

**Lord Finesse & DJ Mike Smooth****"Slave to My Soundwave"**

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[Lord Finesse]

Hear the crowd, and get the stage set  
You still got time, so put a tape in your tape deck  
Sit down, relax, as I drop facts  
Rhymes attract the crowd once I got em down pat  
I'm teachin the masses, join up for classes  
You're blind to the truth, so I'ma get you some glasses  
Cause as I flow, my rep start to grow  
And brothers don't diss me, cause they all know  
That I can get raw and hang with the rest of em  
Brothers be frontin, but Finesse'll be testin em  
As I rhyme, and strive for perfection  
It used to be mics, now it's girls I'm collectin  
Mike Smooth is on the Wheels of Fortune  
You don't want none so proceed with caution  
Clap along, you didn't know that I was that strong  
to kick a rap song on top of a platform  
A stage, when I speak I bring rage, shoot  
I kick my rhymes from page to page  
Get em down pat, when it's time for a hype track  
I don't scheme, cause I ain't livin like that  
I don't front when it's time for a autograph  
A Grammy award for rap is what I oughta have  
made up, cause I ate up, most the comp'  
Set up a beat, and watch me stomp  
like a boot, hot in pursuit, now tell me troop  
Do I keep the loot?

Throw me a mic yo and watch me damage it  
Brothers run it, because they can't handle it  
Now MC's I amaze, shock and daze  
Just max -- you're a slave to my soundwave

[Mike Smooth cuts "You're a slave to my soundwave"]

[Lord Finesse]

Now I'm a brother, who is far from booty  
It's Lord Finesse, the MC and yours truly  
who will take your girl just like a known crook  
All I need is a mic and a phonebook  
Yo, I go on deep, don't need a gang to flip

You try to copy, but can't even hang with it?  
Chill, yo, you can't master fool  
I drop science like a kid from Catholic school  
Back up, just give me some room to flip  
I get wild on the mic like some lunatic  
with the go, so watch me go  
Lord Finesse got a soul, and D so  
suckers are gettin rich with no type of written hits  
But when approached by me they start shittin bricks  
I'm not sayin to jump or be scared of me  
But in a battle, just prepare to be  
dissed and beaten, ripped up while I warm up  
or step in range, and get that ass torn up  
Or get a beating like Kunta Kinte  
Cause ain't nothin happening steppin over this way  
Lookin all in my grill, don't even know when to chill  
Grabbin the mic, soundin like a imbecile  
A sucker, a pussy, a chump, a dodo  
Gettin booed, goin out like a homo  
Shut your trap, as I begin to rap  
Lord Finesse got skill, so just remember that  
rhymes I say, express and send with force  
I get you hyped, like sexual intercourse  
Eat MC's like a dinner from Swanson  
Spring into action like the man Charles Bronson  
Step in my way you will get played  
when you're tunin, to the Lord Finesse soundwave

[Mike Smooth cuts "You're a slave to my soundwave"]

[Finesse: talking while Smooth cuts]  
Yo just about now I wanna give a shout out  
to my DJ Mike Smooth, the brother Premier  
Slo-Mo on the engineerin tip once again  
The brother Chilly Dee, the brother Rhome  
Donald D, Ice-T, Kid Jazz, the brother Disco  
The rest of the Rhyme Syndicate  
King Sun, Build and Destroy  
Tragedy, and his DJ, Joe Fatal  
Peace

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