

# Show 'Em How We Do Things

## Lord Finesse

Aw yeah, I got brothers from around the way in the house, you  
Know what I'm saying? Yo check it out, check it out  
I got my man Shel-Rumble in the house  
I got my man Harry-O in the house  
I got my man Rock-A-Lot in the house  
Yo, yo, we gonna do it like this, check it out I know some brothers with the skills to rock right  
Problem is they don't be getting no spotlight  
They got potential as good as any others  
So I'm a take time out to kick it with them brothers  
They brothers are professional, crazy intellectual  
Just some fellas I got to give credit to  
They rolling strong, know right from wrong  
They got skills, so I got to put 'em on  
So Shel-Rumble (what's up?) Since this is a three man crew thing  
Put down the 40 and show 'em how we do things  
Shel-Rumble, yeah, that's the name  
I'm a kick this off just like a football game  
I'm stepping out with my mic in my right hand  
Bagging up rappers and throwing their rhymes in the trash can  
They play the roll like they hard but yet they sit off  
Put me against the best and I'll still get my shit off  
I'm like Simon so you'd better do what Simon says  
I'm not Christopher Williams, but yo, I'm making promises  
My style's treacherous, it's so impetuous  
I'll go all out if a chump tries to step to this  
So hear the flavor through the speakers  
I get the ladies strung just like sneakers  
I'm a brother who's too hard to touch  
Cause if you try my crew we'll jump in just like double dutch  
You'll get bombarded if you come unprepared son  
Cause yo (there's no such thing as a fair one)  
So step, to avoid a fucking crack tooth  
Rhymes are insulated, that means I'm wack proof  
You're just the opposite, you're nothing but a small fry  
Weak MC coming up for a black guy  
So don't provoke a saga  
Cause you'll catch amnesia just like the central park jogger  
That's what happens when cases gets drastic  
I'll give you two options, step or get that ass kicked  
So, jot this down before you hail a  
MC getting shit sewn just like a tailor  
I get smooth, rough, rugged, raw, and swift

Too tough to bluff, so rough you just drift  
Away, now can I get a hip-hip hooray?  
I say shit that you never would have thought to say  
Rhymes poured just enough so we can quench your thirst  
I guarantee I'll have you saying "kick another verse"  
Or, if you feel that's not your style  
I guarantee you'll be laid back with a Kool-Aid smile  
On your grill, you chill, I'm for real  
As my rhyme fulfills Shel-Rumble got skills  
I flaunt the gift on the mic the way a man should  
Even old folks be saying (that boy is damn good)  
Cause I flow so perfectly  
That's why so many motherfuckers worship me  
I got skills, but that's not why I'm here  
I'm here to let you know I rock it like a pioneer  
So Harry-O (what's up?) You way far from fronting  
Won't you get on the mic and show the people a little something  
Yo, brothers grab the mic and plan on waxing me  
But since they're no match to me they can't do jack to me  
The great rap pros slay rappers for fun  
Bust rhymes like a gun so run son or get done  
My rap style may change like a cashier  
As I bust ass with shit I wrote last year  
So MC's step up and press your luck  
I don't give a fuck, I roll like a fucking Tonka truck  
I watch MC's get silenced when it comes to a challenge  
Cause the shit I kick is knocking niggas off balance  
Watch 'em fall and crawl just like a baby  
Heading for the door yelling "save me, save me"  
Don't attempt to attack me, just shut your trap, B  
Don't have me grab the mic and bust your ass like an acne pimple  
Cause ripping shop is simple  
I tear mics up while Rock rips the instrumental  
A part, so don't start up a seminar  
Cause we'll bust your ass word to God, you can send Allah  
My DJ's no joke, and I'm hype, folks  
So fuck around and get your turns and your mics broke  
I take no shorts here, this ain't last year  
I'm getting swift, elevating in fast gear  
I create rhymes and kick them, never will I fall victim, yo  
Brothers know the rap pro can flow  
And rap norm, both off and on platform  
You couldn't turn me off if I was hooked to a platform  
I get raw like bloody liver, make a rapper shiver and shake  
So make no mistake you're stepping to the great  
Rap pro, I get raw cause it's natural  
My cousin sport a fade and half-moon, I sport an afro  
Friends call my Harry-O, my real name's Harry though  
I scream on rapper like the niggas did to Carry, so

Finesse (yeah yeah) my man, my cousin  
I know you're going to kick some shit You thought I wasn't?  
When it comes to being funky I'll show you who the boss is  
(Yo money rock that shit!) Hold your motherfucking horses  
Wait up, hold up, I sport the low cut  
If rap was a game I'd leave opponents on a doughnut  
Funky warlord, top on the scoreboard  
Dissing Finesse, that shit is uncalled for  
Brothers front and fret how they roll correct  
Grab the mic and think they pose a threat  
Talking about all the brothers they coulda killed  
I don't care if you're a New Jack or you're older than Sugar Hill  
Cause I slay with no delay  
I stomp you out, so be about your way  
You can't hang, you're still in the slow poke zone  
You're helpless like a patient in an old folks home  
So keep up with my further adventures  
I'll have it going on til I'm old with dentures  
I rock parties and tear the roof off of houses  
Think I can't? Put your money where your mouth is  
Give me a mic, let me clear my throat  
Guaranteed I'll send you home broke  
Fast and quick cause I'm quick with the gift  
Give me my money I don't wanna hear shit  
And those who can't rap, I don't wanna hear jack  
I dust opponents in two minutes flat  
When it's showtime, MC's they don't wanna fight  
They start bitching saying (Why he have to come at night?)  
It's the Funky Man the brother with the new swing  
Lord Finesse just showing you how I do things Yeah, like I said  
Got the brothers in the house Harry-O and Shel-Rumble  
Rock-A-Lot, my man Jazzy Jay, and I'm outta here like Sugar Ray, peace

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