

E.l.o.**"Ya Better Recognize"**Visit "[Ya Better Recognize](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1: Lord Finesse]

Uh, let the games begin, man, I play to win
I floss them jews with gyms, got dimes you can't spin
Got shit hymned, why you wildin I'm smilin
Profilin shinin like a medaillon
Worshipped by thousands as the nicest, most
righteous
Game's priceless, I call 'em like psychics
So fools that's mad, better show some class
I got that dough to stash, watch me show my ass
You know the half, well, guess you don't
And get paid by now, shit, guess you won't
You don't offend bro', I get respects like the pope
Got 'em locked like En Vogue I do my thing, then I bolt
No joke, be the villain in Black Pope
Fuck lingos when I was young I was taught to stack
notes
That's all she wrote, I gotta keep starter
I show you flossin it ain't over for you niggaz that got
teeth droppin

[Lord Finesse voice samples] -2X

"Check it, check it out for those that know me" -> You
Know What I'm About
"(You better recognize) Don't know? Better ask around"
-> Hip 2 Da Game
"You know the deal I represent skills" -> Day One
"Rap without Finesse is like life without oxygen" -> Hip
2 Da Game

[Verse 2: Lord Finesse]

It's the ghetto icon, type don, you're long hyped don
Long like tycons, money long like pipedons
Even without the ice on
You still feel me, makin ill willies, seduce me like hill
billie
Real silly, you kill me, for the fact that others suck me
and grill me
Really, kinda ill see, quit startin
Cause I roll with a squadron
That stays in trouble like Dennis Rodman

Names spread like Hordrum, be the next to vice
Understand Rule 1 kid; Recognise
I don't stretch you guys, you weasles
My and my peoples is deasles, plus, we keep it kosjer
like the hebrews
Let's see who runs the game here, cause I'm holdin it
Why you barely got trains here where I'm rollin
Can make the game stare, roll it around blow your town
Till the day I die, Finesse'll be holdin it down

[Lord Finesse samples] -2X

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[Verse 3: O.C.]

Let me introduce mine, oh fuck it, y'all know me
O.C., the kid with the gold teeth
Don't hold leasin' me, I shine
I find no crime, maybe criminal thoughts on my mind
Sure you write, boy, I write rhymes all night
I tip it in my LS or the turnpipe
On my own, stay home, shorty alone
Forty and gold that make me wanna stroke my voke
Why you fall you wonder why I'm packin for
Cause niggaz on the streets is like Dracu-law
Remacular, smooth like an acting role
Made band pretty tough while I smack your hoe
I been blessed since birth to recite these verses
Droppin rhymes off the dome is like birth shits
When I step in the place and get nervous
I'm kickin that ass, is what, that hurts kid

[Lord Finesse samples] -2X

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