

# Artifact, Flexi With Da Tech (Nique)

I diss batty bwoys like Buju Banton, rippin' wanton destruction  
Sag my pants to stop the suction plus it's quicker when I'm fuckin'  
Split Dutch Master faster I puff izz that causes asthma as dust  
Some say from NJ, quick to give up papes  
Beef'll keep it street, defeat niggaz who sleep  
Or reap the concrete status kick your ass with my apparatus  
Those who oppose this, split their shit like Moses  
My written tabs is rippin' fags and the whole bit  
I murder mics and tape decks, so check it while I wrecks it  
Far from junkies keep it real because I'm hungry like the Bundy's  
Got more rumble than thunder crumple chumps like they was paper  
Eight for keys make G's but One of Tame made these  
Conjunction junction what's your function on the real  
My mass appeal is real I swim through beats like Navy Seals  
Irregular, my style, suckers competitors who think they better?  
I knit my skit, like my Grandma's sweater  
Nuts who want to inflict, harm against the charmer  
Best to rest their case because I wear medieval armor  
To protect my subjects, my style's quite hard  
Never could you copy 'cause my style's quite odd  
Select the best concepts, context to rhyme text  
Plus a twenty dollar bet, niggaz flexi wit da tech  
The tech's technique 'cause he's a technician  
One two, whatcha gonna do?  
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I rip rhyme charts apart, I jump start on the gunner  
Arrest niggaz like Honda from the under never blunder  
Wonder if I get stiff, I'm bound to catch an L  
Nah, never that I'm down with Tame, I'm MC Ei  
Lately playin' Hurricane G demos in my Walkman  
I walk and I talk and read issues of The Source and  
Check out the dreadlocks in Bedrock puffin' indo  
By the branch like plants and do the cypher dance  
Then it's back to the set to write raps about my eps  
Takin' tokes for the stress as I get flexi wit da tech  
I whip the lyrics up like batter chatters on the verge  
I sink all ships and watch you crabs submerge  
In the depths of the boat dooper ropes to distort  
All sorts of brothers who abuse my styles I must abort  
I do jobs like miles around the necks of the title  
I win it hands down and pants down 'cause I'm vital  
The tech might you wanna get mad, now freak the plannin'  
Plus, I flips it skip the handscans I'm woozy when I'm splifed  
Yeah, still high the ill fly, red eye rundown a semi automatic  
Artifact with knaps causin' heart attacks  
To critics and honeydips, who jeered on my lyrics  
And slept when I dropped that do you wanna hear it?  
'Cause from sun up to sundown, my eyes are red and rundown  
I still smoke a pound if strong peeps hit the town  
I'm flexible like every female huxtable was fuckable  
Impeccable, dispicable, on point like a decimal  
Point twice the joint jumper nicest with the mic device  
Mighty like Isis, gimme boom I rips a crisis with the stress  
Unless I'm gettin' flexi wit da tech  
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The tech's technique 'cause he's a technician  
One two, whatcha gonna do?  
One two, whatcha gonna do?  
One two, whatcha gonna do?  
Shut up, you're talkin' too loud, you're talkin' too loud  
Peace to the whole city of Newark  
One two, whatcha gonna do?  
One two, whatcha gonna do?