

## Kicking Flavor With My Man

Lord Finesse

Yeah yeah, I got my motherf\*\*king man in the house, you know  
What I'm saying? tell 'em your name just about now and shit

Ayo I'm the rhyme inspector mc percee p

Now, just about now, we gonna both do this, but I want you to  
Do me a motherf\*\*king favor, you know what I'm saying? (what's  
That? ) let them motherf\*\*kers know they ain't hearing what you  
Doing right about now, you know what I'm saying?

Like mike tyson I'll bash your face in for basing  
Give me some space and I'll put your head out if you get out of place and  
Rip you like plastic, don't make me get drastic  
Better step fast, quick to get that ass kicked  
What could you do to this? I ain't new to this  
For you to diss me and come off is ludicrous  
I ain't with that, so get back and get that  
Wick wack shit out my face before you get smacked  
Like a hooker short on my cash  
I want all my money, you sonny, I'll put this foot up your ass  
I got your bitch all on my dick  
I go her panties, her bra, her car and she star in my next flick  
It's a triple-x jammie  
I rode her like a camry, damn p, I know you can't stand me  
I'm percee p, p stands for pimp  
She gave me head, plus she said that in bed you a dead wimp  
He's a goner, working for me on the corner  
Locked like a vote, know who to consult if you still wanna  
I get devious, treacherous, bet you this  
Next verse perce rehearsed is worse than the previous  
Lyrical format leaves your head sore, black  
Base and I wipe my feat on you face like a doormat  
Percee p, that's who I claim to be  
But you're amateurs, you're all the same to me  
Yeah, you's a duck and your girl gets f\*\*ked  
Bout to live it up or giving up her ass for a fast buck  
Don't get me upset, b, I'm deadly  
Sweat me or press up I'll mess up your head, b  
You're booty, so step off and rehearse a few  
Hours, and take a shower, take it personal  
Lord finesse, my rhyme have to end  
So get on the mic and let yours begin

Drop it, kick it, I'm about to rip it  
I'm young, black, and gifted, plus I sound wicked  
I stomp any opponent I come against  
So be for real, they don't really want none of this  
Since I'm slowing down, I got to keep it flowing now  
Tonight it kindd of special, make mine a lowenbrau  
I get ahhs and ooohs not boos because I'm real cool  
f\*\*king with finesse is the wrong career move  
I be taking crews without breaking rules  
You know damn well I don't have time to be breaking rules  
I'm all about cash flow, pull girls like a lasso  
A brother roast me on the mic? don't be an asshole  
I'm indestructable, so bring in a substitute  
What's up with a battle? (I can't f\*\*k with you)

So don't try testing me, mc's especially  
Couldn't win against me if you paid the referee  
You can't get with me, so don't say shit to me  
You're out your mind if you're trying to get a victory  
You can't affect me with your weak technique  
If this was a game, you probably couldn't check me  
You might be wild, but I'm on an iller tip  
Think you stand a chance? you could kill that shit  
I'm intellectual, getting the best of you  
I eat mc's like the food at a festival  
Drop science and math, stand tall like a giraffe  
Completing the task, breaking rappers in half  
Putting suckers out of it, yeah I talk a lot of shit  
But when it comes to rhymes I deserve a f\*\*king scholarship  
Won't front or perp the role, I get the most of hoes  
I'm so cool I got girls on remote control  
Whether you're a virgin or a bad-looking hot sister  
I'm bagging up bitches like a shoplifter  
So lord finesse is not the one to fool  
I was getting sex since they first invented underoos  
Got knowledge of self, so who needs a school for help?  
Brothers can't get with finesse, don't even fool yourself  
When I begin I set the trend  
And I show men, the motherf\*\*kers got no wins  
Goddamn, it's no scheme, scam, or plan  
I'm just kicking flavor with my motherf\*\*king man