

Maestro Fresh Wes "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, because I have killed them
Some older than me but yet children
Some veterans knew the fear
Because 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 beat while my rhymes release
I can say *bang* my mic's my piece
A bag of lsd and my dj does needles
Lyrical dope my group ain't feeble
Zero degrees centigrade, thirty-two fahrenheit
Cold getting paid if you're a parasite
Paraphrase, to parallel you're paralyze
You're paranoid, you play my record, you plagerize
I paragon, the paramount vocabulist
Lyrical ? ? ? ? ? paragraph can't handle this
Move, you might get mobbed
There's a method ot my madness, don't mock my
monologue
I'm like a beast when my rhyme's released, like a
sayss(?)
bang 'cause my 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 sweat the coloured 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, a parade I'm here to invade
X-rate, excess, escalate this escapade
I fancy girl like she don't exist
Exercise the dip, 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
Be jocking and still jacking, you must be wack kid
That's why allow the sultan to rap
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

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 are released 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
????????????????
Too many want to brawl, I think I heard it all
Hip hop kept niggas alive, gave prefer to ball
Some want to party, but some do
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 ??? before you're blunt like pharaoh
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 gay, 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

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