

# Maestro Fresh Wes, Tear It Up

[LTD] Yo Maestro, let's go. You ready man?

[Maestro Fresh Wes] Yeah, yeah. I'm ready

[L] Yo, let's trash it up man. Show all these suckers what time it is

[M] Aight

[L] You know what I'm sayin', word. So here it is

[M] Let's get it over with

[L] Tear it up now

[Maestro Fresh Wes]

Rolling, strolling, rockin' and rollin'

One hundred dollar bills I'm unfolding

Crowds are controlling

Lyrics are golden, yes the beats dope

But nope it's not stolen

Words are forbidden, no I ain't kidding

Check any damsel, Maestro is ridden

'Nuff ammunition, capable precision

Kill competition, like a religion

MCs I'm cussing, they ain't nothing

Egos I'm crushing, asses I'm busting

Fly girls I rack, skeezos I slap them

Sucker I jack up, I don't rap up

I tear it up!

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done

Too late to run, Maestro is one

You're no ruler to me

You're more like a liar

You're just a squire handing out flyers

I am much higher, you're a low bidder

Wes pulls a trigger your get rigger

Nigga, LTD's an outstander

MC Fresh Wes, a MC commander

Goto my show because I said so

I'm a pimp and the crowd is one big, (HO)

Viper, sniper, rhythm rap writer

I hold the mic you're Rowdy like Piper

Hyperactive your rap is wack kid

Don't even breath or I'll Rip like Jack did

Helter Skelter, deep belts a serious cut

My boys are ice melters

Well respected, dame's interested

Bulls in bank, invested

I tear it up!

Hi, why, brother that's dry

Drug free body and my rhymes are fly

You cuss, dis, lyrics are stiff

I smoke your ass like smoking a spliff

Won't cease my mic is my piece

Use of the alter with the high priest

Beast, bleak, your record is weak

We bought to break it on the concrete

I disregard it, LTD barred it

We holds the mic, you're a target

I tear it up!

Party's packed, B-boys jumping

Dames in the back, bumpin'

Beats go boom, the sound's in tune

Like hast to Calhoun, we rock the room

Pay's low, fortress of mold  
The frenzy will grow because I said so  
So, hell no this is def  
Hands be swinging from right to left  
Fresh Wes, is in the flesh  
LTD's on the set and it became blessed  
Wine, grind 'til the sunshine  
Bust the next rhyme, next time