

Actual Facts

Lord Finesse

When you say the name X, think synonymous wit fame
Only draw love off the mention of my name
I got a rhyme or two left then I'm a blend to the side
Go out on top like Jim Brown at his peak, I get wreck like eryl week
Get my freak on, who dares to speak on
My armed forces recon, penetrating like decon
Guerilla tactics, stage theatrics
He's laying on the mattress
I'm hiking up the black dress
Finesse called on me to bless
I pulled the S off my varsity sweater, fine tuned to the letter
So let's make these stacks and max, relax, be waxed
The tracks receive faxes wit my picture in a cowboy hat
Now top that, yo, kid, top that
Kid got blown away at exactly where you're sitting
Just the other day but nobody's admitting
To the crime, I'm a MC not a MD
The best in history or maybe one of the top 3
Says myself, no diggedy
I be synonymous to king, fling niggaz to the mat
Like an acrobat, flipping the mental ass whipping
is served when I un-nerved another wack Jack imposter
Trying to fraud, you gots to get the fuk down wit the Lord
Finesse, whether you think you're pimp status or the best
Mad crazy or stupid, find a hot beat and loop it
For what it's worth, I've been a hip-hopper from birth
Try to disrespect and get your ass played up like a smurf
I'm running over the track, type of nigga to stack
One million, hit my moms, then fuk it, make a trillion
To start, showing the world who's the man wit the heart
That's about to blast off on these kids that's mad soft
Don't fuk wit Large Professor or you get your ass mauled
So ah, say no more, them niggaz that's the raw
Large Profess, Lord Finesse and Dat X for the tour
Grand Puba, who's probably coming back from Aruba
Wit the skill to build I'm saying peace, you niggaz, chill
Dig it, I be that nigga wit the creamy ass rhyme flow
My shit's so hot, I'll burn the ass of an Eskimo
I'm saying though, it be the Grand flipping flam
Giving love to my fans and you know this man
My composition leaves competition wishing
They could be in my postition cuz I did it wit no ass kissing
I'll be there like Michael Jackson and you don't stop
Until you get enuff and I'll be damn if my nose drop
I speak Actual facts on how I feel
Don't worry baby, wit Puba, there's no waiting just to exhale
I bag dimes like Jada, step through playa haters
Keep niggaz moving like a fuking escalator
Because it's poetry in motion
Pube keep it smooth like lotion, keeping MC's lost like Billy Ocean
Dig what I'm saying I be a buck 85 on the weigh-in
It goes dip dip diving, check who you sizing
It's the wize civilizing, pockets stll rising
When I drop it, i'm futuristic like Fiber Optic
Didn't buy my album, you played yourself, should of copped it
Nuthin could beat my elite rhymes throwing your hands kid
That better be a peace sign

You don't want it, that's my steelo, how we on it
When we do our thing, niggaz spread the word like informants
But still advancing, skills enhancing
We got up on a shaken offbeat like white people dancing
We're too bugged, true thugs
Quick to get in that ass in ways that homo's wouldn't approve of
I'm not yapping, just rapping
Don't care if you're gold or platinum, don't think it can't happen
Whether wit a beat or acapella, it's the mic Rockafella
Strictly out for the mozzarella
Fuk guns and toolies, we don't betray movies
It's yours truly that's smoothly, still sounds groovy
You can't do me or dis me, don't try to get wit me
My style is tricky like spelling Mississippi
Strictly, come and get me, if you can flip me
If this flow was whisley, I have you muthafukas tipsy
The ghetto type playas that caters
Famous to you spectators, the rhyme sayers, catch you later