

Lord Belial

"Return Of The Funky Man *"

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* slightly different lyrics and a new third verse

Chorus:

(Hot damn!)(Mad brothers know his name) (Yeah, it's him again) Repeat 4x

Lord Finesse got something for your eardrums
Back on the scene, long time, no hear from
It's the funky man, the brother with the same sound
I've been coolin about a year and some change now
So hand over the microphone cause it's my turn
The brother with a fade, half-moon, and long sideburns
Nice, dope, and keep the girls scoping
Say the funky stuff and get all the niggas open
So heed that, don't try to yap and give me feedback
(Lord Finesse is the man!) Believe that
Can it, I'll steal your show like a bandit
I get papes while you're broke like mass transit
You're not as smooth as this, so what can you do with
this
Brothers need to stop and step with that foolishness
I'm the type to interrupt a party
I don't need a phone to reach out and touch somebody
Gimme a mic, that's just as good as one
Leave the party is what you wack MC's should of done
Cause y'all starving, I'm living extra large and
I'm swinging this as if my name was Tarzan
Yeah, cause on the rough or the smooth tip
Got more styles than you see in a Kung Fu flick
Mic the seas, wax opponents off with ease
I'm more deadlier than a venereal disease
So think twice, those who think I'm a fall
I'm shining more than a tire full of Armor All
It's Lord Finesse and I got it all planned
(Hot damn) It's the Return of the Funky Man

Chorus

Brothers get cash, but I get way more
For the 90's, I'm getting paid for
Rhyme and envy, 21st century

So when asked, "Who's the funkiest?" You better
mention me
I go all out while a lot of crews be fronting
I know and they know that they can't do me nothing
Cause I'm smooth and wise, the skills I utilize
Lyrics all advanced you'd think my brain was
computerized
Brothers be fronting, thinking they relaying something
Yapping at the mouth, but yo, they ain't saying nothing
I reign terror, so clever that rap is better
Play the background and get they act together
They be riffing like they on the crazy tip
Trying to hang but they softer than baby shhh
Fronting like they wild with they played-out style
I'll put them boys on trial, pull they card and they file
I'm hardcore, but I still keep the scene pumping
So all that singing and dancing, that stuff don't mean
nothing
MC's suffer Lord Finnese lately
Some of them hate me, think that they can take me
I'll take on some of them, bring a whole ton of them
I'll take em all on and stomp each and every one of
them
Brothers couldn't hang using poetry starter kits
Finesses is blessed on the and I'm flexing politics
In '91, I show fear to none
Cause I'm a get raw and funky for years to come
I stand in command with the mic in my hand
(Hot damn), yeah it's the Return of the Funky Man

Chorus

(Who's the man?) Come on, Take a guess, G
It's the L-O-R-D F-I-N-E double S E
No time to celebrate, build and elevate
MC's that try and rap, I grab the mic and tell 'em "Wait"
Times are getting rough, no time to be flipping up
So pay attention and listen up
And I'm bound to get others hype
And make 'em say "Ayo, that brother's nice"
That's why when I grab a mic I don't know how to act
But the crowd reacts to my slick lifestyle of rap
Word is bond I be flowing strong
That's why brothers always say "Yo Finesse got it going
on"
But I don't go out like a pooh-put
Get all gassed and walk around souped up
I just relax and write raps that'll bash
So next year I'll be back to keep my name on the map
There's so much, brothers that was rough
Got paid off your cuts cause they didn't give a *ahem*

But I'm not like that
I just strike back when hype raps keep me on the right
track
Out for door for fame and wealth
I got hits and wealth (Go ahead with your bad self)
But I'm not big time, I just rip rhymes
Flips lines and prove I can get mine
To win again, and make ladies and gentlemen
Clap, yell, and scream, and say "Yeah, it's him again!"
That proves I got more clout
I get hype with a mic when it's time to go all out
My plan is going cool, change is flowing smooth
(You the man!) Damn right, I can show and prove
I'm here to take my stand
(Hot damn) It's the Return of the Funky Man

Chorus

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