

Lord Finesse "Return Of The Funky Man (Remix) *"

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Mad brothers know his name
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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 shit and get all the niggas open

So heed that, don't try to yap and give me feedback
I'll get in that ass, 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, it'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 shit as if my name was Tarzan

Yeah, cause I'm on some old new shit
Got more styles than you see in a Kung Fu flick
Mic the seas, wax opponents off with ease
I'm more deadly than a venereal disease

So think twice, those who think I'ma fall

I'm shining more than a tire full of Armor All
It's Lord Finesse and I got shit planned
Hot damn, it's the Return of the Funky Man

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Brothers get cash, but I get way more
In the 90's, I'm getting paid for
Rhyme and envy, 21st century
When asked, "Who's the funkier?" 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

So who needs a partner or a sidekick?
When it comes to being funky, I got all that old fly shit
The rough and rugged, plus the pimp smooth rhyme
I polish opponents off like a shoe shine

They be fronting like they on the crazy tip
Trying to hang but they softer than baby shit
Fronting like they wild with they bullshit style
I'll put they ass 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 shit don't mean
nothing
MC's suffer Lord Finesse 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
I just chill, relax and flaunt my cash
You wanna riff, I'll be quit to stomp that ass

And let you know that you can't get with this
Come one come all and get burnt by the quickness
Greater, creator, drop stupid data

If I ever got served it had to be by a waiter

I lounge in the rest until my song is done
I plan to be straight with papes in the long run
'Cause when it comes to rhymes I give you more than
you ask for
Bring a whole task force, I rhyme my fucking ass off

I stand in command with the mic in my hand
Aw shit, it's the return of the funky man

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Stand back, I'm about to flip here
Got dissed last year so I kick ass this year
Brothers were stressing me, strictly overworking me
(They showed you last year)
Yeah, that fits perfectly

Cool, 'cause I'm still kinda fed with them
Who gives a fuck, I'm about 20 steps ahead of them
Now I'm established, they feel all embarrassed
'Cause I'm with Warner Brothers and my man Gary
Harris

Spread the news or should I say buzz?
(Finesse is paid)
Thought I wasn't when I was
The last label was confusing me, jerking me, fooling
me
Now that I'm paid, you know what y'all can do for me

Since I sound funky a lot of labels want me
But I'll be damned to be another man's flunky
I can never be a stool pigeon, I'd rather be a full pigeon
Fuck the bullshitting

'Cause in the 90's I got more than a little game
I'm Lord Finesse and funky is my middle name
Plus my title and everyone wants mine
It's the brother with the compounds and punchlines

I can still put my foot all in your ass

I'm smooth and funky plus smoother than Teddy
Pendergrass
It's the man to put words in a simile
(He's a funky technician)
Yeah, y'all remember me

I'm real and actual, the man out taxing you
I got rhymes and Mike got a scratch or two
So ain't no use trying to eat us for din-din
Brothers better off trying their luck with Win-Ten

To the opposition, I'm the man out burning ya
I dust a rapper off like furniture
So take our stand, I foil your plan
Goddamn, it's the Return of the Funky Man

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