

Eleven Thirty "True and Livin'"

Visit "[True and Livin'](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[VERSE 1]

You know the plan, gee, I rip any mic you hand me
I been down, this ain't no muthafuckin Brandy
It's Lord Finesse, yeah, you know it
It's that funky type poet that get loose like aerobics
You know I be slammin suckers
When I'm not on the mic, I'm makin more moves than a
dance instructor
I have no passion for rhymers
Nowadays I come with more styles than fashion
designers
Rappers be cold frontin
They like Forrest Gump (Why?) Them niggas don't
know nothin
So watch how I hit em
In '95 and beyond Lord Finesse is true and livin

[VERSE 2]

I don't have to pop tools to stop crews or mop fools
I play it cool and smooth, and like drop jewels
I get props and never fail, hops
The stuff I'm deliverin you can't get in your mailbox
I won't sink the way my brain thinks
When it comes to crews, I'm connected like a chain link
I'm out to make large figures
You could be a casino dealer, and still couldn't pull my
fuckin card, nigga
I'm so bad with the vocab
That's only part of it, now let me school you on the
whole half
I'm no stranger, more like danger
Like playin russian roulette with 5 bullets in the
chamber
I get more props, I'm raw, hops
With the sure shot that's guaranteed to make all you
girls' drawers drop
So peep my funk style of rhythm
Word life, kid, I'm true and livin

[VERSE 3]

Now it's the funkyman, and niggas can't see me

When I grab the mic you better play the wall like graffiti
Cause whether fast or somethin slow
I'm bad like Michael Jackson, only thing is, I'm fuckin,
though
Hey Yo, so just save it
I'm one of the funkiest, plus the underground favorite
That got astoundin rhymes
That'll make your grandmoms get up when I decide to
get down for mines
I make your whole platoon nervous
Tryin to get live, I bring it to that ass like fuckin room
service
What you gonna do when I hunt you down
You could have a freak on a Ferris wheel, you still
couldn't fuck around
This is how it goes when Finesse raps
When brothers be sleepin on a nigga, but I don't stress
that
It's as the man that be rappin clever
That's why I'm gonna shine forever, like padded
leather
Have no fear, I kick it simple and so clear
Fuck making your day, I got some shit for your whole
year
I don't know why these crews be frontin
They can have three u-haul trucks, and still won't be
movin nothin
I put niggas on curfews, I hurt crews
My style is harder than the heel on fuckin church shoes
Wanna wear my shoes, you can't fit em
In years to come I be true and livin

Visit [Eleven Thirty](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.