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 seguins 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