

Artifacts, To Ya Chest

Sahara zombie

Yeah

For all those affiliated

Yeah, yeah

Word is bond, my songs ain't wack

And any nigga who thinks that, they must can't rap and can't get that

I got dues with receipts, peeps who make mad beats

So, if you get souped, I add beef

Commander in Chief of the belief, fonta leafs burn slower

The end knot mixin' E and J with soda keeps me geeked up

So, if you got weed then speak up

So, I can twist up and leave you with that shit in tea cups

We bust the raps that matter

While you battle your own boys, just to check to see who's fatter

I put it together like McGyver, bombin' your rhyme cypher

Helpin' to represent funk like diapers

I'm one of them prime time rhymers without rotation but I'm patient

'Cause Tame One don't owe no station Nathan

I'd rather hide my tape collection like I'm Nixon

Watergate nine-six in effect, the deck's missin'

Crews get taken out quick, who's the best?

Tame and MC El bringin' lyrics to ya chest, one two

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My forms, patterns, some might think it's arrogant

I'm transparent but with lyrics, it's apparent

That I be the greater rhyme stater with the data

Saturn Sega, player, wack nigga hater

Instant flow, like five minute grits flips

To rock for the Jack's haps, be on some other shit

Uncover skits like a private dick hits

From all different directions, chop you into sections

Like a jigsaw, shit be raw, rock for all y'all tall

Raps, and brawls, touch all jaws with the gall

Foot in the mix like Hammer grammar forms, check the track

Flip the song, 'Hits From the Bong', wrong

Side bumpin' in your ride, graffitism

Tokin'ism gaggin' off the lyrical jism

New Jersey native, creative with the sorts

B-boy wishin' for battles check the injury report

But there are no flaws in this rap lord's rest

Open wide niggaz, we bring it to ya chest

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