

# The Maestro

## Eastern Rebellion

[maestro fresh wes]  
I can't keep still, I can't keep calm  
I think I feel another brainstorm coming on  
    Pure lsd, that's what I'm climbing  
Not lucy in the sky with diamonds I'm rhyming  
    Lyrics so dope and microphones smoking  
Straight down your throat and that's why you're choking  
    I ain't joking, that's why you're stifling  
Rebirth, retreat, I'm rhythmn rap rifling  
    Rhyming, no reurns or recycling  
A fresh batch to mcs I'm frightening  
    Funky and fighting, stay in striking  
My brainstorm's like thunder and lightening  
    Beats go boom, sound is in tune  
You're a joker, a riddler, I'm dr. doom  
    You say doctor who? \*echoed\*  
I tell you, my symphony is you and your crew  
It's the danger dome using the maestro zone  
    Like supertramp take the long way home  
    I used to ill, now I build  
Rock rhymes like bills(?) set up to kill  
When it rains it pours, I got rhymes gallor  
    Like al b., maestro is sure  
Something's wrong, that's why I'm singing my song  
    How long will this go on?  
When ben clocked bronze \*echoed\*, they weren't bragging  
    But when he clocked gold, they started tagging  
    Jump on the bandwagon, grinning and smiling  
    "3 day later" he's from the islands  
    Turn off my radio, turned up my stereo  
Day in and day out each and every day you know  
    In ontario the same old scenario  
They didn't hype lennox lewis just mario \*echoed\*  
    Egerton, broke necks in his hand  
But if his name was shawn, they'd let him hang  
    He be the main man, I be the witness  
    It's the same in the music business  
'cause I'm from t-o y'all are afraid to rate me  
    You underestimate thee

Intellect, while farly flex  
My rhymes on the cuts ltd selects I'm the maestro  
    "fresh"  
    "wes"  
The maestro  
    "fresh"  
    "wes"  
Maestro  
    "fresh"  
"wes" You're a lyrical lucifer, big beat burgular  
    My monologue make me a mass murderer  
    Microphone mangler, sucker boy strangler  
Walk(?) to my rhythmn raises rips in your wranglers  
    Rhymes don't fit, why don't you just quit  
    Go be a pilitician because you talk 'nuff...  
'nuff what? \*echoed\* 'nuff shit because my rhymes you bit  
If you were a dollar bill, you'd be counterfeit, illegit  
    I'm a dentist, I'm going to drill ya  
    You just a cavity creep, I'm going to fill ya  
    After this appointment, I'm going to bill ya  
    'cause all you sucker sound so familiar  
    I'm going go-got style, no innuendo  
    I floss I float, you know, a crescendo  
    Flex is upgrading, ltd's blading  
    Like a waterfall, maestro's cascading  
    Evervessing(?), testing  
I vocalize your baptize, 'cause my rhymes you're blessing  
    Hip hop waiter, rap oretorio  
    Rhymes a gwan pouring out my portfolio  
    Squeezing, not bleak or bland  
    'cause my vernacular is of a vintage brand  
    I'm the maestro, "fresh"  
    The maestro, "fresh"  
    "i was born"  
A don, because I'm like don won(sp?)  
The missing link between tyson and the great lynn swan  
    Punk, I really hate your rap  
    I press the greater wax  
You're absolutely obsolete, like datamax \*echoed\*  
    Fiending for my rhymes, you want to get some  
    Play me in reverse take a sip of my redrum  
    A reason rhyme murder, snap your verte-  
    Brae make you sway away, that's a word of  
        Wisdom, solely expressed  
    To express with soul for w-e-s

I may never win a grammy, or a juno  
But that's okay because I know that you know  
    The undisputed, number one mc  
    No rockstar could touch this poetry  
    'cause I'm the maestro  
    The maestro, "fresh" \*\* repeat 'til fade \*\*

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>