

Els Pets

"Slave to My Soundwave"

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[Lord Finesse]

Hear the crowd, and get the stage set
You still got time, so put a tape in your tape deck
Sit down, relax, as I drop facts
Rhymes attract the crowd once I got em down pat
I'm teachin the masses, join up for classes
You're blind to the truth, so I'ma get you some glasses
Cause as I flow, my rep start to grow
And brothers don't diss me, cause they all know
That I can get raw and hang with the rest of em
Brothers be frontin, but Finesse'll be testin em
As I rhyme, and strive for perfection
It used to be mics, now it's girls I'm collectin
Mike Smooth is on the Wheels of Fortune
You don't want none so proceed with caution
Clap along, you didn't know that I was that strong
to kick a rap song on top of a platform
A stage, when I speak I bring rage, shoot
I kick my rhymes from page to page
Get em down pat, when it's time for a hype track
I don't scheme, cause I ain't livin like that
I don't front when it's time for a autograph
A Grammy award for rap is what I oughta have
made up, cause I ate up, most the comp'
Set up a beat, and watch me stomp
like a boot, hot in pursuit, now tell me troop
Do I keep the loot?
Throw me a mic yo and watch me damage it
Brothers run it, because they can't handle it
Now MC's I amaze, shock and daze
Just max -- you're a slave to my soundwave

* Mike Smooth cuts "You're a slave to my soundwave" *

[Lord Finesse]

Now I'm a brother, who is far from booty
It's Lord Finesse, the MC and yours truly
who will take your girl just like a known crook
All I need is a mic and a phonebook
Yo, I go on deep, don't need a gang to flip
You try to copy, but can't even hang with it?

Chill, yo, you can't master fool
I drop science like a kid from Catholic school
Back up, just give me some room to flip
I get wild on the mic like some lunatic
with the go, so watch me go
Lord Finesse got a soul, and D so
suckers are gettin rich with no type of written hits
But when approached by me they start shittin bricks
I'm not sayin to jump or be scared of me
But in a battle, just prepare to be
dissed and beaten, ripped up while I warm up
or step in range, and get that ass torn up
Or get a beating like Kunta Kinte
Cause ain't nothin happening steppin over this way
Lookin all in my grill, don't even know when to chill
Grabbin the mic, soundin like a imbecile
A sucker, a pussy, a chump, a dodo
Gettin booed, goin out like a homo
Shut your trap, as I begin to rap
Lord Finesse got skill, so just remember that
rhymes I say, express and send with force
I get you hyped, like sexual intercourse
Eat MC's like a dinner from Swanson
Spring into action like the man Charles Bronson
Step in my way you will get played
when you're tunin, to the Lord Finesse soundwave

* Mike Smooth cuts "You're a slave to my soundwave" *

[Finesse] * talking while Smooth cuts *
Yo just about now I wanna give a shout out
to my DJ Mike Smooth, the brother Premier
Slo-Mo on the engineerin tip once again
The brother Chilly Dee, the brother Rhome
Donald D, Ice-T, Kid Jazz, the brother Disco
The rest of the Rhyme Syndicate
King Sun, Build and Destroy
Tragedy, and his DJ, Joe Fatal
Peace

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