

## Artifact "Who's This?"

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Who's this with the vocal pitch, I blitz  
We be the top choice, moist, voice my script  
Significant, different styles on instinct  
Make sense, when rockin' rhymes over instruments

Known for the graf, although the crowd comes first  
Activist, specialist of the ultimate verse  
All subjects correct, image is the key  
If you want your peers respect show versatility

Type strange, how the whole sound is rearranged  
Changed, so many players entered in the game  
But not these two, we past dues, smash crews  
You ask what's the task slash we bringin' the news

Dialogue, strong, not your average cabbage  
Savage on the mic while other crews can't manage  
'Cause in these times the rhymes pay all things  
Rent, bills plus your diamond pinky ring

Comin' from the Bricks, all mics we rip  
(Who's this kickin' in your Benzi box crisp)  
With the fat penmanship for the championship  
(Who's this kickin' in your Benzi box crisp)

Fat tracks, lyrics, New Jerus click  
(Who's this kickin' in your Benzi box crisp)  
We comin' from the back with the ultimate blitz  
(Who's this kickin' in your Benzi box crisp)

Holy Moses, I'ma come down like drug doses  
With a voltage, 'cause I'm ready to shock whoever's  
closest  
Bold enough to dismiss tricks, up in the mix  
With my rhyme skit, bad with the ad-libs behind it

Time it, the rapper's precionist, ain't no dissin' us  
It's just, another rap attack for your to discuss  
It's us, fresh in the flesh, up in your session  
Wildin' out like sex without protection

Right before your eyes I'ma rise up and size up

The status of the rappers while I sit in the back, smokin'  
my cabbage  
Managin', not to get involved with the petty  
We ever ready, cuttin' comp like a machete

Not the one to glorify guns, I'd rather drop it on the one  
And make the funds for my late night weed runs  
Dum dums, wanna do bids and start they static  
They better ease back like Kraftmatic

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Superficial rhymes on top for y'all to see  
How we react on wax, DJ included exactly  
Autographs in black books, dodgin' from the crooks  
Don't recognize the stats, don't act for ill looks

But I keep a straight path like the subway stay  
Underneath from deep in the depths of NJ  
I be the one to get the job done, Tame One  
Got funk like the Bop Gun, burnin' with the powers of a  
hot sun  
Makin' my mark after dark like I'm a criminal  
Break hard rocks to minerals like, ten star generals

Is it the way we slay the stages, that make these  
neighbors hate us  
We fillin' up the pages with the game like Las Vegas  
New Jersey native, ten minutes from the Money Makin'  
Stay rooted with the Buddha like Jamaicans

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