

Lords Of The Underground "Here Come The Lords"

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Hey, yo, Funke wake up, huh? Turn your radio up,
what?
It's us, it's us? Yeah, listen to the cut, it's our style, our
style?
Your style, stop brother, ayyo, nigga, wake up
Let me show you some thin'

Listen to the way they flip the metaphors and phrases
Listen, listen, it's driving me crazy
'Cause every time I do a style and flip it kind of simple
Brothers say, that's fat and do it on the demo

From a demo to a promo, now a hit on the radio
Next thing you know, they'll be doing our video
Same one? Same one, concepts, whole nine
And crazy similarities to the whole rhyme

I'm not worried though, why? I'm flipping hits from the
grill
And in the underground only real stays real, so, umm
Check the skills, the skills are kinda ill and, yo
Here come the Lords, 'cause we're here to make a kill

Here come the Lords
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Ayyo, Marley, ayyo whassup knocka?
Do you hear these suckas trying to clock, the Lord Chief
Rocka
Yeah, I hear 'em they're just a bunch of clones on your
bone
Hold up, I'm trying to figure out where could they get
my style from

Ayyo, wait a minute remember the tape, you shopped
around

A while back? Yo, what wasn't that your boys? Now they
got our stuff Down pat, yo, man don't sweat it just show
'em why they call you Mr.Funke, yo, Lord Jazz, pass me
some of that Brass Brass Monkey

Here come the Lords, here come the Lords Mr.Funke
don't you see me?
I told you we were coming you suckas didn't believe me
the Skipper
My Lords style stick like Jack the Ripper, I'm hanging
other rappers like Your girl hangs on my zipper, Lord
Jazz, hit me one time make it funky
Stop being stingy knocka pass that Brass Monkey

I step off a stage everyone knows, who I am
Grab the mic like Teddy Riley and I jam, jam
Give me the mic and watch me wax that ass
Keep the camera moving 'cause I'm kinda fast
You can trip, you can flip, you could even slip or dip

But you'll never ever rip, Funke style as good as this
Because you sound like you're drugged you might as
well be a singer
Your whimsy couldn't touch me if your name was Sticky
Fingaz
So when I come around, don't try to be down, don't try
to be down
Just dig the sound 'cause here comes the Lords of the
Underground

Here come the Lords
Here come the Lords
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Well, umm, open up the doors and yell, here come the
Lords
Yell it loud, yell it loud let me hear it from a crowd
I packs 'em, in the closet like Michael Jackson
And love to hear the girls go, oh, when I'm rocking

So catch it, no stutter in my flow but I wrecks it
And caught you on the dillz from my jam called Check
It
Check it, check it, check it, check it microphone, check
it
Yeah, you went wild 'cause your moms digs my records

So come on, I'm taking you where the sun don't shine
The underground but everything is fine
I rhyme, copacetic, unless it gets hectic
Your vocal chords'll get cracked, you gets no
chloraseptic

So hit 'em, so chill, chill man, chill
I know who used to be but now who's Top Bill
Well, it's me and yes, I am back by the Funke
Marley filled the House with Hits so you know the Lords
are chunky

We stink, like pee-eww, funk from my shoe
But what about this funk, can two brothers like us do?
But get down like James Brown and rock the whole town
Hah, and now the Lords have broke ground

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...

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