

It's Lord Finesse the rhyme vet
Like Biggie I'm "Ready to Die" but it ain't my fucking time yet
I bring the noise like static I cause havoc
When I grab the mic I pack a party like traffic
You know my style I got the hip sound
I should be a construction worker the way I be tearing shit down
One of the best you ought to shout it
Bust a nigga's ass and won't give two thoughts about it
Word, I hunt you down
I got a million reasons why none of you can fuck around
I slay beginners, sautee contenders
Shit, and be damned if I don't walk away the winner
I kick facts, flip raps over hip tracks
You know what I'm saying? (Yeah, I can dig that)
I'm gifted, my rhyme is wicked
When it comes to knowledge, I got jewels like the Diamond District
I'm the dopest, the baddest, one of the fattest
Chickenheads know my status
For those that's waiting to doubt
I'm a play like Pete Rock & C.L. Smooth and "Straighten it Out"
Ayo Show, my man (Add on, add on!)
A.G. my man (Add on, add on!)
Ayo Show my man (Add on, add on!)
D-Flow my man (Add on, add on!)

Check it, I got the herb to bomb your brain
I'm a threat like Saddam Hussein, niggas better know my name
I flow the same in a competition
I break them clowns into something different, buck 'em with the fucking Smith &
Wesson, MC's never leave my section
Finger on the trigger, I figure I kill that nigga for stepping
I tote the four-fifth, riff and get your jaw shift
Flip phones and add jewels got me looking gorgeous
Ignore the style and get bucked down, child
With the three-pound pile, BLOW! How you like me now?
The new improved Flow, you know how I do so
Whatever, a motherfucking terror like Cujo
I'm out to get mine, I want mils, God
Niggas that feel hard chill, fuck around and get your grill scarred
It's D-Flow, you know my steelo, ceelo will let you know how we go
Chop him like a kilo and let him die

And then I'm a add on like arithmetic
Suckers careers get stopped so stop who you riffing with
I'm on point with the snakes and fakes
Ain't the one (Think I am?) You get hung like drapes
And it's proven, point blank that's the conclusion
Seeing me losing, it's all an illusion
Like the raw ism, I'm a kiss him when I hurt him
Then desert him, because the Show & A.G. shit is sickening
Giving stress to them snakes is a ritual
Nights and north flakes, oh yes, they bless the physical
Promote the glock? No I'm not
I use it as an art, ain't got the heart to disrespect hip-hop
Time to breeze, now I'm gone, the Greats is rolling strong
So add on and on

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