

# 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  
&quot;Down&quot;;  
&quot;First Offence,&quot; &quot;on the mix&quot;;  
&quot;Down, go on and break&quot;;  
&quot;Down&quot;;  
&quot;O.K. party people in the house&quot;;  
&quot;May I have your attention please&quot;;  
&quot;In a moment the beat will be played in many parts&quot;;  
&quot;Come on and break&quot;;  
&quot;Many parts, many&quot;;  
&quot;1&quot;;, &quot;2&quot;;, &quot;3&quot;;  
&quot;Come on and break&quot;;

## [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 barracades  
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 brassen, 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