

# Fine Tune Da Mic

## Maestro Fresh Wes

Chorus x2

[maestro] fine tune da mic

[showbiz] engineer won't you check it

[maestro] it's the brother maestro

[showbiz] and showbiz is going to wreck it[showbiz]

So here I come (ha), so here I go (yo)

And when you hear (huh), you know it's brother show

I like to rock a hundred miles, but you know I'm far from running

Listen to the kicks and the snares, you know it's stunning

I'm coming, I came, I'm only here to damage ya

I left my city and my hometown to fly to canada

To get a peace of mind and make beats on the low

And show's got a flow, a combo with maestro

Fresh wes, I never fess, big up to diamond d

A.g. and my partner lord finesse, can't forget buckwild

People know my style, don't play me like a child

Or your fam be sitting in the front aisle, of a funeral home

Put two to your dome, so pass the microphone

The s-h-o-w-b-i-z from 1-6-3, third and a-v-e

The trump can't see me

Lick for lick, I change cars like brother cange kicks

And pick up choicks and take them to the flicks

So don't try to play big willie

I'll smoke you with a cripsi hundred dollar bill

And make the chump feel silly, huh

You can't understand where my head's at

While I made a record talking about liking my pockets fat

And not flat, not flat

And punks couldn't take it if you had ten gats

And girls play my lap bcause I made soul clap

I guess it's like that when you got a little stackChorus x2[maestro fresh wes]

Well I'm crushing, blood starts gushing when I'm bum rushing

Me and the mic is like startsky and hutchin

Not a plumber but I'm guarenteed to fix farrah's faucet

No I never ever lost it, now i'mma toss it

Get off it, i'mma write, I'll role you like a tight spliff

I might get hyper just like positive on a night shift

Fresh wes is the smoothest show and prover

Like j. degar hoover, I make a ? ? ? manouver

Ain't no lookin back, I throw a jam at the sugar shack  
And I can make the mack say, jack bring my hooker back  
I'm getting 'nuff props like black moon, I never wrote a wack tune  
Sons take my album cover straight to the bathroom  
Live like a wire, mc for hire  
Rapper all admire, but retire, when I ahnil-  
Late, deducts, and take da bucks  
Who the hell needs luck, I got it made and getting paid to fluc-  
Uate my lyrics, my uncategorical, metaphorical flow  
Makes you want to hear it, so don't compare it  
You can't come near it, I know you fear it  
You want to jeer it in the front row  
'cause you know me and show can flow  
We go head to head, toe to toe and blow for blow  
We say the kind of rhymes to make the party people listen  
Catching mad wreck on the mic mechanism  
Chorus x4  
Outro [maestro fresh wes]  
Yeah, that's how we doing it yo  
Big up to my dj, ltd  
Loves to devast, never hesitate to motivate  
Farly flex, relflex, mvp yo  
That's how we swing it in the studio  
Word up fresh wes, 1994  
I'm blowing up uhh  
I'm blowing up yeah  
Yeah  
I can't forget my man chris  
My man mac behind the fat tracks  
And my man show b-i-z  
Aka mr. (f-a-t), we out

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

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damlyrics.com/>