

Artifact "Dynamite Soul"

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Soul, dynamite soul
Dynamite soul
Dynamite soul

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Dynamite soul

In comes the ones from Jerusalem slums
Knockin' bums out for clout, Jersey rules without a
doubt
On the real, these are kinda fat for the brothers
From the Wrongside of Da Tracks and it goes like that

Since the beginnin' of time, the Artifacts kick rhymes
Straight tape after demo tape in eighty-eight
It's so dynamite, shit's outta sight
Snatch up a G and demonstrate for the night

Sip on the brew, me and you can do the do
And you know this, flow with this, Polo, you know, kid
Tame, what's the status on the blunt meter, homey?
Yeah, I got three dimes, six Phillies and some Olde E

Yeah G, you know the program, it's so damn ridiculous
Kickin' this mix for all the niggaz and the tricks
El the first half, Tame indeed is on [Incomprehensible]
Word to life he rhyme with spite and so dynamite

Dynamite soul
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Yo, this flow goes to all the hoes I ever fucked with
Kids I smoked blunts with, and my ex-girl that sucks
dick
Niggaz takin' shorts in weed spots because they know
me
And to my moms because she makes good cheese and
macaroni

And to the stores that'll sell three Phillies for a dollar
To Afrika Bambaata for makin' me a rap scholar
And MC El for rhymin' with this notty headed lunatic
You always knew we had the crew that had the mad
drama kid

Peep it, all my peeps from 12 Block to Broad Street
And back streets in Jersey where the niggaz first heard
me

It took a long time comin' with more cuts than Jason
Since the days I had a fade and used to rock in
Redman's basement

I do Poetic Justice, like Janet played the role
And now I'm makin' suckers swoll with the dynamite
soul

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Remember them joints, we used to rock at the spot?
When we stepped on stage with fat gear and it was
mad hot?
Kids in competition was scared at the sight
Of these mad motherfuckers who rock the mic right

Then we was That's Them, gettin' all the action
Fuckin' niggaz bitches and just leavin' them in traction
Ask who the hell was them niggaz that's rippin' it?
You better get hip, cause Artifacts got the shit

For about four years, people said we couldn't hack it
But the track's got the [Incomprehensible] and rhymes
got the knack
See, we'll never fall, we got support from the fam
Jam after jam, here we are but there we stand

It took mad time but here we is, in the music business
Press record when you hear me on kiss
Brothers talk shit but yo, who really cares?
Tame's who all I need 'cuz, the brother's right there
And if you're swoll, say it's all in control
The Artifacts, we got the dynamite soul

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