

Youngbloodz F/ Lil Jon, Ludacris, Bonecrusher, Jer "Bring it On"

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[Maestro Fresh Wes]

My poetry is black like Jesus

You niggas can't see this, my metaphorical thesis,
breezes

Past all you niggas with your silly shitty poems
You're faker than a hoe with titties filled with silicone
(uh huh)

Well I'm a glock and you're a slingshot
When I'm done you'll want to quit, you want to fling
rock

Well, I'll be cruising by, you'll never see a smoother guy
Niggas getting smoked just like the Buddha tye

I'm rocking well like Orson, scortching on the porchin'

Of course I'm forced to like my man Shawn Morrison

Here's a small portion with no distortion

But niggas always on my fucking dick like foreskin

They want to swallow my gism (yeah)

They must be on a mission (uh huh)

I need a circumcision on the mic mechanism

Maestro's the true boss, you and your crew lost

Before you fuck around you better fuck with Blue Cross

I'm leaving dumb niggas homeless, domeless

I'm proneless, so don't try to clone this

Style or procedure, because I ain't even trained(?) yet

I bank a check with attitude like Antoinette

I'm still smoking whether I open or close the shoews

Like Shabba Ranks, I got trailer loads of hoes (ahh
yeah)

The mega don, everywhere I get it on

I fucked every colour, now they call me Benetton

Black and the white, red and the bronze, even a
Chinese ying

All kinds of skins, man I shine like a diamond ring

You feel around I'm the man with the meanest song

Not a new jack but I got more dope than Nino Brown

'Cause I'm a striver, a hip hop survivor

Me and the microphone is like my nuts and your saliva

Yeah, Fresh Wes swinging along, Showbiz is on the
remix

I'm bringing it on

CHORUS [Maestro Fresh Wes]

Yes yes y'all (yes y'all)
I got flesh y'all (flesh y'all)
I'm Fresh Wes y'all (Fresh Wes y'all)
I'm going to bring it on (bring it on)
Yes yes y'all (yes y'all)
I got flesh y'all (flesh y'all)
I'm Fresh Wes y'all (Fresh Wes y'all)
I'm going to bring it on (bring it on)

[Maestro Fresh Wes]

Yo make way
Make a, make a, make a, make away
Fresh Wes is going to breaka, breaka, break way
From the rags to the riches
I'm giving bitches Different Strokes like Todd Bridges
Mister Maest, they cast me out, how ya like me now
You want to raise your eye brow
Then you want to bow, 'cause you're awning my
phonics
Shines like a comet, more dope than hydroponics (ahh
yeah)
Guys are on it, girls be on my pubics
For two licks, I check my pharmacutics (do this)
You want to know who's the newest
With the blues like Hill Street, or more news than Huey
Lewis
Like boy blue blew all day, enough of these curds and
whey
Well this nigga don't play
Do yourself a favour and don't fuck with Wesley
And save that 'I gotta have it' shit for Pepsi
I break like Gretzky, the mic ain't Wayne's World
My rhymes guarenteed to kill a nigga and tame girls
(ahh yeah)
So don't front, just applause it
Like Michael J, said 'put that dibby dibby shit in the
closet'
With a chimpanzee and a rhino
If my dick was alcohol all you kids would be winos (ohh
yeah)
Because you love my condution
I don't mind of you suck it, just ease up on the suciton
While you're down there, hum on my left one
Make my right one jealous, Fresh Wes is the best one
But don't be greedy share the rest with the class
Like Gangstarr said, 'just take two pulls then pass'
Yeah, Fresh Wes is just swinging along
Showbiz in on the remix, I'm bringing it on

CHORUS

[Maestro Fresh Wes]

You wack MC's is like a case of clamydia
It's one big pain in the ass to get rid of ya
When I hit the scene I'm more brutal than Rikers
Killing motherfuckers like I'm chilling with strikers
Time to let a trend setter, smooth like amaretta
With a vendetta and a go getter, with a better
metaphor
Kick, oh flip, when I flow quick they forfeit
They so shit (oh yeah)
I make the fatter profits with the badder topics
I cant' stop it, what I drop is catastrophic
Good grief, why you trying to beef geef
Is that your face or does your ass got teeth (oooo)
Don't try bombing me, harming the economy
'Cause this nigga is a don like Sean Connery
I got the bad bitches want to have sex, uh
I gas them like Exxon, then I put the next on
Everybody knows Mr. Maest raps steady
Before stepping to me get an ice pack ready
Yeah, I'm getting sick and tired of the fuckery
After this jam, all ya niggas will be sucking me
Oh yeah, ot goes down like that
Word up, Fresh Wes bringing it on
Show B-I-Z on the remix
As we flow on 1992-93 and beyond
Word up as we kick the flavour
I'm out

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