

Artifacts, This Is Da Way

(Tame One)

Hah! The former back of the classroom talk-trasher
Blastin off at ya without help from NASA, has ta
blow a nigga's chest up like asthma
with raptures and fresh ass raps from wack bastards
West district politickin like Gibson
Make a pick-up, and then escapes from New York like Snakeplitzkin
with trees tied to the thighs of down shorties clearing Customs
Ready to cuss and bust on any nigga f**kin with production
(This ain't my bag)
Back in the Bricks tricks and kids dig the music as we dooz it
(God damn yo!)
And lose it, when we play niggaz the new shit
(That's that shit!)
Cross this T, watch me dot your eye
Stay on your P's and Q's, niggaz I've mastered my high
And when the snake bites and hype blinds your eyesight
At last, the Artifacts, will bug and have the last laugh

We're comin through all studio sessions
Bringin 40 motherf**kers, pissin all over your conference tables

(El Da Sensai)

Like this right here
Rhyme style criminal, with the lyrical missile
Wack niggaz the issue bless, catchin wreck, to your chest
Rock even Budapest, who the best, on the spot
Blitzin niggaz wicked from the cornerback, slot for props
MC's pop, but run up close into my strategy
Task be, easily complete major catastrophe
I be the rhyming holocaust, with the sauce to toss
those who fakin jacks in rappin know they fallin off
Is it the way we lay the forte, display my caliber
Slayin my challengers, used to be a dancer, now a flow, balancer
Manufacture raptures, dip into my tricks
Pullin out treats, and singles comin by the hits
Shit done by Vic, units for the nine-six
MC El the Sen, with Da Way Like This

We kickin over your crossaints
Smackin your secretary up and kickin up that f**kin computer
We snatchin all the paper from fax machines
And we stoppin distribution on your next release, HUH?

(Tame One)

What makes you think that we can't start beef in a heartbeat
like car thieves with snatchers
Givin rappers hot flashes for actions of our main access
Knockin out you half-rockin-my-jocks on your asses, like Cassius
but cautious, these dope rhymes'll leave you nauseous
(Still niggaz sleep but umm, we still got the)

(El Da Sensai)

Picture perfect workin, expert that hurts it
Anyone with the verse, that shit gets bursted
Exploit the time, simplify tracks, I rap
for brothers on the block and those who buy me off the rack
Attack foes who slip up off the earth
Jot down the plot as this MC, gets into that ass
The bass thickens, while crews face their whippin
Always on the low but, you'll never see me slippin