

Hank Williams Sr.

"Here Come the Lords"

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[DoItAll] Hey yo Funke wake up!
[Mr. Funke] Huh?
[DoItAll] Turn your radio up!
[Mr. Funke] What?!
[DoItAll] It's us!
[Mr. Funke] It's US?!
[DoItAll] Yeah listen to the cut!
It's our style!
[Mr. Funke] Our style?
[DoItAll] Your style
[Mr. Funke] Stop brother
[DoItAll] Ayyo nigga wake up, "let me show you some-
thin!"
Listen to the way they flip the metaphors and phrases
Listen, listen, it's drivin me CRA-ZY
Cause everytime I do a style and flip it kind of simple
Brothers say, "That's fat," and do it on the demo
From a demo to a promo now a hit on the radio
Next thing you know, they'll be doing our video
[Mr. Funke] Same one?
[DoItAll] Same one! Concepts, whole nine
And crazy similarities to the whole rhyme
I'm not worried though (why?) I'm flippin hits from the
grill
And in the underground only real stays real, so umm
check the skills, the skills are kinda ill and yo
Here Come the Lords, cause we're here to make a kill!

(Here Come the Lords) 7X

[Mr. Funke] Ayyo, Marley!
[Marley] Ayyo whassup knocka?
[Mr. Funke] Do you hear these suckas tryin to clock the
Lord Chief Rocka
[Marley] Yeah I hear em, they're just a bunch of clones
on your bone
[Mr. Funke] Hold up, I'm tryin to figure out where could
they get my style from
Ayyo wait a minute, remember the tape you shopped
around a while back?
[Marley] Yo what, wasn't that your boys?

[Mr. Funke] Now they got our stuff down pat!
[Marley] Yo man don't sweat it, just show em why they
call you Mr. Funke
Yo Lord Jazz, pass me some of that Brass Brass
Monkey

[Mr. Funke]
Here Come the Lords, Here Come the Lords, Mr. Funke
don't you see me?
I told you we were comin, you suckas didn't believe me
The Skipper, my Lords style stick like Jack the Ripper
I'm hangin other rappers like your girl hangs on my
zipper
Lord Jazz, hit me one time, make it funky
Stop being stingy knocka, pass that Brass Monkey
I step, off a stage, everyone knows, who I am
Grab the mic like Teddy Riley and I _Jam_ (chicka,
aawww, Jam)
Give me the mic and watch me wax that ass *horn
sample*
Keep the camera moving cause I'm kinda fast *horn
sample*
You can trip, you can flip, you could even slip or dip
but you'll never ever rip, Funke style as good as this
Because you sound like you're drugged, you might as
well be a singer
Your whimsy couldn't touch me if your name was Sticky
Fingaz
So when I come around, don't try to be down, don't try
to be down
Just dig the sound, cause here comes the Lords of the
Underground

(Here Come the Lords) 7X

[DoItAll]
Well umm, open up the doors and yell, Here Come the
Lords
Yell it loud yell it loud, let me hear it from a crowd
I packs em, _In the Closet_ like Michael Jackson
And love to hear the girls go OOH when I'm rockin
So catch it, no stutter in my flow but I wrecks it
And caught you on the dillz from my jam called _Check
It_
Check it check it check it check it microphone check it
Yeah, you went wild, cause your moms digs my
records
So come on, I'm takin you where the sun don't shine
The underground, but everything is fine
I rhyme, copacetic, unless it gets hectic
Your vocal chords'll get CRACKED, you gets no

chloraseptic
So hit em, so chill, chill man chill
I know who used to be but now who's _Top Bill_
Well it's me, and yes, I am back by the Funke
Marley filled the House with Hits so you know The Lords
are chunky
We stink, like pee-eww, funk from my shoe
But what about this funk, can two brothers like us do
but get down like James Brown and rock the whole town
Hah! And now The Lords have broke ground

(Here Come the Lords) 7X

(Here Come the Lords) 7X

* Lord Jazz cuts n scratches 'Here Come the Lords' *

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