

## Elend

### "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 souvenier  
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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