

Funky Technician

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chorus

"mmm mm mm, ain't that something? "

"damn it feels good to see people up on it"

(repeat 4x) Lord finesse in effect cause I rhyme hard

Look good flow smooth yeah the whole nine yard

Wear and tear mc's that step near

I make the girl strip naked and just give it here

It's like, taking candy from a kid in a baby carriage

Suckers vanish, because I do crazy damage

Crews I smoke and diss, don't even joke with this

Just listen to the sounds of the funky vocalist*chorus*Now I'm the man with intellect, no one to disrespect

I kick a rhyme and make mc's wanna hit the deck

And give it up and use they rhymes as a sacrifice

Brothers try they best, they ain't even half as nice

They try to kick it, by using that softer rap

Me sound wack? nigga please, come off of that

I'm mystical, musical, I might confuse a few

Lord finesse gettin funky as usual

Releasin some fresh words, sparkin the neck work

Cause I'm the expert, wearin sneakers and sweatshirts

Jeans and hoods, there's no doubt that I rap good

I ? walk with a bout? with my hat turned backwards

To many, I may look like a hoodlum

But I'm a rapper and a pretty damn good one

Cause I can get smooth and mild or wild like a juvenile

Or get swift with the gift and just lose the crowd

State the facts, create the raps

Those who try to down me, better step out my face with that

Cause I can get raw like many or any one of them

I take a nine when you rate me from one to ten

I got skills so don't try approachin me

I keep rhymes in stores just like groceries

Don't try to snap troop, cause this man be strapped

Come correct you be leavin home handicapped

In a straightjacket, or a wheelchair

(finesse lost your touch?) naah, it's still there

So wannabees and competition

Beware of lord finesse, the funky technician*chorus*I'm untouchable, with the skills to crush a crew

When it comes to rhymes it's a must that I bust a few

Keep the crowd listening I'm so magnificent
It even says finesse on my birth certificate, I'm the
Man of bravery skill and chicanery
I get the ladies cause I use my brain you see
And that's no surprise you might get pulverized
If you sleep, so don't even close your eyes
I go and flow, I even give crews advice
To make it short, I'm crazy stupid nice
Using bad words, pronouns and adverbs
Putting english together just like a mad nerd
Mc's I stomp and scare, I make em lose they hair
I rip the mic and take it home as a souveneir
Rough and tough cause I come from a bad block
Watch your girl with a chain and a padlock
I go solo, far from a homo
That's a no no, get more sex than a porno
When it comes to rhymes I write my own
Speak in a hyper tone, when rippin a microphone
So those steppin to me better have somethin hype to say
I cook mc's faster than you can in a microwave
I'm the type that'll give any man a chance
To come correct before leavin in a ambulance
So those that's dissin and flippin better listen
To lord finesse - the funky technician*chorus**chorus again w/ variations*

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