

Elvin Bishop "Yes You May"

Visit "Yes You May" on MotoLyrics.com

[Lord Finesse]

Aw yeah, coming is my man Andre the Giant in the house, you

know what I'm saying? I got my man Rhyme Inspector Percee P

in the house. We gonna set this off for the 90's, you know

what I'm saying?

[Percee P]

We repping Queensville and Forrest in the house.

[Lord Finesse]

Let Precee get his props, let him get his props.

[Percee P]

Like sulfuric acid I'm lethal, soon as my words reach you

They eat through brains of those that chose to speak to A wiser and smoother, keep up or I lose you When I manuver words when I'm heard I confuse you, bruise you

I'm high potent, devoting much time into one rhyme Every line of mine is worth quoting

I'm like a college dorm, people will swarm

For knowledge, applicants chill out and fill out a form

I know I'm the best MC, no one can mess with me

I'm a recepie, diss the P and you're history

Percee P's the man to praise

For day's after a phrase is said I'll leave your head phased

No one can surpass the P, get on before or after me

That can be a catastrophe

Brains I kill, when I build

With my skill, in my field cause I'm ideal

Foes I decompose from nose to toes

I will dispose of all of those that chose to go to my

You gotta hand it to me, you know I'm uno assumo Doing Judo, couldn't do no damage to me I stayed up later made up a rhyme straight up after I

ate up yours

Sprayed up yours, cause get laid up

Thinking I'm a make it big, you rap fans know it

Prepare for stale rap, and you snap your Kodak

Diss me, the P? That'll be suicide

You no frills with no skills, I'll just put you aside

Rappers are skinned in battles and winning them from within them

Befriend them, before I beat them I greet them then eat them, then send them

A ?court hide?, my lyrics coincide

And dwell all through your brain cells as soon as they go inside

The Giant, you got something to say?

[A.G.]

Can I kick it? (Yes, you may)

Pass the mic, and watch how I rock the show Suckers try to diss, now they got to go

I got so much talent

I get hype when I write and I might even get violent I see and dismantle

You might be nice with the mic, but are you nice with your hands, too?

And I hope you're not lacking

Cause you'll be missing in action if you ain't been practicing

If you seem to get a victory and it's legit, shit

Then I'll admit you can get with me

I never quit, cause it's never none of that

Get the best rhyme and Tec-9 and I'm coming back

What, you think I'm joking?

The last nigga I broke quit rapping and started smoking

This was seen from a close fan

One crawl, some fall, none stall, not all but most ran

You should have seen them running

The tune I was humming is "A.G. is Coming"

Get your best MC's that have heart to fight

Finesse, A.G., and Percee P is gonna spark the mic

All girls leave convinced

I'm not a giant in hight, on the strength, I'm a giant in length

Cuties with booties I know how to pick 'em

(But do you stick 'em?) Ask your girl, she became another victim

Now you're heated because I'm dissing

Go ahead and get your ammunition cause I'm already on a mission

But don't approach with that wack plan

I'm one strong black man, mentally I'm a fat man I get heated til I boil Competition I heard to spoil, leave them under dirt and soil

A mastermind when it comes to a puchline Anybody wants mine? That's when it's lunch time So Finesse you got something to say?

[Lord Finesse]
Can I kick it? (Yes, you may)

I reign terror, fall off never (So how you gonna do this?) Ayo, whatever I prepared, equipped, and I'm here to flip Me take a loss? I'm not trying to hear that shit Neither me or the brothers that I run with So grab a seat and shut up with that dumb shit It's showtime, so it's time to get hype now Wack MC's leave the stage, put the mic down Just like that now, riff you get smacked now You know what I know? You take your ass to the background MC's I eat up, chew up, mash up Get out of hand and I'll fuck your damn ass up Come prepared, don't front and get scared I grab the mic, go "One two" and say "Yeah" I rock any track that's thrown me A classic, a breakbeat, or even R&B Whether a variety, or even one group Any MC against me, now that's a dumb move As I proceed to flip, I'm a succeed with this A brother beat me? No one would believe that shit So don't play me, stress me, or stand hard Never send a pussy out to do a man's job This is my game, I play the cards here I bust a rapper's ass plus I send him home with car fare I flow like a faucet, kick the crazy raw shit I beat a rapper from the party to his doorstep Straight up and down you don't want no conflict Smoother than a pimp, rougher than a convict Save the riff cause you ain't saying shit Go against this, you get smoked like a spliff I drop hits and watch my competitors flip To them it's dope, to me it's just regular shit That I dropped on the scene cause I knew it would boom

I get in a rapper's ass like a tight pair of Fruit of the Looms

They try to hang, but all of them struck out What they need to do is retire and chill the fuck out Cause I get fancy, funky, plus nasty I'll be damned to let a motherfucker pass me With my style of hip-hop, won't fall or flip flop Here to get props cause my shit's hot So when you see me don't hog me or crowd me Lord Finesse saying peace, I'm Audi

[A.G.]

Yeah yeah, word up. We just getting fat for '91. A.G., Lord Finesse, Percee P. Percee P is the new member, the new member down with the crew.

[Lord Finesse]

Yeah, Diggin in the Crates and all that, all that.

[AG] All that, all that, Diggin in the Crates, Finesse Squad

[LF] Peace to Showbiz, Diamond D

[AG] All that, all that

[LF] Fat Gangsta, Harry-O and the ABC Crew

[AG] Don't forget GangStarr

[LF] Don't forget GangStarr! My man Shel Rumble...

Visit Elvin Bishop page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

MotoLyrics.com | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.