Drop the Needle

Maestro Fresh Wes

Intro:The Maestro
Fresh Wes
the symphony
is in full effectVerse 1:Let your backbone slide
let it slip let the rythym rip
while my lyrics leave my lips
ladies and gentleman kids of all ages
watch a brother roamin' on stages
name rings a bell from state to state
province to province till you can't escape
it's radius a margin
bruisin' bargin'
blowin' away blockades and still chargin'
up the crowd while the introducer
says the name they get looser looser
Maestro Maestro with magnitude
that's longer than the lines of latitude
going drop it to drop it
topic to topic
yo are you ready for the drop (yeah)
then drop itChorus:drop the needle
drop the needle
drop the needle
drop the needleVerse 2:the needle drops like a pistol pops
rocks the whole crowd they can't stop
ladies wave and rave like slaves
with this sound wave a guy's Mr. Hayes
I pave a road where the poems explode drum
globe to globe airlobe to airlobe
started at zero now the Z rocks it
zipcode to zipcode I should ziplock it
they won't stop the chumps they just chop it
chewin' chunks and chunks and then shop it
on the homeplate and I hate
to hear my rhymes of a different rate
I should ostersize the eyes of spies
and destroy all districs for disguise
dope
in the form of the highest mind

of a hip-hop golliath rhymes
make it easy to cruise
you get bruised if you're not enthuised
silence is lost as the holocaust comes down
when Wes goes off on the microphone
cord or cordless
it don't matter cause I rock the fresh vest
Hiroshima havoc and hurricaine
LTD is on the cut Maestro's the name
the needle won't skip or the crowd will flip to frantic
as I watch 'em drip
D draws back the wax like a bow
the bass is the arrow to break the poem I wrote
blast it off like a rocket
again are you ready for the drop
(yeah)
then drop it
m-a-e-s-t-r-o
smoother than smooth can get plus tommorrow
I'll be smoother
runnin' like silk
starin' at the mountains as melodies are built
like Everest I'm ever ready for the prospade
I have a vest never fest just cascade
I'm a go on I'm a run and I'm a go on
and tell two friends
so on (so on)
I ain't passive
I lamp with the dope state massives
down with Scarborough
down with the jungle
down with Michee Mee
down with Rumble
down with self defense from flemo
this was a hit before it was a demo
went to the studio with Pete
and Anthony to lay down the beats
and now it's just too damn sweet
I'm the voice in the sonys walking down the street
drop itChorusVerse 3:(yo Maestro, tell 'em what you wear)
I wear a black tuxedo
black tuxedo
black-black-black (oh my God)
a black tuxedo with the calm of Van Damne
talk slang while the ladies hang

runnin' more hoes than close to a pimp
rhymes so rugged they'll make you limp
some MC's like to dance all night
but I like the brothers who can rock the mic
with base and adreanline big beats but then again
nowadays most rappers sound femminime
soft
they come off weak and they're so-so
I'll be down to the pound and jump mofo
thousand pages of poem make the microphone prone to stand alone
a Tallahasee lassie asked me
(Wes, how can you rap so rough, then get crappy?)
cause I'm smooth
making the people move
it's like a cruise with a tape tune two-twenty-two
that's a full forty four times more than a migraine
unexplained like an unsolved mind game
the mastermind is defined as the maestro
nitro glicseran sizillin' height so
comin' 'em on with a scent of napomn
droppin' the bomb as I raise my baton on
and on the dawn
inject the venemen
MC's like a late dose of heroin
cripplin'
suckers be stagerrin'
I smoke the piece D does the daggerrin'
on the techniques he'll tomahawk it
are you ready for the drop (yeah)
then drop itChorusVerse 4:United States United Kingdom
the rhymes I bring them spread like syndroms
T.O. mixed it New York freshed it
all these def hits you can't test this
rhyme still buggin' clock 'nuff duckin'
no wait yo hold up hold up
now fuck it
one hour flight and I'm captain
like Jason I'm a take Manhatten
each ceremony and every seminair
another mar la parde you're gonna get scared
I run a dead poll every rapper dread this
boys be pain at the naming of the dead list
or the red list the blood shed fest
fist to fist on the mic you're left headless
they broke into the vault like Capone

didn't find jack so they all went home
my vault could never be opened I locked it
punks be scopin' or hopin' to pop it
eighty nine is mine you can't stop it
are you ready for the drop (yeah)
then drop itChorusOutro:now freak me
(are you ready)
hit it
hit it
hit it Maestro
hit
hit it Maestro
hit it Maestro
Maestro
Maestro
hit it Maestro

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/