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Artifact "To Ya Chest"

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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

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

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

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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