

Lord Finesse

"Underworld Operations"

Visit "[Underworld Operations](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Chorus: lord finesse

Times are shifting, no time to be tricking on chickens
(no doubt) your opinion's different?
Well man listen, players front the role
And then be forgetting (straight tripping)

Verse one: lord finesse

Check out the elite player that keeps flavor
Producer, beat layer caters spectators to street data
Real-life portrayer, rap sayer legit like tax payers
Behavior's cool like sax players
Conservative, it's all real, no preservatives
God bless the illest player you ever heard of, kid
Smooth as margarine, got the squadron, shit
Don't front, I'll catch you on the rebound like dennis
rodman

Chorus: marquee

Time to shine, I need my dough bigger (no doubt)
No time to be chasing a broke nigga
Get on your job, you can keep those short figures
'96 we strictly go-getters (how you figure?)

Verse two: marquee

Marquee, like a diamond, shining, the light is blinding
And many niggas want to fill this light hymen
Nah men with the biggest teeth (why?) cause his chick
is me
Got him hooked, like smokers are to nicotine
Queens mommy, keep the skeletons behind me
Find me at universities scooping degrees with my
mommy
Rap's profoundness, slouches I out and out diss
Skills be mountainous, so what you know about this?

Chorus: lord finesse & marquee

Times are shifting, no time to be tricking on chickens

(no doubt) your opinion's different?
Well man listen, players front the role
And then be forgetting (straight tripping)

Time to shine, I need my dough bigger (no doubt)
No time to be chasing a broke nigga
Get on your job, you can keep those short figures
'96 we strictly go-getters (how you figure?)

Verse three: marquee

No wasting time, money bitch state of mind
We on top of shit, ain't the generous kind
Want to owning homes, money loan like the rolling
stones
Corleones, staying blown off of flowing poems
Expanding, keeping knots like landing
Eating steaks and salmon thinking of ways to
scamming
Damn if I ain't taking it, niggas flashing paper
Trying to real me in, but a snake and I'll partake in

Legal robberies, henny flowing through my arteries
Cloud my vision, controlling every part of me
Official ties and links moves mind, body, and sinks
Don't talk before I think, distraught before you blink
Flawless performance, game enormous
Bet you never met a shorty with this endurance
Run with crime picks and fine chicks who specialize in
mind tricks
You got a good man? you'd better watch him in '96

Chorus: lord finesse & marquee

Time to shine, I need my dough bigger (no doubt)
No time to be chasing a broke nigga
Get on your job, you can keep those short figures
'96 we strictly go-getters (how you figure?)

Times are shifting, no time to be tricking on chickens
(no doubt) your opinion's different?
Well man listen, players front the role
And then be forgetting (straight tripping)

Verse four: lord finesse

Lyrical invasions, blazing, got you gazing
So amazing, break down opponents like equasions
The stunning, weigh about a hundred eighty something
I see you coming, on your toes, kid, you lurching
Stop fronting, and trash that till you drop like a bad

habit
I'll have you folding like a craftmatic
Smooth as satin, this player's patented
Be in the himalayan caverns with some chickens
playing sega saturn
Keep papes like the amount won in sweepstakes
Guaranteed every year to take triple what the police
make
Large, fort knox size, if I'm not rolling like a rock slide
I'm laying in the cut like peroxide
Colossal, soulful like gospels
Spiritual, so follow the lord like apostles
I gots to clock dough, rock shows, I mock foes
Drop flows that's deep like fucking potholes
Supreme being, the one you hear but rarely seeing
Out to hustle, strictly money like the koreans
Out to pile money, that's my style sonny
While you foul honeys be lucky to get a coke and a
smile from me

Chorus: lord finesse & marquee

Times are shifting, no time to be tricking on chickens
(no doubt) your opinion's different?
Well man listen, players front the role
And then be forgetting (straight tripping)

Time to shine, I need my dough bigger (no doubt)
No time to be chasing a broke nigga
Get on your job, you can keep those short figures
'96 we strictly go-getters (how you figure?)

Visit [Lord Finesse](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.