

CHORUS X2

[Maestro] Fine tune da mic
[Showbiz] Engineer won't you check it
[Maestro] It's the brother Maestro
[Showbiz] And Showbiz is going to wreck it

[Showbiz]

So here I come (ha), so here I go (yo)
And when you hear (huh), you know it's brother Show
I like to rock a hundred miles, but you know I'm far from running
Listen to the kicks and the snares, you know it's stunning
I'm coming, I came, I'm only here to damage ya
I left my city and my hometown to fly to Canada
To get a peace of mind and make beats on the low
And Show's got a flow, a combo with Maestro
Fresh Wes, I never fess, big up to Diamond D
A.G. and my partner Lord Finesse, can't forget Buckwild
People know my style, don't play me like a child
Or your fam be sitting in the front aisle, of a funeral home
Put two to your dome, so pass the microphone
The S-H-O-W-B-I-Z from 1-6-3, third and A-V-E
The trump can't see me
Lick for lick, I change cars like brother cange kicks
And pick up chiocks and take them to the flicks
So don't try to play big willie
I'll smoke you with a cripsy hundred dollar bill
And make the chump feel silly, huh
You can't understand where my head's at
While I made a record talking about liking my pockets fat
And not flat, not flat
And punks couldn't take it if you had ten gats
And girls play my lap bcause I made Soul Clap
I guess it's like that when you got a little stack

CHORUS X2

[Maestro Fresh Wes]

Well I'm crushing, blood starts gushing when I'm bum rushing
Me and the mic is like Startsky and Hutchin
Not a plumber but I'm guarenteed to fix Farrah's faucet
No I never ever lost it, now I'mma toss it
Get off it, I'mma write, I'll role you like a tight spliff
I might get hyper just like positive on a night shift
Fresh Wes is the smoothest show and prover
Like J. Degar Hoover, I make a ??? manouver
Ain't no lookin back, I throw a jam at the Sugar Shack
And I can make the mack say, Jack bring my hooker back
I'm getting 'nuff props like Black Moon, I never wrote a wack tune
Sons take my album cover straight to the bathroom
Live like a wire, MC for hire
Rapper all admire, but retire, when I ahnil-
Late, deducts, and take da bucks
Who the hell needs luck, I got it made and getting paid to fluc-
Uate my lyrics, my uncategorical, metaphorical flow
Makes you want to hear it, so don't compare it
You can't come near it, I know you fear it
You want to jeer it in the front row
'Cause you know me and Show can flow
We go head to head, toe to toe and blow for blow
We say the kind of rhymes to make the party people listen
Catching mad wreck on the mic mechanism

CHORUS X4

OUTRO [Maestro Fresh Wes]

Yeah, that's how we doing it yo
Big up to my DJ, LTD
Loves to devast, never hesitate to motivate
Early Flex, relfex, MVP yo
That's how we swing it in the studio
Word up Fresh Wes, 1994
I'm blowing up uhh
I'm blowing up yeah
Yeah
I can't forget my man Chris
My man Mac behind the fat tracks
And my man Show B-I-Z
AKA Mr. (F-A-T), we out