Maestro Fresh Wes, The Visine

(there's been just a slight delay folks, they just had a little technical problem, please be paitent. You know you're gonna see one of the best shows you've seen in a long, long time. The Maestro will kick some butt here)

Back in this kid Straight up and down Emcees gonna see a differnt type of light right about now, son It's the Maes', baby

[Chorus] Boo nigga, the heat's on nigga Laugh a nigga up for something that he wasn't

Yo yo From Galloway to Waterloo I slaughter troops Chicken's give me head while I'm puffin' a blunt Watchin' college hoops Y'all don't wanna scuffle That's like Micheal Johnson racin' Donovan Bailey You're faked to pull a muscle In a tussle, I'd take you Maes' is on some Rocky four rap draco shit (gotta break you) Fuck you and your fake crew I'm the deadliest verbal monster Like Prince, I'll purify your wife, and lay your man a Tonka The black Moses, I blessed you Mr. Maes', back to the rescue Got poetry to hoes and dress too I'm top gunnin' I'm over comin' My shit is so stunning, I can even make Craig G say (mmm, mmm, mmm. Ain't that somethin') Runnin' with the fly around, watch how the messiah shine My interscope goes deep as Jimmy Iovine You'd best beleive Even Lebanese chicks never leave Melodies'll breeze Beleeze to Tel Aviv

[Chorus]

nigga

I'm screamin' on all you emcees Like Isrealites and white people You'd could never make a seguel to my joint Drop The Needle Backbone, even if you're smokin' crack stone Mixed with cheeba You'd never win, G You'd better stay down to earth like them twins be I'm warinin' ya, you've never seen such a champion The only emcee on a national anthem (tell 'em son) From Brampton to the Hamptons Teeny-boopers love me like them young kids to Hanson The brother with the phattest beats From here to Anthens, Greece I go to church and still run up in the pastor's niece It's sicknin', I'm tellin' you friend Even Prime Minister Chretian knows I'm tres bein

[Chorus]