

## Youngbloodz F/ Lil Jon, Ludacris, Bonecrusher, Jer "Certs Wid Out Da Retsyn"

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Chours:

1 o'clock, 2 o'clock, 3 o'clock rock  
to the beat that I drop when I flip my hip-hop  
put this in yo' collection  
Fresh Wes without a rhyme is like certs without the  
retsyn

I'm coming straight out of Canada  
far from an amateur  
LT's my DJ, Flex is my manager  
I flow so nice so they're calling me the Maestro  
just pass the microphone  
fuck the light show  
real rap is in effect  
and I'm out to get wrecked on the mic-mec  
when I make a mic-check  
not on the sloppy tip  
I'm harder than a hockey stick  
exciting niggas like Italian's in a Rocky flick  
Adrian  
watch me flow slow or flow fast  
I'll even make a Spanish brother say no mass  
I'm wrecking you, disconnecting you, disrespecting you  
hold your smoking ass cheap shit, it'll eventually catch  
up to you  
I can make the phony retire, tendoroni perspire  
she's on my back like my name's Jacobey and Myer,  
(what's your name?)  
it's Fresh-Wes with the sweeter beats  
I make you smile like the brother on the red box of  
cream of wheat

chorus

I got more rhymes than Brits in a cathedral  
my cerebral is lethal  
nobody's equal, my people  
wanna hear a funky new style so get with it  
no dibby-dibby-dibby MC's are permitted  
I'm wrecking it good  
(what else)

collecting, injecting, and checking it good  
(where?)  
Lake Edna or your neck of the woods  
I'm getting more blow than Chuck Mangeony  
not a phony  
but Joanie wanted me for holy matrimony  
girls like my flavor cause I jam harder  
let's have a nice quiet date  
you, me, and my camcorder  
it's like a power-burst, I'm more than just an hours  
worth  
I get down and dirty, but uh honey  
take a shower first  
you can't tell me that the bro's soft,  
I do the cabbage patch, butterfly, and boggle with my  
clothes off  
but that's a different chapter  
I've even got more rhymes than there's groupies of  
Jack the rapper,  
on the microphone I slice you and make you say  
(I knew his rhymes was phat, but his beats are kind of  
nice too)  
now is the apocolypse  
MC's are clocking this  
they say they got skills but all I'm seeing is a flock of  
lips  
acapella, or over a drum track  
I'm funkier than a group of Jamacians after sun splash

chorus

the word Maestro is teacher in Italiano  
I'm from Toronto, causing drama on the the verazono  
so come and check a real pro  
grab the peice of steal, yo  
I make a Black activist say  
(yes, that's my neigro)  
when I said the mic's my peice I really meant it  
so just like the Blue Jays, I'm out to win the pennant  
so sucker chill, 'cause every head I struck I killed  
oh, I don't know, is it just me, or am I really that fucking  
ill

chorus

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