

Artifact

"Heavy Ammunition"

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Whassup?

Heavy ammunition so I don't have to dip so
(Buck buck buck, rat-tat-tat, I'm on a mission)
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(Buck buck buck, rat-tat-tat, I'm on a mission)

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(Buck buck buck, rat-tat-tat, I'm on a mission)
Heavy ammunition so I don't have to dip so
(Pack Pistol Posse, flow some more pro shit)

I pack a rap that's the joint, I like to point the chrome at
domes
Of MC's who need to be smoked up, like homegrown
Ism I get bizm, with rhythm no bullshit
My best rhymes rank like a tec-9 with a full clip

I'm funky as hell, since I rock the twelve inch
And now fakes imitate, the great like Elvis
Oh, goodness gracious, oh, golly gee wolly
I'm good googa booga good golly, Miss Molly

I use a loaf of bread, a pint of milk, a stick of butter
To keep my weight up, to knock a sucker to the gutter
I empty my rhyme clip and kick like a fat gat
El, you got my back so where's your black ass at?

I'll let loose to juice to freak the funk spunk, no punk
I'm doin' the funky chicken as I'm kickin' like a Shaolin
monk
MC El Da Sensai with another one to bash ya
Lyric master, blastet, kick my skit faster

Best in my section, I'm fresher check the lesson
Progress is progressin' as I'm buildin' on my section
Hyperactive raps are gettin' super static
With the rap erratical acrobatical mass combatical

So, move over 'cause the style that's rippin'
Is comin' from the grand man that is not slippin'
But I'm trippin', cripin romp stomp and pomp

'Cause my style is flyer Renaldo Neidermeyer

Hip hip hoorah, check it out one two the
Thing that I swing I won't front
Yo, I got the lyrical ammunition to your chest
So nigga don't test 'cause my mouth is the tec
Kid, I kick the ill skill yo, did you listen?
I bust caps with raps, packin' heavy ammunition

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Ya gotta excuse me, I was just scheamin' on a cutie
And I knew it was my duty 'cause the honey had a booty
I up jumped the boogie, to the boogie the beat
'Cause I'm a hellafied nigga, you can call me TD

The black Lil' Raskal, with loot like Waldo
I make Oprah rhyme by throwin' chairs at Geraldo
Rivera, I joke around like, Hanna Barbara
But mirror mirror, Tame is a terror

My hair got the knots, my name got the props
I'm the coach of a rap note 'cause I call the shots
Tamedy Tamedy, I'm showin' the mad me
Damn style flam and T why? We ain't family

Keep that real, I smoke buddha and pack steel
Check the rap deck 'cause this is the last deal
Good God, baby pah, give it to me check it
Bust it, wreck it

Comin' back to cap, two with the fat rapture
Intact to Tic-Tac, my style you can't catch a
Why? Let's see, I'm not ordinary, kind of impossible,
unstoppable
Brothers pop a lot of bull, skip to my loo, I'm never ever
to do
Hot tamale, oh golly, I'm wicked with the folly

All types of sneakers fo' the freaker of the speaker
Bass for the bottoms and the highs for the tweeters
Sample from The Meters, check it how I speak the
Words pound for pound, fuck ten ounces and the liters

I won't sniff Blow, even if you said his name was Kurtis
My style can go through changes, from Latin down to
Turkish
So keep slippin' 'cause that ass I'll be kickin'
El Da Sensai, with the heavy ammunition

Heavy ammunition so I don't have to dip so
(Buck buck buck, rat-tat-tat, I'm on a mission)
Yeah, heavy ammunition so I don't have to dip so
(Buck buck buck, rat-tat-tat, I'm on a mission)

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Yeah aight?

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