

Maestro Fresh Wes, The Visine

(there's been just a slight delay folks,
they just had a little technical problem, please be patient.
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
nigga

[Chorus]
I'm screamin' on all you emcees
Like Isrealites and white people
You'd could never make a sequel 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 Chretien knows I'm tres bein

[Chorus]