

Artifact

"Ingredients to Time Travel"

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[sound of Keith Murray intro from Mary J. Blige 'What's the 411' tape
which I could swear has been set to B.I.G.'s "Who Shot Ya" based on
the sound of the beat (Artifacts assure me that this is Mary J. Blige)]
"My subliminals, mixed with criminal chemicals
Got more mily syllables than alphabet cereal..."
car door slams

Tame: I gots ta get this bag of bam ba zi, fuck this!

"You know who the fuck I am so get off that old
bullshucks!"

--> Redman (scratched sample)

"He ain't shit, you ain't shit, your momma ain't shit,
daddy ain't shit"

--> Redman (scratched sample)

[Tame One]

If I had it my way, every wack MC would die Friday
Makin Saturday a better day

Sunday wouldn't start your week off til Monday

One day tunes I wrote yesterday will be tomorrow's
scriptures for today

At high noon, Boom Skwad Gods with knowledge
Holler at apostles, who squalor in despair, despisin
those who follow

Swallowin pride like St. Ide's while you stare... take a
drink

Don't think in a eyeblink I won't start my hijinks
and hijack a flight [Yeah right, when?]

Tomorrow night, cause off the record with the treble
and the bass

I chase my lyrics through the rap race

Last place is simply not an option in my case

Waste not want not because I front not

The Notty keeps his lyrical shotty cocked

and locked up at your temple, over instrumentals

("It's all in your mind") you No. 2 like the pencil

The Boom Skwadron, Godson, who got the Bop Gun

The top gun, from the jump like Datsun

I got one, candy-coated rote rhymes skits I shit on
when I get on
Then flip the scripts like I had Zips on
It's on like electrical, my symmetrical
alphabetic keeps my competition ridin on my testicles
("he ain't shit, you ain't shit, ain't nobody shit")
You to the rescue, let me test you
Who the best crew, most definite
has to be the Skwad cause I'm the President
All you misrepresenters with your twelve inches need
pinches
Wake the fuck up and check out what this is
("he ain't shit, you ain't shit, your mamma ain't shit,
ain't nobody shit")
I can't see nuttin but victories
MC's think they can get to me, then bring it
Cause once I pass the blunt to my Lieutenant then we in
it
For the infinite, no play play
The notty headed Newark nigga from NJ and the Sensai
represent fully, playin bullies out for yappin
Thinkin you'll be rappin, get tapped and say you
scrappin
While I been waitin hatin fake MC's that make they
bacon
with passion, rippin up they stickers for reaction
Practicin on rap has-beens, I'm down with the Biz like
Backspin
Dissin Mikes like the Jacksons
Thick like the lips on that Fugee chick
Hard like the dicks in booty flicks
Dissin niggaz like a snooty bitch (trick)
I only pop a coochie if it smells Gucci
Get the lucci hit it for months and then smoke blunts
with the hoochies
("What's the flavor Dunn" - Tame)
You know the flavor like blue cheese
on how I make crews bleed and school MC's who try to
do me

("He ain't shit, you ain't... ahh motherfucker")
"Do me baby, do me baby"
("he ain't shit, you ain't shit...")
"bom ba zi, it ain't over motherfuckers"
("He ain't shit, you ain't shit")

Outro: Rhino CMZ

75% water, H2O, PE, alcohol, oil
Dependin on temperature, what's the hot shit?
Rhino, Tame, Boom Skwad, Hidden Descent

INI, Reflections, check the Twins
Aight God, recognize what's fake
Time to turn platinum to purple chrome
Green purple yellow red white chrome

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