

Lord Finesse & DJ Mike Smooth "Here I Come"

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I got something to say man you dig? I mean you cats
been up

there rappin ain't said nothin about the real thing you
know

what I mean? I got something to say man"

Lord Finesse is the brother who's talking

And this is somethin funky to pump in your walkman

So watch me troop and pay attention as I get down

Get funky and kick some real shit now

The rap professional so intellectual

Go against me and I'll get the best of you

Cause gettin funky is no coincidence

Finesse can flow to any musical instrument

But I'm better for, my skill's the metaphor

I can get loose and flow like a reservoir

Or the Nile river, maybe the Amazon

I'm the brother that you should have the cameras on

I'm not the type to go out the way others do

Finesse fall off? You must be on a drug or two

Cause MC's try they best to flow and catch the

L-o-r-d F-i-n-e-double s-e

I'ma get raw and score, then I'm outta here

This is like a classroom, any volunteers?

Yeah, I thought so, you better stay frozen

I can kick a tune like my man Beethoven

I got strategy, none is as bad as me

I'm the funky brother that many are glad to see

On a platform, stage, or in public

Lord Finesse is gettin funky on the subject

"Here I come" "A slick brother with a fade and a half-moon" (Repeat 2x)

Now watch the pro as I perform and rock the show

Do with ease what others find impossible

Cause I'm so damn fly, so just stand by

In a fight I beat rappers by a landslide

Cause I hit hard, make em run and discharge

Best believe Finesse is gonna get large

And swifter, fresher, better than ever

Yeah, etcetera, etcetera

I'm filled with action cause I'm so spectacular

Yet I flow smooth like a Benz or a Acura

A man of skill and high fidelity

I'm a funky brother, so what is you telling me?

Many rappers step on a stage like it's a star search

To be funky it takes crazy hard work

They try to flip and skip to the wack sound

But I play the stage while others play the background

And since I rhyme quick many get crushed fast

I sport a fade, half moon, and now a moustache

I'm ready, set to step

And come correct, in full effect

Yeah, I'm makin things funky

"Here I come" "A slick brother with a fade and a half-moon" (Repeat 4x)

Now I rock the hip-hop to reach the tip-top

So see and believe as I proceed to rip shop

Rhymes are handmade, smooth like mayonnaise

Cut you up so bad you need more than a band aid

Make MC's forfeit, think they lost it

Get over-exhausted, I rock the raw shit

Bust it, peep it, rhymes are top secret

Me gettin swift on the mic, that's done frequent

I tell MC's to get lost when I get pissed off

You think I'm wack? Well, you got to think criss-crossed

Will and able, far from a fable

MC's I disable, make em stand stable

I burn and weld you, beat and expel you

I'm out to tell you, I put you on Bellevue

Hospital, now I did the impossible

I'm Lord Finesse cause I'm so remarkable

I'm so bad, I make MC's go mad

They can't deal with my style of vocab

I'll rip and bust that, make MC's hushed at

And when I'm finished y'all will say "Yo, who was that

brother?" Cause I'm a bad motherfucker

Rhymes so swift, parallel to no other

I'm the Funky Technician kicking a fresh rhyme

Lord Finesse sayin peace till the next time

"Here I come" "A slick brother with a fade and a half-moon" (Repeat til fade

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