Let Your Backbone Slide

Maestro Fresh Wes

This is a throw down, a showdown, hell no, I can't slow down
It's gonna go down, first offense on the mix down, go on and break down
Okay, party people in the house, may I have your attention, please?
In a moment, the beat will be played in many parts, come on and break
Many parts, many, one, two, three, come on and breakThis jam is amplified, so just glide and let your backbone slideYou listen to every word I say, I, every verb you heard
I play snaps a vertabrae, you try to cover, a hover me, a roast, a fake
A flag, then I run a post, toast, I'm the most, D-E-F's how it goes
No X's or O's or tic-tac-toes, L-T-D knows,
This ain't a game I'm on a mission,
Call me a hip-hop, tip-tac-tition,
I rap just like a slab of clay, that's shapeless,
Champagne no shimmer no glass is tasteless,
A universe without light is light less
That's why I always take time to write this
I mold it in my hands before I start chiselin'
Could be a rain or brainstorm or drizzlin'
Sun could be shining, sun could be showerin'
Practice make perfect and I'm powerin', flowerin'
My lyrics are awesome, tunin' from human, bloomin' a blossom
Blowing away blockades and barricades, make ya black and blue
From the blast and the blaze, it's a bloodsport, bloods builds up back
I make your vision go blurry while your brain goes black into oblivion
Beats from box to box to bates, rocks from blocks and blocks
Let your backbone slideJust let it slide y'all, I don't give a damn, damn, if ya backbone quiver
Man, oh man, watch ya swiver,
Wind some twine your spine while you're slither,
It's contagious, a epidemic,
You try to lift you're cool but it fell again,
Rap scholar, soul like a Dominican
Butt like I said before, "I'm not American
It's who you are not the where you went, we all originate from the same descent"
I make a lot of cents, sense and pence, gold, myrrh and frankincense
When I'm in France they blow me francs, Frank
With your Swiss account is the way I bank-pank, at home I make bills
Are brown from my sound in the States, green like the grass
In the ground when I'm in England, they pass me pounds now
I clock cash in every town, so I slide but nowadays, I'm trapped
Why's that? So many suckers on my sacroiliac

It's like a rap-sack, backpack, wic-wic-whack, give me some slack jack
Rap is like a jungle, where rhyme for rhyme is like a vine to vine
Swung line to line of mine, I'm colossal, you'se a mosquito
I'mma play Tarzan, you play cheetah, cheetah, bitter love to forge
Better yet, I'll call you curious George 'cause curiosity cold killed the cat
Can't hide so black to the side, let your backbone slide

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