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 selectsI'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 counterfit, 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 crecendo
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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