

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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Fresh Wes y'all, is on the mic mechanism
Fresh Wes y'all, is on the mic mechanism

[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)<-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
<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 ostrosize
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