

# Maestro Fresh Wes, Mic Mechanism

INTRO [Maestro Fresh Wes]

When I'm kicking, the mic mechanism  
Here we go, the mic mechanism  
What I'm kicking, the mic mechanism  
What I'm kicking, the mic mechanism

CHORUS [D.I.T.C.]

Fresh Wes y'all, is on the mic mechanism  
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[Maestro Fresh Wes] (D.I.T.C.)

Yo

Fresh Wes is on the mic mech, trying to catch wreck  
Check the way I step to the set, then I gotta jet  
Heck, chicks are getting kind of sexual  
Always getting spectacles, glueing 'em to my testicle  
Do yourself a favour don't step to the (Fresh guy)  
Like TLC I put my Jimmy in your (left eye)  
Ain't to proud to beg, beg for this  
I'm gonna catch wreck, break a couple of necks  
Cash a couple of checks, for the rhyme put together with the beat  
(Showbiz) put together for, the streets and the jeeps  
Fresh W-E to the S is (nice yo)  
Don't say my name unless you going to say (Maestro)  
Calling me an amateur I'll damage ya  
Suckers saying (Naaah, dis kid can't be from Canada)&lt;-Showbiz?  
That's what they all say, after I slay  
I'm 5 foot 10, but I'm a giant like my brohter Dre  
The way I rock around ya, you want to shift to this  
Light a spliff to this, and like Jehovah witnesses  
Knock on my door, beggin for more  
Of my verbal acrobatics and my metaphor  
I make the ghetto raw, I ain't new to this  
And when I see a fat gluteus I'm studios  
Fresh Wes is on the rhyme, Showbiz is on the rhythm  
Kicking mad flavour (on the mic mechanism)

CHORUS

[Maestro Fresh Wes] (D.I.T.C.)

It's a protege of poetry, you it's me  
Your hoes are be saying, "please stay"  
But is it Jodeci? no you see  
It's funky Fresh Wes with the riddle  
Like Robin Givens skins want to make the big toast  
Hot (like a panther), always serious as (cancer)  
Getting Crazy Legs, I never was a break (dancer)  
I'll enhance the set (yep)  
Fresh W-E-S is in effect  
I'm throwing Billy in the ocean, kicking Joan in the river  
'Cause when I flow, lyrics I deliver  
I give ya my flavour, when I terrify and horrify  
Like Carl Lewis, your shit don'e even qualify  
(So stand back and watch the man rap, Jack on the mic)  
I making suckers uptight, just like a strike  
&gt;From Amtrak, stages are sparked well  
Coaching like Art Shell  
Doper than a South American cartel  
I'm on a mission with my funky compositions  
Kicking mad falour on (the mic mechanism)

CHORUS

When I'm kicking the mic mechanism X4

[Maestro Fresh Wes] (D.I.T.C.)  
I'm not a captain, but chicks like to kneel to feel  
The real steel when I reveal, they say (wheel)  
And they eyes, be on the size gee  
But don't try to milk me, or even homogenize me  
I pasterize trying to skim through my papes I carry thee  
Marry me for my salary, giving up your mammaries (naaah)  
That ain't my type of event, or how my money is spent  
I ain't Babyface payin' no rent  
That's on the corny wack, Brady Bunch  
Leave It To Beaver, Wally tip  
My bozak ain't dangerous, so stop playing like Marley  
Grip, skip to another Louie or Dewie or Ronnie  
Donnie you're Johnny baby, yo kick that to Tommy  
The softer guys, lost their eyes, off the prize  
So stop the lies, you're wise or you're ostrosie  
Drop your draws, lift the jaws  
Because I'm in effect like Das and DMC, pause  
The style I kick is uncategorical  
You're prehistorical, go check the oracle  
Damn I'm metaphorical  
I'm on a mission with my funky compositions  
Kicking' mad flavour (on the mic mechanism)

CHORUS X2

When I'm kicking the mic mechanism X4