

## Lord Belial

### "Show 'em How We Do Things"

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[lord finesse]

Aw yeah, I got brothers from around the way in the house, you

Know what I'm saying? yo check it out, check it out

I got my man shel-rumble in the house

I got my man harry-o in the house

I got my man rock-a-lot in the house

Yo, yo, we gonna do it like this, check it out

I know some brothers with the skills to rock right

Problem is they don't be getting no spotlight

They got potential as good as any others

So I'm a take time out to kick it with them brothers

They brothers are professional, crazy intellectual

Just some fellas I got to give credit to

They rolling strong, know right from wrong

They got skills, so I got to put 'em on

So shel-rumble (what's up? ) since this is a three man crew thing

Put down the 40 and show 'em how we do things

[shel-rumble]

Shel-rumble, yeah, that's the name

I'm a kick this off just like a football game

I'm stepping out with my mic in my right hand

Bagging up rappers and throwing their rhymes in the trash can

They play the roll like they hard but yet they sit off

Put me against the best and I'll still get my shit off

I'm like simon so you'd better do what simon says

I'm not christopher williams, but yo, I'm making promises

My style's treacherous, it's so impetuous

I'll go all out if a chump tries to step to this

So hear the flavor through the speakers

I get the ladies strung just like sneakers

I'm a brother who's too hard to touch

Cause if you try my crew we'll jump in just like double dutch

You'll get bombarded if you come unprepared son  
Cause yo (there's no such thing as a fair one)  
So step, to avoid a fucking crack tooth  
Rhymes are insulated, that means I'm wack proof  
You're just the opposite, you're nothing but a small fry  
Weak mc coming up for a black guy  
So don't provoke a saga  
Cause you'll catch amnesia just like the central park  
jogger  
That's what happens when cases gets drastic  
I'll give you two options, step or get that ass kicked  
So, jot this down before you hail a  
Mc getting shit sewn just like a tailor  
I get smooth, rough, rugged, raw, and swift  
Too tough to bluff, so rough you just drift  
Away, now can I get a hip-hip hooray?  
I say shit that you never would have thought to say  
Rhymes poured just enough so we can quench your  
thirst  
I guarentee I'll have you saying "kick another verse"  
Or, if you feel that's not your style  
I guarantee you'll be laid back with a kool-aid smile  
On your grill, you chill, I'm for real  
As my rhyme fulfills shel-rumble got skills  
I flaunt the gift on the mic the way a man should  
Even old folks be saying (that boy is damn good)  
Cause I flow so perfectly  
That's why so many motherfuckers worship me  
I got skills, but that's not why I'm here  
I'm here to let you know I rock it like a pioneer  
So harry-o (what's up? ) you way far from fronting  
Won't you get on the mic and show the people a little  
something

[harry-o]

Yo, brothers grab the mic and plan on waxing me  
But since they're no match to me they can't do jack to  
me  
The great rap pros slay rappers for fun  
Bust rhymes like a gun so run son or get done  
My rap style may change like a cashier  
As I bust ass with shit I wrote last year  
So mc's step up and press your luck  
I don't give a fuck, I roll like a fucking tonka truck  
I watch mc's get silenced when it comes to a challenge  
Cause the shit I kick is knocking niggas off balance  
Watch 'em fall and crawl just like a baby  
Heading for the door yelling "save me, save me"  
Don't attempt to attack me, just shut your trap, b  
Don't have me grab the mic and bust your ass like an  
acne pimple

Cause ripping shop is simple  
I tear mics up while rock rips the instrumental  
A part, so don't start up a seminar  
Cause we'll bust your ass word to god, you can send  
allah  
My dj's no joke, and I'm hype, folks  
So fuck around and get your turns and your mics broke  
I take no shorts here, this ain't last year  
I'm getting swift, elevating in fast gear  
I creat rhymes and kick them, never will I fall victim, yo  
Brothers know the rap pro can flow  
And rap norm, both off and on platform  
You couldn't turn me off if I was hooked to a platform  
I get raw like bloody liver, make a rapper shiver and  
shake  
So make no mistake you're stepping to the great  
Rap pro, I get raw cause it's natural  
My cousin sport a fade and half-moon, I sport an afro  
Friends call my harry-o, my real name's harry though  
I scream on rapper like the niggas did to carry, so  
Finesse (yeah yeah) my man, my cousin  
I know you're going to kick some shit

[lord finesse]

You thought I wasn't?

When it comes to being funky I'll show you who the  
boss is

(yo money rock that shit!) hold your motherfucking  
horses

Wait up, hold up, I sport the low cut

If rap was a game I'd leave opponents on a doughnut

Funky warlord, top on the scoreboard

Dissing finesse, that shit is uncalled for

Brothers front and fret how they roll correct

Grab the mic and think they pose a threat

Talking about all the brothers they coulda killed

I don't care if you're a new jack or you're older than  
sugar hill

Cause I slay with no delay

I stomp you out, so be about your way

You can't hang, you're still in the slow poke zone

You're helpless like a patient in an old folks home

So keep up with my further adventures

I'll have it going on til I'm old with dentures

I rock parties and tear the roof off of houses

Think I can't? put your money where your mouth is

Give me a mic, let me clear my throat

Guaranteed I'll send you home broke

Fast and quick cause I'm quick with the gift

Give me my money I don't wanna hear shit

And those who can't rap, I don't wanna hear jack

I dust opponents in two minutes flat  
When it's showtime, mc's they don't wanna fight  
They start bitching saying (why he have to come at  
night? )  
It's the funky man the brother with the new swing  
Lord finesse just showing you how I do things

Yeah, like I said  
Got the brothers in the house harry-o and shel-rumble  
Rock-a-lot, my man jazzy jay, and I'm outta here like  
sugar ray, peace

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