

# Artifact, Wrong Side of da Tracks

I'm out to bomb like Vietnam, under the same name Tame One  
The bad one, ink flow master bastard with the Magnum  
I tags up quick and then I steps to the exit  
When it's time to get sefted or flex on some fresh shit  
Some wack crook stole my black book, I know who took it  
I know his whole tag because the fag writes his name crooked  
The ink I use might stink but you gotta think  
I got my props Hoppes, 'cause my tags don't shrink  
I'm taggin' and baggin' bitches 'cause my name is famous in the street  
'Cause they know my name's from cruising in the Jeeps  
So yo, grab a can and put your man up and stand up  
For the fresh never stale niggaz off the third rail  
Deep dark and black like the Magnum I pack  
It's that Artifacts chat from the wrong side of da tracks  
The Artifacts are from the wrong side of da tracks  
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I load my backpack with spray paint Girbaud, couldn't spark the  
Tagging up a train, I catch the pound take a trip  
To the train yards and think back, when I used to write that  
Shit that used to hit had all the mad color tips  
Breakin' was my thing, I used to spin the back  
I never thought I'd spin the wax with tracks to make your hands clap  
I could've went the other way but no haps  
I got my dap on the map with the Bic down to a spray cap  
Niggaz used to doubt to my clout but now I turn 'em out  
They shout my shout out uptown like they wanna be down  
Avoid the crowds that wanna stab me in the back enough of that  
Watch the third rail track, 'cause I don't wanna get zapped  
Pieces I burn to show my name no shame  
Don't wanna put the blame down on my nigga Tame  
Brothers don't wanna see me grow to get my cash flow  
I have no remorse, so check me out in The Source  
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I burn my name up quick like a Thai stick  
As red as my eyes get, I still rocks the fly shit  
Back with some ultra flat black catchin' wreck in a sec  
Wet paint, ain't shit, when I'm on the set  
I'm live like the third rail, on time like a fast train  
The name Tame alone got fame so fuck a last name  
I tags mad when I drag a fat sack of ism  
Comin' out with New Editions like Mike Bivins  
I get a sticker from my nigga with the bag of 'em  
Write my name on 'em then I peel off the back of 'em  
And stick 'em to victims of underground systems  
Let the toys bring the noise, me and my boys are gonna diss 'em  
In conclusion don't snooze when two niggaz from the Jerz  
Kick the mad graffiti slurs and kick the bass to the curb  
The Artifacts Jack, bringin' the art of facts back  
Some seem to forget about the ebony that caught wreck  
So remember this, you're tender when you slip in to enter  
The Artifacts zone 'cause graffiti's still growin'  
To kick ass pizazz slash let me tag  
Why is that black? Because the wack jack was known as a fag  
So don't cross the path that's the gat to your back  
The Artifacts out, wrong side of da tracks

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