

# Maestro Fresh Wes, 416 / 905 (T.O. Party Anthem)

[Maestro]

Who be the brother with the harder rap, sippin' coniac  
You catch a heart attack, rest your cardiac  
I'm takin' over the game, like black quaterbacks  
And guaranteed to put Toronto on the party map  
Mr. Maes' in the flash, out to make a splash  
Take Tyra to the bank, make Stacey wanna dash  
Seen the gate open, I'll be there when it closes  
Black Moses, slashing guns from the roses  
Misdemeanor, blown up like Hiroshima  
I love hip-hop like Scarface loved Gina  
You're applauding this, astrologist  
Words flex like a nidlest  
I'm writin' words like a Novelist  
Paragraph's gonna bury ya  
Make the dance floor move like Jamiriquai  
Get out the area  
Take another blast of this nastiness, you blasphemis  
Adversaries, they master this  
Stylin', I'm a splash you, when I crash through  
(Maestro's on the radio)  
Crash crew knows I'm funky  
Female rappers wanna hump me  
Salt jumped me, I made Pepa wanna bungee  
Knowing that my jams legit, banking chips  
Fort Langdon chicks, love to see me in spankin' whips  
Proper, I was the one who told Mase  
Save Mariah with the chopper, certified Cheif Rocka

[Chorus: Maestro, LaToya & Miranda]

416 to the 905

Put your hands up in the air, move 'em side to side  
(We don't stop y'all, can't stop y'all, ah T-dot y'all, we make it hot y'all)  
And everybody in the place from east to west  
Put your hands up in the air, move 'em right to left  
(We gonna rock y'all, to the top y'all, you gotta..)  
Come on, come on

[Maestro]

Yo yo yo

I put the afro in the desiac, you're feelin' that  
Fans say "Wes, yo, where's the CD at?"  
Makin' sure the deal's phat  
Suckers try to flex, breakin' necks  
Leave 'em bleedin' like a hemophylia  
Peep the way the Wes mingle, Toronto sex symbol  
Honey jingle, dancin' to the next single  
They be lovin' when I'm jammin' 'em  
Wham bam, thank you ma'am  
Knock 'em out, Rocky 3, Club Rolagin' 'em  
Bringin' mass to the media, thedia  
Rhymes iller than boulemia, laced with luekemia  
Causin' pandemonium  
Mad Sedonians know, I'm showin' 'em  
How to rock the auditorium  
Vocally, I get high like Method Man and Reggie Noble be  
Poetry, laced with my potency  
Deadly with the loose leaf, 2-Rude produced beats  
I chill out, ease back, like Kool Kieth

[Chorus]

[LaToya & Miranda]

Come on and do it

Do it  
Yeah, come on, right  
Come on and do it  
What you wanna do?  
Unh, what you gonna do?  
Come on and do it  
What you gonna do?  
Maestro, what you gonna do?

[Maestro]  
I got all these beats and a rhyme's attached  
Formin' a creation you just can't match  
2-Rude got the rythm, and I rock mics  
We takin' airline flights, at huge heights  
We make it hot like a suana  
More dope than marijuana  
Metaphors got kick like Maradona  
Like King Solomon, when I start polyin'  
The whole metropolitan will start followin'  
(the mad flavor kicker)  
Script flipper, rockin' on the higher set  
Watch how hot the fire get  
I score wit' crazy chicks  
Get 'em open like a Martin Scorcese flick  
Then I split to another spot (where?)  
T to the dot, O to the 'nother dot  
Know who makes the party hot

[Chorus]