## **Hip 2 Da Game**

(you know what? )

Lord Finesse

(you know what? ) (you know what? ) I'm hip to the game (right) I'll always be the same (true) Cause whether I'm broke or got fame Sunshine or rain Ain't a damn thing changed Finesse fell off, that's what some figure You better see mary blige and get the 411, nigga I rock rappers frequently I'm like stevie wonder, I can't see a brother beatin me Wanna throw joints? you get spanked, fella Wanna talk dough? I'm seein more cash than a bank teller Wanna talk girls, you can't follow this I been through more skins than the average dermatologist I'm no joke on a fast or slow tip Pockets stay so thick, be on some down-low shit I turn mc's red fast I never sell out, f\*\*k that, yo, I'm dead ass I'm on it like tnt When it comes to this, ain't another brother seein me That's why opponents always get scared Cause I make brothers go, "hey yo, that's that shit there!" Brothers better lounge when I pass through town (you better recognize) don't know? better ask around Word life, I'm not a new figure They say good things come to those who wait - I'm overdue, nigga I lounge and rock tunes The way I be savin the day, give me a cape and a costume But no, it's not batman, it's the original blackman That goes back like the gap band I don't run scams, got dumb fans Yo, I'm one man that's quick to toast a nigga like a sun tan People wondered would I rock again? Shit, rap without finesse is like life without oxygen It's no quiz, I get biz, you know what the deal is Rap ain't shit if it ain't real, kid Can't a rapper outplay me (do your thing, kid) word life, no doubt, baby I don't stutter, I'm so butter, like no other Word, I'm that funky type of soul brother I get stupid, but I'm dumb wise, I'm one guy That can rock a party from night until sunrise You can't mess with the rap lord That's like sayin you can dunk when you can't touch the backboard Ha, I got the smooth rep I got styles that kung-fu muthaf\*\*kas didn't use yet How long I been rockin raps? Since niggas was wearin lee's, mark-necks and sportin stocking caps Plus I be flippin figures In '95 and beyond, best believe I got some shit for niggas (you know what? ) (you know what? ) (you know what? ) (yeah!) Tištěno z www.txp.cz