

Maestro Fresh Wes, Let Your Backbone Slide

INTRO

This is a throw-down, a showdown
Hell no, I can't slow down
It's gonna go
"Down"
"First Offence," "on the mix"
"Down, go on and break"
"Down"
"O.K. 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"
"1", "2", "3"
"Come on and break"

[Maestro Fresh Wes]

This jam is amplified, so just glide (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
LTD 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
Jeff ain't no shimmer, no glass is tasteless
A universe without light is lightless
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

[Maestro Fresh Wes]

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 your slither
It's contagious, an epidemic
You try to lift, you're cool, but it fell again
Rap scholar, soul like a Dominican
But like I said before, I'm not American
It's who you are, not the way you went
We all originate from the same descent
I make alot of cents, sense, and pence
Gold (gold), myrrh and frakincense
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 (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, biter, 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

[Maestro Fresh Wes]

The keyword is synchronism
Yo, check out my homeboy dance to the rhythm
And hey, this hey, oh, this ain't Forte
I'm coming double-f
Fortissimo, F-F for funky fresh
My DJ is LTD, mellow-flex
you listen to the poetry, big jumbo jet
Vocabulary golden, beats from my rollin
Stone cold lyrics with the microphone I'm holdin
Words I rip, egos I strip
I make sucker crews kick, Dick Van Dyke flips
I get busy, they're dizzy, they start to collide
They should've stepped off (stepped off), I let it slide
But now they got brasen, dry like a raisin
I glaze like a vase, I smash you like days
Until they realize, they shouldn't have ripped
It's '89, not Beethoven's fifth or sixth
It's a throwdown, I'm conducting it
Because like a highrise, I'm constructing it
Was once thoughts, pen, and paper
Now it's a tower, a soul, a skyscraper
It's getting out of hand after I've created a monster
My musical monologue makes you wanna
Move with the Maestro
You feel hot so you set the blend, the crescendo is nice yo
I'm the guy, the rhythm is a ride (the rhythm is a ride)
To the fresh side, and let your backbone slide

This is a throwdown