

Maestro Fresh Wes, How Many Styles

INTRO [Maestro Fresh Wes]

It's the power move (yeah)
It's the power move (yeah)
Peace to the power move (yeah)
It's the master plan (word)
Peace
To the master plan (yeah)

1994 baby, the Maestro wild like a psycho
That's how we do

CHORUS [Maestro Fresh Wes]

It goes in with the fat, out with the wack
In with the fat out with the wack
You niggas can't rap, so I want my money back
Can you dig it? (I can dig it), can you dig it? (I can dig it)
In with the fat, out with the wack
In with the fat out with the wack
You niggas can't rap, so I want my money back
Can you dig it? (I can dig it), can you dig it? (I can dig it)

[Maestro Fresh Wes]

Yo, I walk tall like Hanibal Adley
Hit a grand slam like my man Don Mattingly
Come prepared if you ever try to battle me (why)
I got rhymes coming out my anal cavity
Straight outta Scarborough
Ready to swing blows, niggas want to quit
Wash my nuts and my windows
I'm on your tape decks, rhyming to my apex
If a nigga don't like he can bite me with a latex
Because when I'm rhyming, heads are declining
Like Brian Mulroney, niggas are resigning
Competition ain't in front of me
Maestro where'd you get all thses dope rhymes from?
I don't know, they just come to me
You fucking with a crazy brother
I don't kiss and tell, but I know your baby mother
I ain't bullshitting
Mmm, why did Gill cook a mean Curry Chicken
Time for me to get mad check(?)
So wack motherfuckers step to the left
I'm fat like a Cadillac, cut like a battle axe
I got crazy freaks, wash from BC to Halifax
Yeah, now the Maest is known
This beats alright, but now I thknk I want a xylophone
With my cipher grown, many mics are blown
You're in the Maestro zone
Now I gotta flow, hurdle any obstacle
Rhyme to show, and clock the dough
So many people try to stop the bro
But I smoke competition like an octago(?)
It's Maestro!, Fresh W-E-S big up to fly Ju(?) and my nigga big Jess
Yes, my peeps from 1-6-2
I met her last summer on Jamaica Avenue
Now every beat I made is a hit
But tell me, how many styles can one nigga flip?

Yeah, ha ha
CHORUS

[Maestro Fresh Wes]

From the lungs of the Maestro, hail the funk hail the phelgm
Niggas getting grim everytime I begin

To bring the funk to radio stations to bump me
You should have never let my ass into your country
Word to God, I'm real hard
I'm even deadlier than Tony Montana with a green card
Fuck you and your demo tape
Instead of tryin' to imitate... innovate
I pull the mic but I don't pull cards
Bust your ass plus Julio down by the schoolyard
Don't try dissing me, because your style is history
I'm packing more flavour than the kernel's(sp?) rotisserie
I injure bone and I injure limbs
I've come a long way like Virginia SLims
I do a show with the Bandstand, never met the sandman
Chicks with the big tits give me a gland stand(?)
Older broads want to jock me, Elanor from Fox wants my rock
Let me stop, and burn styles
Chumps want to turn wild, you say you got dope
But why was your pops jumping turnstiles
You ain't got money *Laughter*
I'm so dope, this shit's funny
All my jams is the shits
But tell me how many styles can one nigga flip?

OUTRO [Maestro Fresh Wes]

Yeah, 1994 baby

Brother Maestro

I want to say what's up to my people, Scarborough

Jane the Finch, Jungle, Flemington Park, everywhere

You know what I'm saying

Toronto flavour, catching mad wrizzzech in efizzect