

## Els Pets

### "Bad Mutha"

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(Bad mutha)

[VERSE 1]

Turn up the radio, better yet the phonograph  
And I'm a school the suckers who don't know the half  
I'm not a legend, I'm real and actual  
Bite my rhymes, I get mad and come after you  
I don't front or pretend cause that's imaginary  
I get funky with the use of vocabulary  
I'm more deadlier than a bottle of cyanide  
When I dig in my brain and say a fly rhyme  
I might bust and say a little somethin  
Get the party pumpin, yo, that ain't nothin  
So don't bore me, I've been naughty  
Even as a kid people said: "Look at shorty"  
Back in the days I had much attention  
Speak of competition - man, listen  
Even then I've coulda been a funky star  
At the age of 12 I was rhymin on them monkey bars  
A little kid with the art of poetry  
Nice for my age, but nobody noticed me  
Nowadays I tell it like it is  
That makes my skill different from her or his  
I sport my skills on a F.M. frequency  
Lettin people know you better not sleep on me  
I'm known as a smooth cool brother  
A funky technician, call me a (bad mutha)

[VERSE 2]

I play MC's like a game of Mario Brothers  
I hold my own, plus I can carry another's  
Rhymes I make strong and watch em take form  
On a sucker who steps out his face wrong  
I'm the MC to fear and run from  
Shockin so much you think I'm usin a stun gun  
I hold the title cause I'm the cool champ  
If rap was money you'd be rated as food stamp  
You try to boast and toast, you go by what name?  
You can't get with Finesse, you're just jump change  
You couldn't cut it even if you had a hack-saw  
You're just a rap that I laid a track for

Cause records get mixed up, foes get ripped up  
If a mic was a freak, I'd get my tip sucked  
So girls, don't sleep, don't even doze off  
I'm good with a mic, plus I'm good with my clothes off  
And I'm no joke, far from a slow poke  
I school the young bucks, plus school the old folks  
I got stamina, lyrical examiner  
Moppin, sweep up rappers just like a janitor  
Lord Finesse parallel to no other  
The smooth lover, and also the (bad mutha)

[VERSE 3]

At a show I get fly and so legit  
Gimme a mic onstage and that's all over with  
On a stage I'm straight up wildin  
I can kick a party like a brother from the Shaolin  
Temple, I find it simple  
I get the ladies cause they sweat my dimples  
Me take a loss? Not by a long shot  
Get off the tip cause you jumped on the wrong jock  
Of the wrong man put up on the wrong scoop  
You got problems, what you're on, troop?  
Raise up, I light the whole stage up  
So wild with the mic, I oughta be caged up  
I'm a brother you dare not lay a hand on  
I leave you more bloodier than a tampon  
If you split, I'ma get you later  
Rhymes more fresher than a virgin in a frigerator  
Take caution to what this brother say  
Come correct or turn around the other way  
(Bad mutha) is the perfect description  
Of me rhymin or just plain flippin  
I'm no joke when it comes around to that  
I start flippin when I hear the sound of rap  
I'm enhanced to keep in step with it  
And surprise MC's cause you slept a bit  
So wake up, my man cause there's no time for dozin  
My thoughts are set, and a rhyme has been chosen  
From my brain which makes me insane  
To gain some fame, Lord Finesse is the name  
To seek and blame cause I came and rearranged  
My style of rap will make suckers wanna leave the  
game  
I'm superior compared to others  
Call me Lord Finesse, better yet make it (bad mutha)

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