

# Yes You May (Lord Finesse Remix Instrumental)

## Lord Finesse

[lord finesse]

Yeah, now check this out.

Now what we have here is the "yes you may" remix, right?

But percee p and my man a.g. ain't here,

And I got my man big I in the house, you know what I'm saying?

And we swinging shit for '92

[big I]

Ah check it out, yo

Ayo everywhere I go, brothers know my fucking name

I'm flooring niggas and I only weight a buck and change

I gave a lot of black eyes in my extorting days

Fucking with me, a lotta niggas was sporting shades

I grab the microphone and scar jerks

Niggas running up (put me on!) what the fuck, is this star search?

I'm relieving rappers like sudafed

And if the microphone was smoke then big I would be a buddha head

Ayo my crew's real smooth like lopez

I was rocking mics since niggas was wearing pro keds

I only roll with originators

Chicks stick to my dick like magnets on refridgerators

I'm a crazy mean lyracist

Many are in fear of this, yeah, so they stand clear of this

And those that refuse the order, big I bruise and slaughter

Niggas hear me and take notes like a news reporter

I'll bend a rapper like a fender, I'm slender, but far from tender

Killing niggas like a klan member

You can't touch this, your rhyme's to darn weak, front

And I'm a introduce your brains to the concrete

I keep hoes satisfied, I'm pushing the fattest ride

To take me out, troop, even the baddest try

But they fell cause my techniques are liver

I'm so deaf I need a hearing aid with an equalizer

You tried to hit a home run but you struck out

My rhymes were released, I'd like to say peace the fuck out

[lord finesse]

Check it out, it's the brother you have to hear, stand up, clap, and cheer

As far as running mine, ain't nothing happening here

Cause I'm on some ruthless shit

It ain't over til the fat lady sing? I'm a shoot the bitch

I'm swift with this, it's ridiculous to get with this

When I kick some shit, I'm a cold flip the script  
It's all systems go when I start ripping shows  
I swing and do my thing and I'm coming home with different hoes  
I got game like genesis  
When I finish this I can bag any hoe on the premisis  
I spin into action like a whirlpool  
Get wilder than a rapist in a catholic all-girls school  
Cause I'm scoring mine, never kicking boring rhymes  
I'm living larger than my dick in the morning time  
I get paid and laid on a good night  
Me take a loss? that shit don't even look right  
Brothers couldn't win against me with their hardest tactics  
I hang 'em and use their ass for target practice  
If you think you can troop, go recruit your group  
We can battle for some loot, shit  
I take you, and plus the rest of your squad  
Bust your ass and make you all get messenger jobs  
So write that shit in your column  
Any rapper who wants beef, motherfucker's got problems  
I'm out to make changes  
It's the funky man, you know what my motherfucking name is(lord finesse and big l give  
shoutout til fade)

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>