

Lord Finesse "Yes You May"

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[Lord Finesse]

Aw yeah, coming is my man Andre the Giant in the house, you
Know what I'm saying? I got my man Rhyme Inspector Percee P
In the house. We gonna set this off for the 90's, you know
What I'm saying?

[Percee P]

We repping Queensville and Forrest in the house.

[Lord Finesse]

Let Precee get his props, let him get his props.

[Percee P]

Like sulfuric acid I'm lethal, soon as my words reach you
They eat through brains of those that chose to speak to
A wiser and smoother, keep up or I lose you
When I manuver words when I'm heard I confuse you, bruise you
I'm high potent, devoting much time into one rhyme
Every line of mine is worth quoting
I'm like a college dorm, people will swarm
For knowledge, applicants chill out and fill out a form
I know I'm the best MC, no one can mess with me
I'm a recepie, diss the P and you're history
Percee P's the man to praise
For day's after a phrase is said I'll leave your head phased
No one can surpass the P, get on before or after me
That can be a catastrophe
Brains I kill, when I build
With my skill, in my field cause I'm ideal
Foes I decompose from nose to toes
I will dispose of all of those that chose to go to my shows
You gotta hand it to me, you know I'm uno assumo
Doing Judo, couldn't do no damage to me
I stayed up later made up a rhyme straight up after I ate up yours

Sprayed up yours, cause get laid up
Thinking I'm a make it big, you rap fans know it
Prepare for stale rap, and you snap your Kodak
Diss me, the P? That'll be suicide
You no frills with no skills, I'll just put you aside
Rappers are skinned in battles and winning them from
within them
Befriend them, before I beat them I greet them then
eat them, then send them
A ?court hide?, my lyrics coincide
And dwell all through your brain cells as soon as they
go inside
The Giant, you got something to say?

[A.G.]

Can I kick it? (Yes, you may)

Pass the mic, and watch how I rock the show
Suckers try to diss, now they got to go
I got so much talent
I get hype when I write and I might even get violent
I see and dismantle
You might be nice with the mic, but are you nice with
your hands, too?
And I hope you're not lacking
Cause you'll be missing in action if you ain't been
practicing
If you seem to get a victory and it's legit, shit
Then I'll admit you can get with me
I never quit, cause it's never none of that
Get the best rhyme and Tec-9 and I'm coming back
What, you think I'm joking?
The last nigga I broke quit rapping and started
smoking
This was seen from a close fan
One crawl, some fall, none stall, not all but most ran
You should have seen them running
The tune I was humming is "A.G. is Coming"
Get your best MC's that have heart to fight
Finesse, A.G., and Percee P is gonna spark the mic
All girls leave convinced
I'm not a giant in hight, on the strength, I'm a giant in
length
Cuties with booties I know how to pick 'em
(But do you stick 'em?) Ask your girl, she became
another victim
Now you're heated because I'm dissing
Go ahead and get your ammunition cause I'm already
on a mission
But don't approach with that wack plan
I'm one strong black man, mentally I'm a fat man

I get heated til I boil
Competition I heard to spoil, leave them under dirt and
soil
A mastermind when it comes to a puchline
Anybody wants mine? That's when it's lunch time
So Finesse you got something to say?

[Lord Finesse]
Can I kick it? (Yes, you may)

I reign terror, fall off never
(So how you gonna do this?) Ayo, whatever
I prepared, equipped, and I'm here to flip
Me take a loss? I'm not trying to hear that shit
Neither me or the brothers that I run with
So grab a seat and shut up with that dumb shit
It's showtime, so it's time to get hype now
Wack MC's leave the stage, put the mic down
Just like that now, riff you get smacked now
You know what I know? You take your ass to the
background
MC's I eat up, chew up, mash up
Get out of hand and I'll fuck your damn ass up
Come prepared, don't front and get scared
I grab the mic, go "One two" and say "Yeah"
I rock any track that's thrown me
A classic, a breakbeat, or even R&B
Whether a variety, or even one group
Any MC against me, now that's a dumb move
As I proceed to flip, I'm a succeed with this
A brother beat me? No one would believe that shit
So don't play me, stress me, or stand hard
Never send a pussy out to do a man's job
This is my game, I play the cards here
I bust a rapper's ass plus I send him home with car fare
I flow like a faucet, kick the crazy raw shit
I beat a rapper from the party to his doorstep
Straight up and down you don't want no conflict
Smoother than a pimp, rougher than a convict
Save the riff cause you ain't saying shit
Go against this, you get smoked like a spliff
I drop hits and watch my competitors flip
To them it's dope, to me it's just regular shit
That I dropped on the scene cause I knew it would
boom
I get in a rapper's ass like a tight pair of Fruit of the
Looms
They try to hang, but all of them struck out
What they need to do is retire and chill the fuck out
Cause I get fancy, funky, plus nasty
I'll be damned to let a motherfucker pass me

With my style of hip-hop, won't fall or flip flop
Here to get props cause my shit's hot
So when you see me don't hog me or crowd me
Lord Finesse saying peace, I'm Audi

[A.G.]

Yeah yeah, word up. We just getting fat for '91. A.G.,
Lord Finesse,
Percee P. Percee P is the new member, the new
member down with the
Crew.

[Lord Finesse]

Yeah, Diggin in the Crates and all that, all that.

[AG] All that, all that, Diggin in the Crates, Finesse
Squad

[LF] Peace to Showbiz, Diamond D

[AG] All that, all that

[LF] Fat Gangsta, Harry-O and the ABC Crew

[AG] Don't forget GangStarr

[LF] Don't forget GangStarr! My man Shel Rumble...

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