

# Maestro Fresh Wes, Bring It On (Remix)

[Maestro Fresh Wes]

My poetry is black like Jesus  
You niggas can't see this, my metaphorical thesis, breezes  
Past all you niggas with your silly shitty poems  
You're faker than a hoe with titties filled with silicone (uh huh)  
Well I'm a glock and you're a slingshot  
When I'm done you'll want to quit, you want to fling rock  
Well, I'll be cruising by, you'll never see a smoother guy  
Niggas getting smoked just like the Buddha tie  
I'm rocking well like Orson, scorching on the porchin'  
Of course I'm forced to like my man Shawn Morrison  
Here's a small portion with no distortion  
But niggas always on my fucking dick like foreskin  
They want to swallow my gism (yeah)  
They must be on a mission (uh huh)  
I need a circumcision on the mic mechanism  
Maestro's the true boss, you and your crew lost  
Before you fuck around you better fuck with Blue Cross  
I'm leaving dumb niggas homeless, domeless  
I'm proneless, so don't try to clone this  
Style or procedure, because I ain't even trained(?) yet  
I bank a check with attitude like Antoinette  
I'm still smoking whether I open or close the shoews  
Like Shabba Ranks, I got trailer loads of hoes (ahh yeah)  
The mega don, everywhere I get it on  
I fucked every colour, now they call me Benetton  
Black and the white, red and the bronze, even a Chinese ying  
All kinds of skins, man I shine like a diamond ring  
You feel around I'm the man with the meanest song  
Not a new jack but I got more dope than Nino Brown  
'Cause I'm a striver, a hip hop survivor  
Me and the microphone is like my nuts and your saliva  
Yeah, Fresh Wes swinging along, Showbiz is on the remix  
I'm bringing it on

CHORUS [Maestro Fresh Wes]

Yes yes y'all ( yes y'all)  
I got flesh y'all (flesh y'all)  
I'm Fresh Wes y'all (Fresh Wes y'all)  
I'm going to bring it on (bring it on)  
Yes yes y'all (yes y'all)  
I got flesh y'all (flesh y'all)  
I'm Fresh Wes y'all (Fresh Wes y'all)  
I'm going to bring it on (bring it on)

[Maestro Fresh Wes]

Yo make way  
Make a, make a, make a, make away  
Fresh Wes is going to breaka, breaka, break way  
From the rags to the riches  
I'm giving bitches Different Strokes like Todd Bridges  
Mister Maest, they cast me out, how ya like me now  
You want to raise your eye brow  
Then you want to bow, 'cause you're awning my phonics  
Shines like a comet, more dope than hydroponics (ahh yeah)  
Guys are on it, girls be on my pubics  
For two licks, I check my pharmaceuticals (do this)  
You want to know who's the newest  
With the blues like Hill Street, or more news than Huey Lewis  
Like boy blue blew all day, enough of these curds and whey  
Well this nigga don't play  
Do yourself a favour and don't fuck with Wesley  
And save that 'I gotta have it' shit for Pepsi  
I break like Gretzky, the mic ain't Wayne's World

My rhymes guaranteed to kill a nigga and tame girls (ahh yeah)  
So don't front, just applause it  
Like Michael J, said 'put that dibby dibby shit in the closet'  
With a chimpanzee and a rhino  
If my dick was alcohol all you kids would be winos (ohh yeah)  
Because you love my condution  
I don't mind of you suck it, just ease up on the suciton  
While you're down there, hum on my left one  
Make my right one jealous, Fresh Wes is the best one  
But don't be greedy share the rest with the class  
Like Gangstarr said, 'just take two pulls then pass'  
Yeah, Fresh Wes is just swinging along  
Showbiz in on the remix, I'm bringing it on

## CHORUS

[Maestro Fresh Wes]  
You wack MC's is like a case of clamydia  
It's one big pain in the ass to get rid of ya  
When I hit the scene I'm more brutal than Rikers  
Killing motherfuckers like I'm chilling with strikers  
Time to let a trend setter, smooth like amaretta  
With a vendetta and a go getter, with a better metaphor  
Kick, oh flip, when I flow quick they forfeit  
They so shit (oh yeah)  
I make the fatter profits with the badder topics  
I cant' stop it, what I drop is catastrophic  
Good grief, why you trying to beef geef  
Is that your face or does your ass got teeth (oooo)  
Don't try bombing me, harming the economy  
'Cause this nigga is a don like Sean Connery  
I got the bad bitches want to have sex, uh  
I gas them like Exxon, then I put the next on  
Everybody knows Mr. Maest raps steady  
Before stepping to me get an ice pack ready  
Yeah, I'm getting sick and tired of the fuckery  
After this jam, all ya niggas will be sucking me  
Oh yeah, ot goes down like that  
Word up, Fresh Wes bringing it on  
Show B-I-Z on the remix  
As we flow on 1992-93 and beyond  
Word up as we kick the flavour  
I'm out