

Maestro

"Pray To Da East"

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featuring Percee P

Pray to the east, pray to the east...

Yeah

I got my man in the studio

One of the illest MC's in the world

Rhyme Inspector Percee P

Kick some flavor for 94, baby

Pray to the east, pray to the east

Before you fuck around, nigga, pray to the east (2x)

[Percee P]

Your skills lack while I'm still strapped

With real raps, and feel that I should kill wack

Niggas that peel caps and that ill crap

Bigger threat than you with your tec when I rip the set

Niggas get smoked like a cigarette, so hit the deck

Watch ya chin, nigga, Ho-chi-min when I rock my shit

When it comes to props I get lots of it

I can get Madonna, money, your threats are minor

And bet you find your girl with a wet pijama

Drippin with my cassette behind her

Got more band trail than your hand's sellin

Fans scalin, jam railin like it's Van Halen

Skills scored high on billboards, I kill frauds

Get real applausesteal broads' hearts at will force

Hate a mark, skills lay a squad, and pray to god

Don't say a hard verse worse than a plate of lard

Percee P wanted for first degree

Murder, since you heard it first from me, you
worshipped me

Fuckin threat, you heard nothin yet

No need for buckin tecs, but rappers to duck in fret or
upper-jet

Mastered art, yo, when I flow something drastic starts

Speed up a bastard's heart, great like jurassic park

I cut you up like a sharp machete blade

Swear to god, only card you can pull if it's Medicaid

Done with all this gun shit, fuck who you run with, son
split

The only thing you shoot is your dick, and it comes
quick

[Maestro Fresh Wes]

I'm like a bat outta hell tonight, niggas compell to bite

I swell the mic when I like, fatter than cellulite

I injure ears of engineers, sendin em into cheers

Bringin my peers into tears, don't interfere

Critics know I pack a wicked blow

I put you in a clinic, so forget it like Riddick Bowe

Nigga, go to hell, I flow so well

Find another brother or mother or hoe to tell
Or a bro to jeal', how's my jam gonna sell? Very well
I send you back because you bring the wack
I'm into rap, I interact with empty tracks
Locked in, wack muthafuckas are blockin
The Top 10 while the black radio jocks spin
The calmer vibe, the modified
I like the harder side, Jeffrey Dahmer tried, but died
More words than a hour of scrabble, I got the power to
battle
Skadaddle or get devoured like the Tower of Babel
Adversaries are snotty, some compare me to Gotti
I bury a body, then carry a shotie
The maestro rips the psycho shit
Brain like a microchip, and I'ma excite you with
The smoother rhythm, sendin mad crews to prison
Who choose to listen while I use my U-4 missiles
Collectin the pesos from a stage show
Gettin fellatio from a h-o (why) because I say so
My ratio expands as I wreck lands
Makin def jams like Redman and X Clan
I'ma nail the genitalia from Australia to Somalia
Cause I'm smooth, just like a sailor
I damage em all, bitches give me casual calls
I'm slammin and jammin and rammin they vaginal
walls
Drums are fat over funky tracks

Like Perce every verse could make your lung collapse

I'm extra-nice, who's next to slice?

Before you step to mics, nigga, check with christ

You better

Pray to the east, pray to the east

Before you fuck around nigga pray to the east

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