

# Here Come the Lords

## Lords of the Underground

Hey, yo, Funke wake up, huh? Turn your radio up, what?  
It's us, it's us? Yeah, listen to the cut, it's our style, our style?  
Your style, stop brother, ayyo, nigga, wake up  
Let me show you some thin' Listen to the way they flip the metaphors and phrases  
Listen, listen, it's driving me crazy  
'Cause every time I do a style and flip it kind of simple  
Brothers say, that's fat and do it on the demo From a demo to a promo, now a hit on the radio  
Next thing you know, they'll be doing our video  
Same one? Same one, concepts, whole nine  
And crazy similarities to the whole rhyme I'm not worried though, why? I'm flipping hits from the grill  
And in the underground only real stays real, so, umm  
Check the skills, the skills are kinda ill and, yo  
Here come the Lords, 'cause we're here to make a kill Here come the Lords  
Here come the Lords  
Here come the Lords  
Here come the Lords Here come the Lords  
Here come the Lords  
Here come the Lords Ayyo, Marley, ayyo whassup knocka?  
Do you hear these suckas trying to clock, the Lord Chief Rocka  
Yeah, I hear 'em they're just a bunch of clones on your bone  
Hold up, I'm trying to figure out where could they get my style from Ayyo, wait a minute remember the tape,  
you shopped around  
A while back? Yo, what wasn't that your boys? Now they got our stuff Down pat, yo, man don't sweat it just  
show 'em why they call you Mr. Funke, yo, Lord Jazz, pass me some of that Brass Brass Monkey Here come the  
Lords, here come the Lords Mr. Funke don't you see me?  
I told you we were coming you suckas didn't believe me the Skipper  
My Lords style stick like Jack the Ripper, I'm hanging other rappers like Your girl hangs on my zipper, Lord  
Jazz, hit me one time make it funky  
Stop being stingy knocka pass that Brass Monkey I step off a stage everyone knows, who I am  
Grab the mic like Teddy Riley and I jam, jam  
Give me the mic and watch me wax that ass  
Keep the camera moving 'cause I'm kinda fast  
You can trip, you can flip, you could even slip or dip But you'll never ever rip, Funke style as good as this  
Because you sound like you're drugged you might as well be a singer  
Your whimsy couldn't touch me if your name was Sticky Fingaz  
So when I come around, don't try to be down, don't try to be down  
Just dig the sound 'cause here comes the Lords of the Underground Here come the Lords  
Here come the Lords  
Here come the Lords

Here come the LordsHere come the Lords  
Here come the Lords  
Here come the LordsWell, umm, open up the doors and yell, here come the Lords  
Yell it loud, yell it loud let me hear it from a crowd  
I packs 'em, in the closet like Michael Jackson  
And love to hear the girls go, oh, when I'm rockingSo catch it, no stutter in my flow but I wrecks it  
And caught you on the dillz from my jam called Check It  
Check it, check it, check it, check it microphone, check it  
Yeah, you went wild 'cause your moms digs my recordsSo come on, I'm taking you where the sun don't shine  
The underground but everything is fine  
I rhyme, copacetic, unless it gets hectic  
Your vocal chords'll get cracked, you gets no chlorasepticSo hit 'em, so chill, chill man, chill  
I know who used to be but now who's Top Bill  
Well, it's me and yes, I am back by the Funke  
Marley filled the House with Hits so you know the Lords are chunkyWe stink, like pee-eww, funk from my shoe  
But what about this funk, can two brothers like us do?  
But get down like James Brown and rock the whole town  
Hah, and now the Lords have broke groundHere come the Lords  
Here come the Lords  
Here come the Lords  
Here come the LordsHere come the Lords  
Here come the Lords  
Here come the Lords

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