

Maestro Fresh Wes, Dat's My Nigga!!

[maestro fresh wes]

It's the mad flavour kicker, the script flipper
They call me fresh wes (ah yeah dat's my nigga!)
It's the mad flavour kicker, the script flipper
They call me fresh wes (ah yeah dat's my nigga!)

[maestro fresh wes]

Well it's the fresh w-e to the s brother wes
The style you try to kick is colourless
I got the skills you wish you had
You never had the gift to gab
I'm free base, you're just a seed from a motherf**ker nickel bag
I'm casanova, 'cause your wife said I am
I made her hide her wedding band
Say (I can't believe how wet I am)
I gave the balls to lucille, get broke with true shield
I pack blue steel, making crews yield
I'm rocking 'til early morn
I make the real niggas say (rock on, rock on)
That doesn't mean my head's getting bigger
I stay down to earth, so when they see me they say
{yeah dat's my nigga!}

Chorus

[maestro fresh wes]

I make wack rappers think about retiring
Stop aspiring, you ain't inspiring money, ups is hiring
I got skills, not run of the mill
I mean a bill, hit a phil at the top of the hill
I get props like lionel hampton, city bank of brampton(?)
I live in the bush, but my boom spots are franklin
Although I am canadian, I'll still catch wreck at the paladium
When I possess the microphone like damien, I'm hitting all the cuties
Give facts of life to blair and t, I make mrs. garrett shake her booty
Can't you see my style's original (original)
And I'm making the residuals, being an individual
I slam a man, beat niggas up just liek a can of spam
Hoes I undress, pressing breasts like a mammogram
For better sex, yo I'm liver than memorex
Single, but I'm out to change them all to demorex
That's right I'm metaphorical

But I'm on my own dick so I'm uncategorical
I can't stand imitators
Like my nigga big I, I'm only rolling with orginators
You like my flow, so I figured
So when I say fresh wes you say (dat's my nigga!)

Chorus x2

[maestro fresh wes]

I'm easy like a spliff, I shoot the gift to jimmy cliff
A jimmy mcgriff riff I'm swift when I shift
My rap files scares away all the wack styles
When I die scientists will put my brain in a crack vial
And smoke my brain cells for answers
Looking for the cures for aids and even cancer
Scoliosis, chronic halitosis, supercalifragilisticexpialiosis
Like moses I seperate seas, I navigate these mc's 3-60 degrees
Celsius or fahrenheit, the microphone I carry right
F**k lois lane keep on passing me to karyn white
It's fresh wes with the brown complexion

Like perce, every verse gets the rhyme inspection
I scrutinize to the bone marrow, sharper than an arrow
Mighty like sparrow, the super hero
Bitches on my jimmy because I'm liver than liver
My butt hits bush, like anhiesser 'cause I'm wiser
It's the blackened nova, stunts be sleeping on my sofa
I'm dope and taking over, killing niggas like a pw bolter(?)
The bad motherf**ker named fresh w-e uhh s is in effect
With crazy rhymes of spontaneity
I ain't a pimp but thses hookers keep on paying me
Nor am I a blair underwood figure
But bitches still say (f**k that shit dat's my nigga!)

Chorus x2

Outro [maestro fresh wes]
Yeah big up to my man storm
My nigga venom 'casue he know this ain't no demo
My cousin the pope, darius
Dj ltd, showbiz, mvp
Exhibit fdr k-def don't play y'all
I'm out