

Maestro

"The Mic's My Piece"

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** intro/skit skipped **

[Maestro fresh wes]

I'm a ruler, that's how I reign
I do to rap what the mona lisa does to the frame
Rid 'em and written, my rhymes are like rodeo
I ain't kiddin', they jock my portfolio
Played it wise, hit the studio
Rock international, now they call me julio
Mcs have died, becuae I have killed them
Some older than me but yet children
Some veterans knew the feel
Cause rap is not a joke, this game's for real
Sucker boys cuss me, females rush me
When I off the set, my homeboys they touch me
Wes, you ate 'em up like a feast
No need to use an uzi, when the mic's my piece

Chorus

"bang on"
"I'm murdering mc"
"bang on"
"I'm murdering mc"
"bang on"
"I'm murdering mc"
** scratching by dj ltd **

Repeat

[Maestro fresh wes]

Some use a uzi, some a machete
You wanna test fresh wes, well I'm ready
The mind is a magnum, the rhyme is a bullet
The mic that's a trigger *bang* and I pull it
Too late for prayer, dee is a slayer
Wes rocks the mics like a hoops to isaiah
The player, the pimp that mcs are risking
You'll get decked like clay decked liston
bang
Where did the punch come from?
Was it before, or after the drum
Ltd will be the referee

Saying 'punk tell me how many fingers you see'
The m-i-c is my p-i-e-c-e
The maestro needs no mc
Like a beast I feast when my rhymes release
I can't cease *bang* cause the mic's my piece
A bag of lsd and my dj does needles
Lyrical dope my groove ain't feeble
Zero degrees centigrade, thirty-two fahrenheit
Cold getting paid, and you're a parasite
Paraphrase, to parallel you're paralyze
You're paranoid, you play my record, you plagerize
The paragon, the paramount protagonist
You're the para-moprh, my paragraph analysis
Move, you might get mobbed
There's a method to my madness, don't mock my
monologue
I'm like a beast when my rhyme's released, like a says
bang ' the mic's my piece

Chorus

[Maestro fresh wes]
I walk around town looking at these clowns
Thinking about my cold crisp build to brown
I stress the colour clown, this is what I mean
I'm not american, my hundred dollar bill ain't green
I'm from north of the border, keep it in order
Beats like the freak from the latin quarter
Though I'm down with the t-o scene
I don't hang with no polo team
No charade or parade I'm here to invade
X-rate, excel, escalate this escapade
I pass a girl like she don't exist
Exercise the dis, watch the exorcist
Extreme 360, necks will snap
She wrote my rhythm, received the whiplash
Executed, extracted, she's attracted
To the maestro, uhh, distracted
In distress, she's hyperactive
You're jocking the jack, you must be wack kid
That's why I laugh, you felt my wrath
The aftermath, the bloodbath of paragraph
Every title you held been stripped off
Love torn ego with a busted up lip
When I start firing I never cease
I get hyped, when *bang* the mic's my piece

Chorus

[Maestro fresh wes]
Yeah

[Scratching solo by dj ltd]

Like franklin, columbo, I'm jumble-la
I can run so low, try to obtain my status
Don't they know how long I've been at this
Call me a new jack, that's a dis
New jacks don't rock like this
That's absurd to me, don't say a word to me
I'm from t-o that's why you dun heard of me
Yesterday, but now you're listening
'Cause I'm exploding like nitroglycerine
If I was from new york
I know you would, have rocked to my rhythm, five
years ago
I had to try a little harder than the average
Just to get a break, but now I'm doing damage
Think that you're a star, sorry charlie
Got beef? talk to farley
'Cause what I manifest is a masterpiece
Dope rhymes release when the mic's my piece

Some carry knives some carry guns
2000 brothers in the channel trying to be number one
Looking serious, flexing posing
You rub shoulders, step on toes and it's *bang* over
You might get shafted
You must be wishin, cause I'm dishin', be the facts, I
mean.
Too many want to brawl, I think I heard it all
Hip hop kept niggas alive, gave 'em murder ball
Some want to party, but some are too cool
I propagate against one of the brothers from my high
school
Real sad funeral, ask any pupil
I speak know this before this quadruple
Some minds are so shallow, roads are so narrow
Follow my flow before you flunk like pharoah
The mic is my weapon, with it I ain't messing
No half stepping, I'm progressing
Even when I die these lyrics will last
So roll over bethoveen 'cause the b-boy's blastin'
Show pen another day, I leave you in awe
This array could bust an orchestra
I'm the maestro, my symphony can't cease
Too damn hype! *bang* when the mic's my piece

Chorus

