

Maestro Fresh Wes, Untouchable

"You won the fight so easily" <-- Announcer

"You won the fight so easily" <-- Announcer

"Is there a challenge out there for you right now?" <-- Announcer

[Maestro Fresh Wes]

Well

Lyricaly, I am untouchable

Lately, I have put enough of bull

From introduct right through appendix

Saddle and straddle, like the late Hendrix

First came Hays then came Rain

Sucker MCs that play the same game

Lame, name, they should be tame

Bound, gagged, chained even slain

Ripped and stripped, that's what I pray for

This game, use your own brain

Live and rising, but not surprising

Whole of the other years and I'm Heisman

Scheming, screaming, you're only dreaming

Say my name in vain, you're blast semem

"Do you have an idea about your next opponent?" <-- Announcer

"Just take all comers" <-- Mike Tyson

[Maestro Fresh Wes]

Just like Van Halen, I'm wailing scaling

Easy said, but not failing, but bailing

Schoolin', not fallen or foolin'

I play in the after the class I'm just coolin'

Stalking, not walking or talking to you

Or your crew, say boo, I'm just rocking

I'm roaming, not alone in my home

On phone with a fly girl who's moaning, boning

Bubbling, I ain't struggling, cuddling

I'm so fly, homeboy that I'm juggling

Rhyme by rhyme by rhyme I got lyrics

Wes is so def, you left in hystries

Time, after time you will hear it

Suckers don't jeer it, or come near it

Full flex the Rhymasaurus Rex

To be def like the Fresh, some will go break neck

Beuase I'm wealthy, some will belt me come melt me

Catch you on stage, so help one

I'm a python, when the mic's on a fight on

Write on, like a ninja know Tae Kwon

Bitch-lips couldn't even talk shit or bust lips

Swift kicks, but I'm only straight lyrics

Day by day by day, I bust it my way

Clowns around the town they hear what I say

Take the rhymes I make and then face straight

Time to take a break I let the beat play

"Ooh set 'em up"

"I love these punch shots"

"I love these punch shots"

"Hit 'em clean. You can tell he's in pain" <-- Announcer

"I love these punch shots"

"I love these punch shots"

"Hit 'em clean. You can tell he's in pain" <-- Announcer

"Deep, deep down do you consider yourself indestructable?"

"Without question, without question"

"Deep, deep down do you consider yourself indestructable?"

[Maestro Fresh Wes]
I am untouchable, here come a mouth full
You ain't a Doberman Pincher, you're a Pitbull
Last straw, get your plug off my drawers
Withdraw, you got lockjaw
Flywiegth, you're late wait come get this straight
Don't fuck around with great, you're jailbait
Top notch, boy I'm a sasquatch
In T-O I'm known as a warlock
Breeding, not speeding or needing no coke
But I'm still dope, the noise bleeding on stage
I rock my rhymes and never talk shit
My body's looking fine because I keep fit
Clothes on all the time, no need for that shit
I wanna rock my rhymes and watch the girls strip
Bust it!

"And this fight is over approximently a minute and a half into round one..." <--Announcer
"Do you have any idea about your next opponent?" <-- Announcer
"I don't know. I'll just take all comers" <-- Mike Tyson
"And this fight is over approximently a minute and a half into round one..." <--Announcer
"Gone, set 'em up"

[Maestro Fresh Wes]
Upheaval, like Kinevel I'm evil
Your rap is outdated not rated but feeble
I'm an opium, you can't blow me yet I'm dopium
No not a singer but a stinger like scorpion
Kango and I'm raring to tango
I'm to rap like art is to Van Gogh
Yo man I am a Conan
So no man can chill or hang
Unless on my records you gang bang
Maestro, my orchestra is the nitro
LTD and the crowd loves my intro
Billa, like Atilla I killa
A mover of people, no sequel to Thriller
Time to end this theme, know what I mean
I burn my green, I put suckers on the guillotine
But some feins still scheme for the means
to touch the untouchable, yo that's a dream

"Gone, set 'em up"
"Do you have any idea of your next opponent?" <-- Announcer