

Artifacts

"Art Of Facts"

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Intro: Tame One

As Mellow Max passes the blunts to Skully
We're about to come get nutty up in here
Artifacts, nine-six tricks
Sean J. with the beat
Complete, with the Artifact techniques

Verse One: Tame One

I like to rip off mics and clock off dice that roll funny
Gettin blunted off somebody's hoe money
Honies beepin for me for cheese, ease back, please
keep that weave intact
Best believe that Tamer D'll be back
Get the weed sacks relax, fuck a flick from Blockbuster
I'ma touch ya, provin who got the bomb like Russia
Friendly neighborhood rap hood, with goods
Could it be? Yes, no question
(*DJ Kaos cuts "Tame One"*) Now let's start up the
session
Kick a rap out til I black out, check out when I wreck out
Throwin backs out, laughin out loud when niggaz crap
out
Me I want more G's than the LAPD
From when I wrote my first rhyme in eighty-three
With each speech released I reach mad blocks
Analyzin more spots than Matlock
Now I got this rappin shit on padlock
You only half-rock, my shit returns like resurrections
In religion, was fuckin with the fact we only bullshittin

*DJ Kaos cuts and scratches "Yo El", "Sinister Brick City
minister"*

Verse Two: El Da Sensai, Tame One

One two, yo
Start takin notes, statin all quotes
Niggaz couldn't see me through an optometrist scope
Open, by the rhythm MC's that's hardest
New Jerusalem, Artifacts be the oddest

Main target, crews who think they bringin the news
Who's this? Kickin in your Benz-y box crisp
As long as the Boom Skwad is hearing me clear
There ain't another rapper here that's gonna G this
year (yeah)
Lyric for lyric we exhibit mass appeal
Stayin Real like Erick Sermon, drunk off the funk like it
was bourbon
Rollin up Big Willie like Suburban, Blazers make a
wager
Tamer blows up like a pager
Makin you wake up early, tell your girlie turn my tape up
Wait up, let me lace up the place like boots
Make loot, and Proceed to rock like Roots
I tear the roof off, and when I fuck don't take my boots
off
I shoot from the lip, and make your nose glow like
Rudolph
You soft, so let me hit you off with all the hardness
Artifacts shit, we got the hard shit regardless

*DJ Kaos cuts "Punks pop junk, Tame and the Sensai
leave em all beat"*

Verse Three: El the Sensai

Many ask how I be makin up my shit
Like the format and how it don't match or fit
I just, dig into the X-Files of styles
Hittin while you're missin I'll prove that the child
Be on the different angles strangle those who wanna
tangle
With the, Flexi With the Technique ripper
El the, Sensai what the men say in the back?
Thinkin that we can't battle rap in combat
Cease that, realize that the Facts don't mess
Around when we bless sounds down for any test
So bring your nine and your vest
Cause when you step to these men, your plan best to
be correct
Interject with intellect, each step steady
Dissin those who pose with beef that's petty

DJ Kaos cuts "Who wanna battle? No one"

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