

# 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 rythm 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' bargain'

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 enthused  
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 hurricane  
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 it  
Chorus Verse 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 it  
 Chorus Verse 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 Manhattan  
 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.

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