

Maestro Fresh Wes, Drop The Needle

Drop the Needle

INTRO

The Maestro
Fresh Wes
The symphony
Is in full effect

[Maestro Fresh Wes]

Let your backbone slide
Let it slip, let the rhythm rip
While my lyrics leave my lips
Ladies and gentleman kids of all ages
Watch a brother roamin' on stages
Name rings a bell from state to state
Province to province till you can't escape
It's radius a margin
Bruisin' bargain'
Blowin' away blockades and still chargin'
Up the crowd while the introducer
Says the name they get looser looser
Maestro Maestro with magnitude
That's longer than the lines of latitude
Going tropic to tropic
Topic to topic
yo are you ready for the drop (yeah)
then drop it

CHORUS

"Drop the needle" X6
Bust it
"Drop the needle"

[Maestro Fresh Wes]

The needle drops like a pistol pops
Rocks the whole crowd, they can't stop
Ladies wave and rave like slaves
With this sound wave the guys misbehave
I pave a road where the poems explode from
Globe to globe, earlobe to earlobe
Started at zero now they Xerox it
Zipcode to zipcode I should ziplock it
They won't stop the chumps they just chop it
Chewin' chunks and chunks and then shop it
On the homeplate, and I hate
To hear my rhymes of a different rate
I should ostracize the eyes of spies
And destroy all districts for disguise
Dope
In the form of the highest mind
Of a hip-hop goliath rhymes
Make it easy to cruise
You get bruised if you're not enthused
Silence is lost as the holocaust comes down
When Wes goes off on the microphone
Cord or cordless
It don't matter cause I rock the fresh vest
Hiroshima havoc and hurricane
LTD is on the cut Maestro's the name
The needle won't skip or the crowd will flip to frantic
As I watch 'em drip
D draws back the wax like a bow
The bass is the arrow to break bow and arrow and

Blast it, off like a rocket
Again are you ready for the drop
(yeah)
Then drop it
M-A-E-S-T-R-O
Smoother than smooth can get plus tommorrow
I'll be smoother
Runnin' like silk
Starin' at the mountains as melodies are built
Like Everest I'm ever ready for the crossfade
I have a vest never fest just cascade
I'm a go on I'm a run and I'm a go on
And tell two friends
so on and so on (so on, so on)
I ain't passive
I lamp with the dope state massive
Down with Scarborough
Down with the jungle
Down with Michee Mee
Down with Rumble
Down with Self Defense from flemo
This was a hit before it was a demo
Went to the studio with Pete
And Anthony to lay down the beats
And now, it's just too damn sweet
I'm the voice in the Sonys walking down the street
Drop it

CHORUS

[Maestro Fresh Wes]
(yo Maestro, tell 'em what you wear)
"Drop the needle"
I wear a black tuxedo
Black tuxedo
Black-black-black (oh my God)
A black tuxedo with the cumberband damn
Talk slang while the ladies hang
Runnin' more hoes than clothes to a pimp
Rhymes so rugged they'll make you limp
Some MC's like to dance all night
But I like the brothers who can rock the mic
With bass and adrenaline big beats but then again
Nowadays most rappers sound feminine
Soft *echoed*
They come off weak and they're so-so
I'll be down to the pound and jump mofo
Thousand pages of poems make the microphone prone to stand alone
A Tallahasee lassie asked me
(Wes, how can you rap so rough, but yet classy?)
'Cause I'm smooth
Making the people move
It's like a cruise when ya take two two-twenty-twos
That's a full forty four times more than a migraine
Unexplained like an unsolved mind game
The mastermind is defined as the Maestro
Nitroglycerine sizzlin' hype so
Comin' 'em on with a scent of napalm
Droppin' the bomb as I raise my baton on
And on the dawn
Inject the venom in
MC's like a late dose of heroin
Cripplin'
Suckers be stagerrin'
I smoke the piece, D does the daggerrin'

On the Technics, he'll tomohawk it
Are you ready for the drop (yeah)
Then drop it

CHORUS

[Maestro Fresh Wes]
United States United Kingdom
The rhymes I bring them spread like syndromes
T.O. mixed it, New York pressed it
All these def hits you can't test this
Rhyme still buggin' clock 'nuff duckets
No wait yo hold up hold up
Now fuck it
One hour flight and I'm captain
Like Jason I'ma take Manhattan
Each ceremony and every seminar
On LMR i'm hard, you're gonna get scarred
I run a dead pool every rapper dread this
Boys be pain at the naming of the dead list
Or the red list the blood shed fest
Fist to fist on the mic you're left headless
They broke into the vault like Capone
Didn't find jack so they all went home
My vault could never be opened I locked it
Punks be scopin' or hopin' to pop it
'89 is mine you can't stop it
Are you ready for the drop (yeah)
Then drop it

CHORUS

OUTRO

Now freak me
"Are you ready"

"Hit it Maestro" <-- scratched by DJ LTD

"Hit it Maestro"