

Artifacts, Skwad Training

As we embark, on Boom Skwad blunt rolling technique, 314
For those of you needing a reference
Please turn your textbooks to page four
As you will notice the diagram above you
Please follow it's instructions to a T, do not make an error
For those of you needing further reference
You may, purchase the Redman album, the first one
Listen to the song "How to roll a blunt";
But until then, you shall learn
I use my Colt 45 to shoot down your old english
By the time that I'm finished I peel the caps off six Guinness
Skwad Training helps me to peep a sucker's weakness, like
Telling your secrets, or kicking it to your freakses
You couldn't go there with directions
I make crews break out like skin infections
From my rap lethal injections
Hoes get caught up in my web like flies
One look at my red eyes
Tricks jump into back flips like Jedis
Black little rascal dissin' dips at White Castle
Got love doctors baffled why bitches ride me like a saddle
Is it live or Memorex when I be on deck
Loose from deuce deuces from the neck and then I jet
Etcetera, catch my rap and after that kick back
Competitors could rap, but they recycle like six-packs
Wack ain't the word for ya, nigga, I never heard of ya
So turn it down a notch or two or watch my crew murder ya
Yo, hold the phone, tone niggaz like that's raps are prone
To disassemble members only who think they're grown
See, we're from the Bricks where tricks hustle for dick
DKNY, MC's think they rhyme styles be fly
I bear witness that, we bring the crispiness
Exquisite, prolific, the two that brew the gifted
Or uncanny, play school the days who misbehave
Pray their handy, MC's wreckin' niggaz with the dandy
Style so peep the tech, X be the brand called seb and
These niggaz from New Jerus is next on hand
Formulate rhymes, create lines, collaborate
With the DATs and mind state, that makes your brain cells ache
Niggaz get dissed in the cut, now they finished
Advantage to the victor all crews be diminished
You will continue rolling your blunts, in a counter-clockwise fashion
Gripping it firmly, yet loosely at the ends, twist it
In a counter-clockwise motion
No cheating, no Easy Wide will be distributed
You will be based to rely your skills on pure instinct
Tame One be rockin' on cloud nine with rhymes that flow frequent
Peep how when I speak I freak sequins
Henceforth I piss MC's off more often, I'm the boss
Hittin' my blunts dipped in secret sauce
B-ball treats, dance on treats like neats rapper that's fleet
Step on competition with my hollow tip cleats
Past the rumors, that, the Artifacts got lazy that's crazy
Makin' joints that make your thoughts hazy
Morocco Mole MC's can't see me with they specs on
Gassed up like getti watch me blow spots like Exxon
I'm unfuckwittable like Jamal and George Clinton
The Ex-West district politician like Gibson
Dissin' those who missin' blows, kick shit to program
A instrumental jammer by the mental blow's manner
Vicious, Delicious with the Vinyl fuck bitches
Who got dreams and wishes for niggaz to feed 'em fine dishes
We sabotage your entourage with a barrage of lyrical cheap shots
At your weak spots, sleep not

This style spits on MC's like I do beatbox
In my size nine Reeboks, I'm cummin' thru ya fuckin' block
MC's perish from the shit that we deliver
Giver of a script to play it like Frank Gifford
Fools with no tools get dealt with from the belt tip
Who else is higher from the first to get melted
Exactly, no match, niggaz puttin' caps on my raps
Actually, broads ain't naturally, fit
Fakin' jax, blow styles on the map
Artifacts, bringin' back, that shit that niggaz lack
Time, put your blunts down
Those of you who have rolled your blunts correctly
May pass on to a much higher state
Those of you who fucked up get an F in fetal blunt
For those ridiculous assholes, and that ridiculous canoe
You got burnin', you stay back
This is the Boom Skwad president signing off
May your blunts stay tight and your eyes red
Good evening