

# Mic Mechanism

## Maestro Fresh Wes

INTRO [Maestro Fresh Wes]

When I'm kicking, the mic mechanism

Here we go, the mic mechanism

What I'm kicking, the mic mechanism

What I'm kicking, the mic mechanism CHORUS [D.I.T.C.]

Fresh Wes y'all, is on the mic mechanism

Fresh Wes y'all, is on the mic mechanism

Fresh Wes y'all, is on the mic mechanism

Fresh Wes y'all, is on the mic mechanism [Maestro Fresh Wes] (D.I.T.C.)

Yo

Fresh Wes is on the mic mech, trying to catch wreck

Check the way I step to the set, then I gotta jet

Heck, chicks are getting kind of sexual

Always getting spectacles, glueing 'em to my testicle

Do yourself a favour don't step to the (Fresh guy)

Like TLC I put my Jimmy in your (left eye)

Ain't to proud to beg, beg for this

I'm gonna catch wreck, break a couple of necks

Cash a couple of checks, for the rhyme put together with the beat

(Showbiz) put together for, the streets and the jeeps

Fresh W-E to the S is (nice yo)

Don't say my name unless you going to say (Maestro)

Calling me an amateur I'll damage ya

Suckers saying (Naaah, dis kid can't be from Canada) From Amtrak, stages are sparked well

Coaching like Art Shell

Doper than a South American cartel

I'm on a mission with my funky compositions

Kicking mad falour on (the mic mechanism) CHORUS

When I'm kicking the mic mechanism X4

[Maestro Fresh Wes] (D.I.T.C.)

I'm not a captain, but chicks like to kneel to feel

The real steel when I reveal, they say (wheel)

And they eyes, be on the size gee

But don't try to milk me, or even homogenize me

I pasterize trying to skim through my papes I carry thee

Marry me for my salary, giving up your mammaries (naaah)

That ain't my type of event, or how my money is spent

I ain't Babyface payin' no rent

That's on the corny wack, Brady Bunch

Leave It To Beaver, Wally tip  
My bozak ain't dangerous, so stop playing like Marley  
Grip, skip to another Louie or Dewie or Ronnie  
Donnie you're Johnny baby, yo kick that to Tommy  
The softer guys, lost their eyes, off the prize  
So stop the lies, you're wise or you're ostrosize  
Drop your draws, lift the jaws  
Because I'm in effect like Das and DMC, pause  
The style I kick is uncategorical  
You're prehistorical, go check the oracle  
Damn I'm metaphorical  
I'm on a mission with my funky compositions  
Kicking' mad flavour (on the mic mechanism)

Songwriters

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