

Bad Mutha

Lord Finesse

(bad mutha)

Turn up the radio, better yet the phonograph
And I'ma school the suckers who don't know the half
I'm not a legend, I'm real and actual
Bite my rhymes, I get mad and come after you
I don't front or pretend cause that's imaginary
I get funky with the use of vocabulary
I'm more deadlier than a bottle of cyanide
When I dig in my brain and say a fly rhyme
I might bust and say a little somethin
Get the party pumpin, yo, that ain't nothin
So don't bore me, I've been naughty
Even as a kid people said: "look at shorty"
Back in the days I had much attention
Speak of competition - man, listen
Even then I've coulda been a funky star
At the age of 12 I was rhymin on them monkey bars
A little kid with the art of poetry
Nice for my age, but nobody noticed me
Nowadays I tell it like it is
That makes my skill different from her or his
I sport my skills on a f.m. frequency
Lettin people know you better not sleep on me
I'm known as a smooth cool brother
A funky technician, call me a (bad mutha)
I play mc's like a game of mario brothers
I hold my own, plus I can carry another's
Rhymes I make strong and watch em take form
On a sucker who steps out his face wrong
I'm the mc to fear and run from
Shockin so much you think I'm usin a stun gun
I hold the title cause I'm the cool champ
If rap was money you'd be rated as food stamp
You try to boast and toast, you go by what name?
You can't get with finesse, you're just jump change
You couldn't cut it even if you had a hack-saw
You're just a rap that I laid a track for
Cause records get mixed up, foes get ripped up
If a mic was a freak, I'd get my tip sucked
So girls, don't sleep, don't even doze off
I'm good with a mic, plus I'm good with my clothes off
And I'm no joke, far from a slow poke
I school the young bucks, plus school the old folks
I got stamina, lyrical examiner
Moppin, sweep up rappers just like a janitor
Lord finesse parallel to no other
The smooth lover, and also the (bad mutha)
At a show I get fly and so legit
Gimme a mic onstage and that's all over with
On a stage I'm straight up wildin
I can kick a party like a brother from the shaolin
Temple, I find it simple
I get the ladies cause they sweat my dimples
Me take a loss? not by a long shot
Get off the tip cause you jumped on the wrong jock
Of the wrong man put up on the wrong scoop
You got problems, what you're on, troop?

Raise up, I light the whole stage up
So wild with the mic, I oughta be caged up
I'm a brother you dare not lay a hand on
I leave you more bloodier than a tampon
If you split, I'ma get you later
Rhymes more fresher than a virgin in a frigerator
Take caution to what this brother say
Come correct or turn around the other way
(bad mutha) is the perfect description
Of me rhymin or just plain flippin
I'm no joke when it comes around to that
I start flippin when I hear the sound of rap
I'm enhanced to keep in step with it
And surprise mc's cause you slept a bit
So wake up, my man cause there's no time for dozin
My thoughts are set, and a rhyme has been chosen
From my brain which makes me insane
To gain some fame, lord finesse is the name
To seek and blame cause I came and rearranged
My style of rap will make suckers wanna leave the game
I'm superior compared to others
Call me lord finesse, better yet make it (bad mutha)