

## Artifact "Whayback"

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[El Da Sensai]

I calculate that eighty-five was the year  
I first grabbed the pen, daydreamin of the cheers  
Ahead from rockin shows, no Girbauds that sag  
The windbreaker suits and backspins that was mad  
I stress progress roll joints at my rest  
til the ill wee hours, and I knew it was the best  
I hit mad spots, many crews got dropped  
While I was gettin props niggaz was dealin on the block  
Stayin in crib on the weekends was Marley Marl  
was freakin the cuts Mr. Magic was speakin  
That's how I got my first taste, makin tapes  
til the rhyme skill was great and my style would  
escalate  
Practice made my perfect tactics  
Now my dap gets clap, cause I'm the rap snap fanatic  
But now in nine-trey I got the T-Ray track  
And my trunks, my roots are growin styles from  
whayback

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[Tame One]

I flash back to fat Kangol hats, with plastic  
Back when steppin on kicks in eighty-six got your ass  
kicked  
Bombers and sheepskins, were common when I first  
started rhymin  
Still I found time to go bombin  
Me and my pals rocked Cazals with no glass  
Dark flavored Clarks, Lee Denims off the ass  
Back when Mr. Magic had it goin all the way on  
the beat with BDP, added flavor like a crayon  
Indeed MC's would represent with the skills  
But now in ninety-three a lot of them can get the dillz  
It seems like a little sumthin missin in the mix  
But now I got a deal, so it's up to me to fix  
When niggaz put me up on, with funky raps to cut on  
Word is BOND, if I hear another wack rap song  
I might snap and it's an actual fact  
that I'ma kick it like that, cause this is strictly bout the  
whayback

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[El Da Sensai]

Aww man damn, whayback, things was kinda fat  
Had the Godfather knot, a Starter hat, things are kinda  
wack

now, packed up, my cardboard and stepped away  
I didn't have a choice, the culture was slayed  
B.D. had died, and things were dissappearin  
The West coast was here and all these wack beats  
appearin

DJ's were breakin down record store doors  
to get the Biz Dance and the Chante Moore's  
Peace to Buck Four, Rocksteady on the floor  
New York and Dynamic crews plus many more  
Remember the time when you didn't pack a nine  
Niggaz just came to hear some, funky ass rhymes  
But all of that's over, cause brothers wanna act up  
No clubs to go to, they'll just pack rap up  
That's how the media wants it to stop  
So peep the verse and last showin of Graffiti Rock  
So check it, the brothers wanna wreck it  
To get what's expected, cause hip-hop, should be  
respect

Gotta get it back, to get it on track  
Artifacts kickin styles illy on the whayback

[Tame One]

Like back when my Timberlands were only size sixes  
I used to take pictures shootin spitballs at bitches  
Cross New Jersey Transit just to see a rapper kick it  
But now I ain't with it, cause niggaz just ain't worth the  
ticket

Shit man, I remember jams that were slammin  
Gettin me and my man in, was harder than  
backgammon

DJ's would scratch back to back from boom baps  
And rappers with real raps, could drop shit real fat  
But now kid, as I recollect, rappers out who caught  
wreck

respected, just got stuck up in my tape deck  
Real deal hip-hop, when Biz used to flip-flop  
His fat ass, on stage'd do a dance, in busted Reeboks  
Niggaz musta forgot, when real rhymes was hot  
Cause now if you ain't gold, you ain't got no props  
But fuck that, I'm above that, I don't play that  
The Artifacts staff drops math about the whayback

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"It's a demo.." "Back in back in the days"  
"You gots to chill.." "Back in back in the days"  
"South Bronx" "The Bri to The Bridge"  
'South Bronx" "Back in back in the days"  
"Jimbrowski..  
that's what it is" "Back in back in the days"  
"Like that y'all, it's like that y'all  
It's like thatta that, it's like that y'all" (4X)

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