn't win against me with their hardest tactics
I hang 'em and use their ass for target practice
If you think you can troop, go recruit your group
We can battle for some loot, shit
I take you, and plus the rest of your squad
Bust your ass and make you all get messanger jobs
So write that shit in your column
Any rapper who wants beef, motherfucker's got problems
I'm out to make changes
It's the funky man, you know what my motherfucking name is(lord finesse and big l give shoutout til fade)

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/