

# Youngbloodz F/ Lil Jon, Ludacris, Bonecrusher, Jer "Drop the Needle"

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## INTRO

The Maestro  
Fresh Wes  
The symphony  
Is in full effect

[Maestro Fresh Wes]

Let your backbone slide  
Let it slip, let the rhythm rip  
While my lyrics leave my lips  
Ladies and gentleman kids of all ages  
Watch a brother roamin' on stages  
Name rings a bell from state to state  
Province to province till you can't escape  
It's radius a margin  
Bruisin' bargain'  
Blowin' away blockades and still chargin'  
Up the crowd while the introducer  
Says the name they get looser looser  
Maestro Maestro with magnitude  
That's longer than the lines of latitude  
Going drop it to drop it  
Topic to topic  
yo are you ready for the drop (yeah)  
then drop it

## CHORUS

"Drop the needle" X6  
Bus it  
"Drop the needle"

[Maestro Fresh Wes]

The needle drops like a pistol pops  
Rocks the whole crowd, they can't stop  
Ladies wave and rave like slaves  
With this sound wave a guys misbehave  
I pave a road where the poems explode from  
Globe to globe, earlobe to earlobe  
Started at zero now the Z rocks it  
Zipcode to zipcode I should ziplock it  
They won't stop the chumps they just chop it

Chewin' chunks and chunks and then shop it  
On the homeplate, and I hate  
To hear my rhymes of a different rate  
I should ostersize the eyes of spies  
And destroy all districts for disguise  
Dope  
In the form of the highest mind  
Of a hip-hop goliath rhymes  
Make it easy to cruise  
You get bruised if you're not enthused  
Silence is lost as the holocaust comes down  
When Wes goes off on the microphone  
Cord or cordless  
It don't matter cause I rock the fresh vest  
Hiroshima had another hurricane  
LTD is on the cut Maestro's the name  
The needle won't skip or the crowd will flip to frantic  
As I watch 'em drip  
D draws back the wax like a bow  
The bass is the arrow to break the poem I wrote  
Blast it, off like a rocket  
Again are you ready for the drop  
(yeah)  
Then drop it  
M-A-E-S-T-R-O  
Smoother than smooth can get plus tommorrow  
I'll be smoother  
Runnin' like silk  
Starin' at the mountains as melodies are built  
Like Everest I'm ever ready for the prospade  
I have a vest never fest just cascade  
I'm a go on I'm a run and I'm a go on  
And tell two friends  
so on and so on (so on, so on)  
I ain't passive  
I lamp with the dope state massive  
Down with Scarborough  
Down with the jungle  
Down with Michee Mee  
Down with Rumble  
Down with Self Defense from flemo  
This was a hit before it was a demo  
Went to the studio with Pete  
And Anthony to lay down the beats  
And now, it's just too damn sweet  
I'm the voice in the Sonys walking down the street  
Drop it

CHORUS

[Maestro Fresh Wes]

(yo Maestro, tell 'em what you wear)  
"Drop the needle"  
I wear a black tuxedo  
Black tuxedo  
Black-black-black (oh my God)  
A black tuxedo with the cumberband damn  
Talk slang while the ladies hang  
Runnin' more hoes than clothes to a pimp  
Rhymes so rugged they'll make you limp  
Some MC's like to dance all night  
But I like the brothers who can rock the mic  
With bass and adrenaline big beats but then again  
Nowadays most rappers sound feminine  
Soft \*echoed\*  
They come off weak and they're so-so  
I'll be down to the pound and jump mofo  
Thousand pages of poems make the microphone prone  
to stand alone  
A Tallahasee lassie asked me  
(Wes, how can you rap so rough, but yet classy?)  
'Cause I'm smooth  
Making the people move  
It's like a cruise with a tape tune two-twenty-two  
That's a full forty four times more than a migraine  
Unexplained like an unsolved mind game  
The mastermind is defined as the Maestro  
Nitroglycerine sizzlin' hype so  
Comin' 'em on with a scent of napalm  
Droppin' the bomb as I raise my baton on  
And on the dawn  
Inject the venom in  
MC's like a late dose of heroin  
Crippin'  
Suckers be stagerrin'  
I smoke the piece, D does the daggerrin'  
On the Technics, he'll tomohawk it  
Are you ready for the drop (yeah)  
Then drop it

#### CHORUS

[Maestro Fresh Wes]  
United States United Kingdom  
The rhymes I bring them spread like syndromes  
T.O. mixed it, New York pressed it  
All these def hits you can't test this  
Rhyme still buggin' clock 'nuff duckets  
No wait yo hold up hold up  
Now fuck it  
One hour flight and I'm captain  
Like Jason I'ma take Manhattan

Each ceremony and every seminar  
Another mar la parde you're gonna get scarred  
I run a dead pool every rapper dread this  
Boys be pain at the naming of the dead list  
Or the red list the blood shed fest  
Fist to fist on the mic you're left headless  
They broke into the vault like Capone  
Didn't find jack so they all went home  
My vault could never be opened I locked it  
Punks be scopin' or hopin' to pop it  
'89 is mine you can't stop it  
Are you ready for the drop (yeah)  
Then drop it

CHORUS

OUTRO

Now freak me  
"Are you ready"

"Hit it Maestro"

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