

Artifacts

"Art Of Scratch"

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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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