

Maestro Fresh Wes "I'm Drinkin' Milk Now"

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Yeah, 1994

Maestro fresh wes

Chorus x2 [maestro fresh wes]

It's fresh wes y'all

I'm drinkin' milk now

I'm drinkin' milk y'all

I'm drinkin' milk now

[maestro fresh wes]

First I learn to crawl, then I learn to walk

Then I learn to talk, then I learn to rhyme

Suckers try to hock my lines

But i'mma serve ya

On the microphone I murder

Killing chump rappers

Since the days of eating gerber's baby food

The crazy dude with the pablum, the bad one

I grab the mic just like a magnum

Fly girls was jiggling, clinging to my ding-a-ling

Wes, you was hitting skins as a baby

Yeah true but I was fingering

Yeah, check out shorty in the diapers

They're some big motherfuckers rhyming at the
ciphers

Grown-ups knew that I be wealthy

They used to say

"that baby boy gots talent, but his mouth is so filthy"

I worte creazy rhymes to the beat

Had the, freedom of speach

But I still couldn't reach, the tall glass of milk

On the table, my lyrics were stable

But still I wasn't able to get it

I didn't sweat it, I paid it no mind

I wrote another fat rhyme at the drop of a dime

Now I'm hoping for the day to come

So I can hear my dukes say, "wesley you son of a gun"

Chorus x2

[maestro fresh wes]

No time for chilling black

I wrote a killa rap, made an illa track
Knocking back the similack
Graduated from the formula, I had a scheme
Milk was calling me, just like the pipe to a fiend
But still I had to play cool, couldn't play a fool

So many mcs, are dropping out of pre-school
To get a record deal, forget it gotta hustle
Yo yo yo, how did money fall off?
Got lost in the shuffle
Ho thought he was a prankster
Every chick he'd meet he romanced her
Acting like a private dancer
But the music industry hobbles, is serious as cancer
No place for a rapper, that still wearing papmpers
Even if you're signed, you'll still got to struggle
And making fat beats is just a piece of the puzzle
So props to the brother that made the soul clap
Because my labels gave me flack money had my back
Forget the pacifier and your beachnut
Came out with three cuts
Now everybody's on these nuts
I got another rhyme, won't you check it
So fine tune the mic, engineer and i'mma wreck it

Chorus x3

[maestro fresh wes]
You know you got to go for self, support yourself
Like krs said, you got to promote yourself
That's a fact not a fable, (word)
Get out the cradle
Or you'll be grippling with your record label
No time to play clown, if you want to stay around
Learn the business, and this ain't a playground
No time for dr. suess, or mother goose
You can rhyme and produce, but now you got to get
loose
Just a piece of advice, now go your own path
And that allowance that you're getting money ain't
gonna last
(what's this?) another fat beat that I build
You know it took a long time
But the borther's drinking milk

Chorus x4

Outro [maestro fresh wes]
Yeah, going out to diggin' in the crates, main source
We out

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