

The Maestro

Ben Sollee

[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 **

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