

# 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 break This jam is amplified, so just glide and let your backbone  
slide You 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 slide Just 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're 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

Songwriters

ANTHONY GORDEN DAVIS, PETER P DAVIS, WESLEY ST AUBYN WILLIAMS  
Published by  
Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC  
Song Discussions is  
protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>