

## Maestro Fresh Wes "Tear It Up"

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[ltd] yo maestro, let's go. you ready man?  
[maestro fresh wes] yeah, yeah, yeah. I'm ready  
[l] yo, let's trash it up man. show all these suckers what  
time it is  
[m] aight  
[l] you know what I'm sayin', word. so here it is  
[m] let's get it over with  
[l] tear it up now

[maestro fresh wes]  
Rolling, strolling, rockin' and rollin'  
One hundred dollar bills I'm unfolding  
Crowds are controlling  
Lyrics are golden, yes the beats dope  
But nope it's not stolen  
Words are forbidden, no I ain't kidding  
Check any damsel, maestro is ridden  
'nuff ammunition, capable precision  
Kill competition, like a religion  
Mcs I'm cussing, they ain't nothing  
Egos I'm crushing, asses I'm busting  
Fly girls I rack, skeezos I slap them  
Sucker I jack up, I don't rap up

I tear it up!

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done  
Too late to run, maestro is one  
You're no ruler to me  
You're more like a liar  
You're just a squire handing out flyers  
I am much higher, you're a low bidder  
Wes pulls a trigger your get rigger  
Nigga, ltd's an outstander  
Mc fresh wes, a mc commander  
Goto my show because I said so  
I'm a pimp and the crowd is one big, (ho)  
Viper, sniper, rhythm rap writer  
I hold the mic you're rowdy like piper

Hyperactive your rap is wack kid  
Don't even breath or I'll rip like jack did

Helter skelter, deep belts a serious cut  
My boys are ice melters  
Well respected, dame's interested  
Bulls in bank, invested

I tear it up!

Hi, why, brother that's dry  
Drug free body and my rhymes are fly  
You cuss, dis, lyrics are stiff  
I smoke your ass like smoking a spliff  
Won't cease my mic is my piece  
Use of the alter with the high priest  
Beast, bleak, your record is weak  
We bought to break it on the concrete  
I disregard it, ltd barred it  
We holds the mic, you're a target

I tear it up!

Party's packed, b-boys jumping  
Dames in the back, bumpin'  
Beats go boom, the sound's in tune  
Like hast to calhoun, we rock the room  
Pay's low, fortress of mold  
The frenzy will grow because I said so  
So, hell no this is def  
Hands be swinging from right to left  
Fresh wes, is in the flesh  
Ltd's on the set and it became blessed  
Wine, grind 'til the sunshine  
Bust the next rhyme, next time

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