Lord Finesse & DJ Mike Smooth "Back to Back Rhyming"

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(feat. A.G.)

[Finesse]

Yeah...just about now in the studio, I'm cooling out with Scratchmaster

Rahiem, Andre the Giant, my DJ Mike Smooth, Shlomo on the engineering

tip, my man DJ Premier from Gangstarr...We're gonna kick this off

something funky for this track, know what I'm saying?

Now when it comes to rhymes, I'll drop a swift one ('They'll be another rough rhyme after this one' - Rakim)

I'm the rap senator, ake about ten of ya The best MC on the southeast perimeter Equipped to flip with the slip of a lip So dance, hop, or skip or shake your hips Cause I'll wax and tax, eat ya up like a Kit Kat Don't even riff back, I ain't with that Skillful sharp with the words of an index Spark and glow MC's like Windex Swifter, faster, microphone master Lord Finesse writes rhymes by the chapter Adapt to rap but I won't even break yet So damn hype that I might blow your tape deck Full grown, stoned to the bone Write rhymes and poems just to get known Superior sargeant, take your whole squadren Toast MC's, eat em up with margin Cause I'm smart like Einstein, I say the fly lines I get funky while you play the sidelines Here to take care of you, never sound terrible Ready equipped, cause I'm always available To rag, snag, and rip the mic Cause me and Dre will get ya hyped On top in rank and I plan to stay there The funkiest poet out since Shakespeare Take note of this soloist, cause I'm a pro at this Even make the crippled want to get up and go to this

Now MC's try to get rid of me

But, I won't fall in negativity
Cause I'm well respected, Lord that's majestic
Rhymes are written by thoughts that's selected
Released in public, but not as a subject
Many are below it but not quite above it
Dre my brother, drop the know how
One, two three, here we go now

[A.G.]

Finesse, it's my turn to kick a swift one ('They'll be another rough rhyme after this one' - Rakim)

You know an MC, well tell him to hybernate Cause Dre Smooth is flowing at a liver rate You knock em out the box, I'm knocking niggas out You fear the Giant, well money live it out I'm not a punk, far from a chump You sleep at all, and you will fall from the top bunk I'm dropping math, science, and all that other shit Step in the studio, it's just another hit Take about ten from beginning to end Don't mean to brag, but I am what I am And that's a mean machine, a dream machine You say, "Golly Polly, Dre's a jolly green Giant" and you're not half or even semi You say "Is he?" I say "Am I?" The one you fear cause it's near The time for your death so step to the rear Now get off, let off, step off cause you're soft Stop blushing i'm rushing/Russian like Mikael Gorbechov

Special tactics, you can't hack this Brothers ain't half stepping, they're walking backwards You can't get near, if you do, you're near here Stepping to me like a man in a wheelchair Pressure's like a new pearl, you're in a new world I run with just a pen like a Catholic schoolgirl Back in the first grade, thought you had it made Got a tounge twister to catch a tounge blister Sally sells seashells down by the seashore How much wood could a woodchuck chuck more No more twisters, for blisters Blistex Now you're confused, you what's this, what's next Tables rotate, you will go rate Try to locate, but Dre won't negotiate Slaughter toys say boys what's the science You shugged your shoulders and quote "Andre's a Giant"

[Finesse]

Yeah, that was crazy funky. Yo, like I said, we two

brothers just getting crazy funky in the studio and we gonna drop it like this...see ya!
/]

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