

Artifact

"Wrong Side of da Tracks"

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I'm out to bomb like Vietnam, under the same name
Tame One
The bad one, ink flow master bastard with the Magnum
I tags up quick and then I steps to the exit
When it's time to get sefted or flex on some fresh shit

Some wack crook stole my black book, I know who took
it
I know his whole tag because the fag writes his name
crooked
The ink I use might stink but you gotta think
I got my props Hoppes, 'cause my tags don't shrink

I'm taggin' and baggin' bitches 'cause my name is
famous in the street
'Cause they know my name's from cruising in the Jeeps
So yo, grab a can and put your man up and stand up
For the fresh never stale niggaz off the third rail

Deep dark and black like the Magnum I pack
It's that Artifacts chat from the wrong side of da tracks

The Artifacts are from the wrong side of da tracks
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I load my backpack with spray paint Girbaud, couldn't
spark the
Tagging up a train, I catch the pound take a trip
To the train yards and think back, when I used to write
that
Shit that used to hit had all the mad color tips

Breakin' was my thing, I used to spin the back
I never thought I'd spin the wax with tracks to make
your hands clap
I could've went the other way but no haps
I got my dap on the map with the Bic down to a spray
cap

Niggaz used to doubt to my clout but now I turn 'em out

They shout my shout out uptown like they wanna be
down
Avoid the crowds that wanna stab me in the back
enough of that
Watch the third rail track, 'cause I don't wanna get
zapped

Pieces I burn to show my name no shame
Don't wanna put the blame down on my nigga Tame
Brothers don't wanna see me grow to get my cash flow
I have no remorse, so check me out in The Source

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I burn my name up quick like a Thai stick
As red as my eyes get, I still rocks the fly shit
Back with some ultra flat black catchin' wreck in a sec
Wet paint, ain't shit, when I'm on the set

I'm live like the third rail, on time like a fast train
The name Tame alone got fame so fuck a last name
I tags mad when I drag a fat sack of ism
Comin' out with New Editions like Mike Bivins

I get a sticker from my nigga with the bag of 'em
Write my name on 'em then I peel off the back of 'em
And stick 'em to victims of underground systems
Let the toys bring the noise, me and my boys are
gonna diss 'em

In conclusion don't snooze when two niggaz from the
Jerz
Kick the mad graffiti slurs and kick the bass to the curb
The Artifacts Jack, bringin' the art of facts back
Some seem to forget about the ebony that caught
wreck

So remember this, you're tender when you slip in to
enter
The Artifacts zone 'cause graffiti's still growin'
To kick ass pizazz slash let me tag
Why is that black? Because the wack jack was known as
a fag

So don't cross the path that's the gat to your back
The Artifacts out, wrong side of da tracks

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