

Els Pets

"Baby, You Nasty"

Visit "[Baby, You Nasty](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[VERSE 1]

Lord Finesse is the brother that you have to hear
I flow smooth like clouds in the atmosphere
I'm spectacular, so damn terrifyin
That wack MC's don't think about ever tryin
To dis or flip cause what it boils down to
You won't survive to step to me in round 2
I stand and expand like a great man
And swing a party like Tarzan the apeman
Say rhymes that are necessary, make em extra-scary
Watch Finesse and take notes like a secretary
I get furious, display experience
Lord Finesse is nasty, period

(You nasty, baby)

[VERSE 2]

Lord Finesse in effect with the master rap
And I flip on the mic like a acrobat
I won't fret, step, but I'll make a rep
Usin vinyl wax, or a tape cassette
Think I'm weak? Take your next look
And get schooled and read like a textbook
Cause I'm the better man, and I never ran
MC beat me? I give credit to whoever can
Cause I terrify, scare, and horrify
Couldn't win against me if you let your father try
Hang and socialize, rhymes just multiply
Me and Mike get with it cause we both are fly
Lyrical lecture, word architecture
Rap director, the best in my sector
Microphone cool chief releasin the smooth speech
I get nasty with a pen and some loose leaf

(You nasty, baby)

[VERSE 3]

Lyrical summary, there's only one of me
Lord Finesse is far from a wanna-be
Cause I can get funky and smooth like cashmere
And slay a rapper with rhymes I said last year

So don't try roastin or toastin me, or even approachin
me
I break you physically and emotionally
So damn fly at this, so don't even try to dis
Put rhymes together like a stupid mad scientist
In a laboratory, I'm a brother with a badder story
Lord Finesse stand tops in my category
MC's are petrified with nowhere left to hide
I slay a rapper and go: "What's up, who's next to try?
I ain't havin it, poetical graduate
And me get whipped by who? Imagine it
MC's are in jeopardy as soon as they step to me
I'm the man ladies break they neck to see
Highly explosive and nothin to joke with
Cause I can get funky on a fast or the slow tip
Cause I'm badder, but it doesn't matter
Sharp like a dagger, able to rag a
Booty MC who dares try to play me
Cause even the ladies tell me (You nasty, baby)

[VERSE 4]

I rock the science and drop the math
And I sketch up rhymes just like Arts & Crafts
Foes mumble, babble get crushed cause they fragile
Release more words than in three games of Scrabble
MC Lord Finesse, I reign with supremacy
I take one, two, or a team of three
Or ten of em cause I could never sound feminine
When gettin funky for the ladies and gentlemen
Remarkable, I came to rock the show
Wax MC's like a bottle of Mopping Glow
Lord of rap, and many can't afford to snap
And I throw and score like a quarterback
Shoot for the touchdown, I'm from Uptown
Lord Finesse in effect, so what's up now?
Rhyme, slide, and glide, but fit perfectly
A swift genius, but no need to worship me
I remain hot to make your brain drop
Cause I'm a river, and you're just a raindrop
Bronx is where I come from, far from a dum-dum
Brothers be runnin just to dial 911
Lord Finesse in effect to get lose now
My pockets stay fat like a goose down
I use the master brain and drive in a faster lane
Puttin rhymes in shape just like Jack Lalane
Fix it, balance it cause I'm talented
I write fly lyrics and dare others to come challenge it
I can get nifty, funky, or even fancy
(Baby that's nasty)
I know, but yo, let's just flow
Cause fast or slow I still get the dough

And the ladies to cheer and praise me
And tell me when I rhyme (You nasty, baby)

Visit [Els Pets](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.