

# The Maestro

## Maestro Fresh-Wes

[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 rhythm rap rifling  
Rhyming, no returns 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 rhythm 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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