

Maestro Fresh Wes

"Make The City Stand Still"

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featuring Wade O. Brown

[Maestro]

This joint's dedicated to all emcees

Yo stay focused with this

A'ight

Stay strong stay dedicated

Maestro

Check it out yo

Yeah yeah yo

I'm still smashin' it

So compassionate

House of Commons want me on the cabinet

The graduate who got the phattest shit

I splatter shit

Niggas better scatter when I'm splashin' it

Flashin' it

Pass the record books and watch me shatter shit

I made the city hot

Rhymes makin' niggas drop

Even free-stylin' when CKLN was fifty watts

Then I built the strategy

Gradually, I planned to be
The greatest from the city
Brothers started stabbin' me
Made your backbone slide to this, glide to this
Brothers jealous 'cause their sons couldn't shine like
this
It ain't my fault that my song's phat
It ain't my fault that my pops loved my mom, black
I made the bomb track
Kids were jackin' for beats when my rap hit the streets
I went to church and even signed my autograph for the
priest
When my track was released, you noticed me
Toronto prodigy of poetry
Even white chicks were faintin' over me
The flyer boss, toured like Diana Ross
It kills me when I see you young brothers tryin' to floss
You got a long way to go to keep the hip in the hop
I left in ninety two, it's like the fukin' industry stopped
But it's on, don't panic
Emcees stay frantic
It's automatic, we makin' audio dramatic
Lyrically I'm a bill, at the top of a hill
Show my sons how to chill, and make the city stand still
[Chorus: Wade O. Brown]
We're gonna make it happen

We're gonna make it shine

We're gonna make it happen

It's a race against our time

Oh, oh, oh

We're gonna make it happen

[Maestro]

Yeah, yeah, yeah

I remember when my pops took me to this lady

She said she couldn't believe how many shady people
wanna slay me

She said they wanna wreck you, they wanna wet you

But don't sweat it, your ancestors will protect you

Many nights I woke up, frozen stiff, couldn't move

Stayed calm, bible open on the twenty third song

Who could it be now

A brother that I ripped, an old school shorty that I used
to hit

(go figure)

In life I learned cats'll try to hurt you

That's why I gotta stay tight with my family, and keep a
small circle

Many broads said to me, that my seed they wanted to
carry

Didn't love me at all

But to shine, they wanted to marry

Sayin' "let's sex tonight", but I'm a skeptic type

It's a rougher world

That's why it's tough to trust a girl

Never the less I'm maintainin', with pure determination

Two junos, plus ten nominations

No way I'm gonna crumble, I stayed humble

I reminisce when K-4CE teamed up with MC Rumble

T-dot, nineteen eighty six, turned the party out

Gave love, but didn't have to sweat the brothers down south

It's on, don't panic, emcees stay frantic

It's automatic, we makin' audio dramatic

Lyricaly I'm a bill, at the top of a hill

Show my sons how to chill, and make the city stand still

[Chorus]

[Wade O. Brown]

I know, for sure

That we're bound to make it

In time, we'll find

It's the sky of ?????

Oh oh oh

We're gonna make it happen

We're gonna make it, We're gonna make it

[Maestro]

Yeah

You could never make the city smile

You're Conway Twitty style

Silly pile for real

You ain't a willy child

I cap your dome, everytime I rap alone
Plus the way I chaperones, make the feds tap a phone
I elevated you, you know who educated you
Peace to Ron Nelson, he put me on in eighty two
Now I'm comin' back
I got the stunning tracks
Spreadin' love to all my peeps and show the younger
cats
Hit 'em with the phattest songs
Fuck the sprint, it's a marathon
I seen alot of shit, now I'm passin' it on
I love Redman and Naughty shit
But now I'm on some Barry Gordy shit
I need another forty hit
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Show my sons how to chill, and make the city stand still
It's on, don't panic
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[Chorus

