

## Lord Finesse "Flip Da Style"

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[ verse 1 ]

Aw shit now, word spreads around when I get down  
I rip clowns, I make niggas wanna skip town  
Lord finesse got the rough raps, fuck that  
When I do my thing, I come off like a hub cap  
I put shit out like a fireman, you never met a flier man  
I slide up in chicks like a diafram  
(you can't murder me, you better recognize) people  
heard of me  
I say the shit that get you open like surgery  
I'm so def, I catch wreck with no sweat  
When I rock mics it don't make sense to try to go next  
With the mic I'm royal, see  
You could have a silver jacket with rhinestones and  
couldn't shine more than me  
Don't be silly and try to kill me  
Soundin like milli vanilli, I smoke your ass like a philly  
I rap with force when I'm kickin my facts across  
The shit I kick is hotter than tabasco sauce  
Don't try to ruin me or talk about doin me  
(why? ) I got shit that'll spark your whole community  
So lounge and peep the deal  
(cause I'm one muthafucka you don't have to tell keep  
it real)

Brothers don't know I can (flip the style)  
I'm out to make dough, kid (flip the style)  
Come to my show, so I can (flip the style)  
Check the flow, yo (just flip the style)  
Can I do my thing, kid? (flip the style)  
I'm ready to swing, yo (flip the stlye)  
I got rap on a string, kid (flip the style)  
Just gimme your ring when I (just flip the style)

[ verse 2 ]

I get attention like a lexus, girls wanna sex this  
Play rappers like tetris, eat em like breakfast  
Think you're nice? boy, you better be, you know my  
pedigree

I'm on the rise like afros in the 70s  
I keep money, I freak honeys, I represent the streets,

sonny  
You know my style, don't sleep, money  
I put it on like sneakers, it's the smooth speaker  
Peace to krs-one, that's the teacher  
Now let me hit you with this line I drive, this rhyme's fly  
This is how it goes down in the '95  
That's right, because I said it, don't sweat it, kid  
Don't think I'm nice? well, I am, so give me credit, kid  
I wreck niggas, collect figures  
Yo, I'm like aretha franklin - all I want is some respect,  
nigga  
I drop facts when I rock raps over hot tracks  
That's why niggas be on my dick like a jock strap  
Bring the best, I get with him  
Even deaf people be sayin, "i heard that kid got some  
shit with him"  
None could diss this or rip this, for instance  
Give me a cordless mic, I beat a rapper long-distance  
Crews I run through, won't fall or fumble  
You can get done, too, don't let me catch you on the  
humble  
Niggas don't like me, but that's aight, gee  
Brothers act sheisty, that's why I play the crib with the  
wifey  
One of the best, don't compare me to none of the rest  
Straight up and down, word life you can't fuck with  
finesse

Shit sound hype, yo (flip the style)  
It's only right that I (flip the style)  
Pass the mic, so I can (flip the style)  
I got my flow down tight, kid (just flip the style)  
I got the skills to make papes, yo (flip the style)  
I gotta set em straight, kid (flip the style)  
I bet diggin' in the crates can (flip the style)  
I got moves to make, yo (just flip the style)

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