Hey Look at Shorty

Lord Finesse

Yo finesse, c'mere
[lf] yeah yeah, whassup?
Why don't you tell this boy
How you was back in the day with poetry[lord finesse]
Yeah, check it out
Let's go down a few years let's say way down
When I used to lounge and say rhymes in the playground
I'ma show you how I used to do things
I was wearin pro keds with crazy fat shoestrings
Even as a child, things didn't come easier
I wrote rhymes, while other kids played ? ? ?
I was set, determined to climb in rap
Brothers got high - I didn't have time for that
I was rowdy, I didn't say violent though
Got my respect and props at the talent shows
And at the jams and the parties I went to
A-dults used to say, "yo shorty got potential"
I stepped on the stage with authority and confindence
Got claps and cheers, and plus stupid compliments
I deep down felt, I needed no one's help
To gain my wealth, so I went out for self
None was never foolin me, brothers was cool with me
My rap ingenuity I took to school with me
So in high school, I admit, I could rhyme good
Brothers got mad cause they couldn't flow like I could
I was swift with this, so brothers couldn't get with this
Niggaz was so weak on the mic, it was ridiculous
You was stupid to try to step to run mine
You usually got burnt and stomped durin lunchtime
Cause I was able, to keep the rhyme stable
And please the crowd while I was bangin on a table
So as the days passed, and the months zoomed
I was the funkiest rapper in the lunchroom
I was funky the way I kicked and tell things
Take on mc's, and stomp em before the bell rings
Usin my blessings to take out contestants
"was you nice on the mic? " stupid question
So you know I was far from a wannabe
Even doe pioneers used to front on me sayin

"get from under the ropes shorty, you're not a known rhymer"
Give me the mic and step off, you fuckin old timer
And shut the hell up cause my skills are developed
Funky for my age, but my head will never swell up
I got mean on the scene, with a rougher rap
And left brothers sayin, "who the fuck was that? "
The new comer, I got plenty numbers
I was the main event, at the jams every summer
I was, short and sturdy, plus I used to rhyme dirty
Get in trouble for stayin out after 9:30
I was a kid with a mic that was runnin shit
Had to come back and take mine after punishment
Cause when it came to rhymin, I was a hot beginner
I used to take out and stomp all the top contenders
The skills I had, I used to flip and flaunt
I was servin brothers like I worked in a resteraunt
I was the type, to spark and bomb troops
Take on everybody and win except mom dukes
I didn't need a 40, to prove I was naughty
Cause even as a kid, people said, "look at shorty!"* cut and scratch "look at shorty!" - dj mike smooth *

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