

# 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 anhieser '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