

# Check the Method

## Lord Finesse

It's like that, y'all, check it out now  
(yeah yeah, now check the method) (repeat 4x) Fuck that, you know who's bigger  
Even though nowadays you got all these motherfucking new niggas  
Fuck those who spread rumors, I didn't retire  
Even though you got all these lord finesse juniors  
Trying to get hype and rip mics  
They just imitators that can't quite get my shit right  
So won't y'all just face it  
That y'all sweat me so much I gotta give my dick a facelift  
Wanna battle, I'm all for it  
When it comes to this, I've been through more shit than a toilet  
Now we could get wild and search for peace  
Cause right now I'm chillin', like the nigga home on work release  
And even on a lover tip I'll still wax brothers quick  
When I do my thing I be on some old other shit  
Niggas I slaughter, just to bring order  
Aw fuck it, my shit be flowing like spring water  
It's like that, y'all, check it out now  
(yeah yeah, now check the method) (repeat 2x) Now it's the dictator whose style's greater  
It's the man with more flavors than motherfucking now & later  
And rappers I hit 'em well  
They automatically go to heaven fucking with me, I give 'em hell  
Yeah, so don't try to front, troop  
When your style is played out like an osh-kosh jumpsuit  
Huh, I'm out to collect figures  
I'm on some wu-tang shit, so protect your fucking neck, nigga  
I don't front like a man on a high horse  
But yo, I make more noise than July 4th  
So run, son, I ain't the one, bum, who dial 911  
If you don't, you's a motherfucking dumb dumb  
I'm not a role model, I'm a bad figure  
When it comes to rap, I got skills out the ass, nigga  
I got it locked like a warden  
Rap without finesse, that's like the NBA without Jordan  
So all you new jacks kicking wack raps it's a fact that  
I'll be on your fucking back like a napsack  
It ain't shit you can tell me  
Cause the ladies still jel me without an lp  
It's like that, y'all, check it out now  
(yeah yeah, now check the method) (repeat 4x) It's like that y'all, and I keep figures  
It's the hardcore ruffneck funky type of street nigga

Lord finesse got the swift rap and  
You don't need dionne warwick and them psychic friends to predict that  
In years to come I'm bound to shine  
Give me a mic and a minute, I'll show niggas I get down for mine  
Word life, you know the haps  
Fucking with me is like bungee jumping with no rope attached  
Man listen, I got plenty rhymes  
When it comes to props, motherfucks just oughta gimme mine  
Word, cause I slay ya fast  
Whether you're the best mc with a mic, or you're straight up trash  
My lyrics excel, hops  
From the ghetto street upstate to motherfucking cell blocks  
No doubt I got clout  
I gotta give a shout (to who? ) to my brother show when I'm outIt's like that, y'all, check it out now  
(yeah yeah, now check the method) (repeat 4x)

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