

**Lord Finesse & DJ Mike Smooth****"Baby, You Nasty"**

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**[VERSE 1]**

Lord Finesse is the brother that you have to hear  
I flow smooth like clouds in the atmosphere  
I'm spectacular, so damn terrifyin  
That wack MC's don't think about ever tryin  
To dis or flip cause what it boils down to  
You won't survive to step to me in round 2  
I stand and expand like a great man  
And swing a party like Tarzan the apeman  
Say rhymes that are necessary, make em extra-scary  
Watch Finesse and take notes like a secretary  
I get furious, display experience  
Lord Finesse is nasty, period

(You nasty, baby)

**[VERSE 2]**

Lord Finesse in effect with the master rap  
And I flip on the mic like a acrobat  
I won't fret, step, but I'll make a rep  
Usin vinyl wax, or a tape cassette  
Think I'm weak? Take your next look  
And get schooled and read like a textbook  
Cause I'm the better man, and I never ran  
MC beat me? I give credit to whoever can  
Cause I terrify, scare, and horrify  
Couldn't win against me if you let your father try  
Hang and socialize, rhymes just multiply  
Me and Mike get with it cause we both are fly  
Lyrical lecture, word architecture  
Rap director, the best in my sector  
Microphone cool chief releasin the smooth speech  
I get nasty with a pen and some loose leaf

(You nasty, baby)

**[VERSE 3]**

Lyrical summary, there's only one of me  
Lord Finesse is far from a wanna-be  
Cause I can get funky and smooth like cashmere  
And slay a rapper with rhymes I said last year

So don't try roasting or toasting me, or even approaching  
me  
I break you physically and emotionally  
So damn fly at this, so don't even try to dis  
Put rhymes together like a stupid mad scientist  
In a laboratory, I'm a brother with a badder story  
Lord Finesse stand tops in my category  
MC's are petrified with nowhere left to hide  
I slay a rapper and go: "What's up, who's next to try?"  
I ain't havin' it, poetical graduate  
And me get whipped by who? Imagine it  
MC's are in jeopardy as soon as they step to me  
I'm the man ladies break their neck to see  
Highly explosive and nothin' to joke with  
Cause I can get funky on a fast or the slow tip  
Cause I'm badder, but it doesn't matter  
Sharp like a dagger, able to rag a  
Booty MC who dares try to play me  
Cause even the ladies tell me (You nasty, baby)

[VERSE 4]

I rock the science and drop the math  
And I sketch up rhymes just like Arts & Crafts  
Foes mumble, babble get crushed cause they fragile  
Release more words than in three games of Scrabble  
MC Lord Finesse, I reign with supremacy  
I take one, two, or a team of three  
Or ten of em cause I could never sound feminine  
When gettin' funky for the ladies and gentlemen  
Remarkable, I came to rock the show  
Wax MC's like a bottle of Mopping Glow  
Lord of rap, and many can't afford to snap  
And I throw and score like a quarterback  
Shoot for the touchdown, I'm from Uptown  
Lord Finesse in effect, so what's up now?  
Rhyme, slide, and glide, but fit perfectly  
A swift genius, but no need to worship me  
I remain hot to make your brain drop  
Cause I'm a river, and you're just a raindrop  
Bronx is where I come from, far from a dum-dum  
Brothers be runnin' just to dial 911  
Lord Finesse in effect to get loose now  
My pockets stay fat like a goose down  
I use the master brain and drive in a faster lane  
Puttin' rhymes in shape just like Jack Lalane  
Fix it, balance it cause I'm talented  
I write fly lyrics and dare others to come challenge it  
I can get nifty, funky, or even fancy  
(Baby that's nasty)  
I know, but yo, let's just flow  
Cause fast or slow I still get the dough

And the ladies to cheer and praise me  
And tell me when I rhyme (You nasty, baby)  
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