

Maestro Fresh Wes "G.O.D. We Tru\$t"

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featuring LaToya & Miranda

[Maestro]

Who be the brother with the harder rap sippin' coniac
You catch a heart attack rest your cardiac
I'm takin' over the game like black quaterbacks
And guaranteed to put Toronto on the party map
Mr. Maes' in the flash out to make a splash
Take Tyra to the bank make Stacey wanna dash
Seen the gate open I'll be there went it closes
Black Moses, slashing guns from the roses
Misdemeanor, blown up like Hiroshima
I love hip-hop like Scarface loved Gina
You're appluading this, astrologist
Words flex like a nidlest
I'm writin' words like a Novelist
Paragraph's gonna bury ya
Make the dance floor move like Jamiriquai
Get out the area
Take another blast of this nastiness, you blasphemis
Adversaries, they master this
Stylin', I'm a splash you, when I crash through
(Maestro's on the radio)
Crash crew knows I'm funky
Female rappers wanna hump me
Salt jumped me, I made Pepa wanna bungee
Knowing that my jams legit, banking chips
Fort Langdon chicks, love to see me in spankin' whips
Proper, I was the one who told Mase
Save Mariah with the chopper, certified Cheif Rocka

[Chorus: Maestro, LaToya & Miranda]

416 to the 905

Put your hands up in the air, move 'em side to side
(We don't stop y'all, can't stop y'all, ah T-dot y'all, we
make it hot y'all)

And everybody in the place from east to west
Put your hands up in the air, move 'em right to left
(We gonna rock y'all, to the top y'all, you gotta..)
Come on, come on

[Maestro]

Yo yo yo

I put the afro in the desiac, you're feelin' that
Fans say "Wes, yo, where's the CD at?"
Makin' sure the deal's phat
Suckers try to flex, breakin' necks
Leave 'em bleedin' like a hemophyiac
Peep the way the Wes mingle, Toronto sex symbol
Honey jingle, dancin' to the next single
They be lovin' when I'm jammin' 'em
Wham bam, thank you ma'am
Knock 'em out, Rocky 3, Club Rolagin' 'em
Bringin' mass to the media, thedia
Rhymes iller than boulemia, laced with luekemia
Causin' pandemonium
Mad Sedonians know, I'm showin' 'em
How to rock the auditorium
Vocally, I get high like Method Man and Reggie Noble
be
Poetry, laced with my potency
Deadly with the loose leaf, 2-Rude produced beats
I chill out, ease back, like Kool Kieth

[Chorus]

[LaToya & Miranda]

Come on and do it
Do it
Yeah, come on, right
Come on and do it
What you wanna do?
Unh, what you gonna do?
Come on and do it
What you gonna do?
Maestro, what you gonna do?

[Maestro]

I got all these beats and a rhyme's attatched
Formin' a creation you just can't match
2-Rude got the rythym, and I rock mics
We takin' airplane flights, at huge heights
We make it hot like a suana
More dope than marijuana
Metaphors got kick like Maradona
Like King Solomon, when I start polyin'
The whole metropolitan will start followin'
(the mad flavor kicker)
Script flipper, rockin' on the higher set
Watch how hot the fire get
I score wit' crazy chicks
Get 'em open like a Martin Scorcese flick

Then I split to another spot (where?)
T to the dot, O to the 'nother dot
Know who makes the party hot

[Chorus]

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