Certs Wid Out Da Retsyn

Maestro Fresh Wes

[Chorus]
1 o'clock, 2 o'clock, 3 o'clock rock
To the beat that I drop when I flip my hip-hop
Put this in yo' collection
Fresh Wes without a rhyme is like certs without the retsynI'm coming straight out of Canada
Far from an amateur
LT's my DJ, Flex is my manager
I flow so nice so they're calling me the Maestro
Just pass the microphone
Fuck the light show
Real rap is in effect
And I'm out to get wrecked on the mic-mec
When I make a mic-check
Not on the sloppy tip
I'm harder than a hockey stick
Exciting niggas like Italian's in a Rocky flick
Adrian
Watch me flow slow or flow fast
I'll even make a Spanish brother say no mass
I'm wrecking you, disconecting you, disrespecting you
Hold your smoking ass cheap shit, it'll eventually catch up to you
I can make the phony retire, tendoroni perspire
She's on my back like my name's Jacobey and Myer,
(what's your name?)
It's Fresh-Wes with the sweeter beats
I make you smile like the brother on the red box of cream of wheat[Chorus]I got more rhymes than Brits in a cathedral
My cerebral is lethal
Nobody's equal, my people
Want to hear a funky new style so get with it
No dibby-dibby-dibby MC's are permitted
I'm wrecking it good
(what else)
Collecting, injecting, and checking it good
(where?)
Lake Edna or your neck of the woods
I'm getting more blow than Chuck Mangeony
Not a phony
But Joanie wanted me for holy matrimony

Girls like my flavor cause I jam harder
Let's have a nice quiet date
You, me, and my camcorder
It's like a power-burst, I'm more than just an hours worth
I get down and dirty, but uh honey
Take a shower first
You can't tell me that the bro's soft,
I do the cabbage patch, butterfly, and boggle with my clothes off
But that's a different chapter
I've even got more rhymes than there's groupies of Jack the rapper,
On the microphone I slice you and make you say
(I knew his rhymes was phat, but his beats are kind of nice too)
Now is the apocolypse
MC's are clocking this
They say they got skills but all I'm seeing is a flock of lips
Acapella, or over a drum track
I'm funkier than a group of Jamacians after sun splash[Chorus]The word Maestro is teacher in Italiano
I'm from Toronto, causing drama on the the verazono
So come and check a real pro
Grab the piece of steal, yo
I make a Black activist say
(yes, that's my neigro)
When I said the mic's my piece I really meant it
So just like the Blue Jays, I'm out to win the pennant
So sucker chill, 'cause every head I struck I killed
Oh, I don't know, is it just me, or am I really that fucking ill[Chorus]

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