

## Artifacts

### "C'mon Wit Da Git Down"

Visit "[C'mon Wit Da Git Down](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Intro/Chorus:

C'mon wit da c'mon, git down wit da git down (4X)

Verse One: El Da Sensai

C'mon and get down with that Artifacts sound  
Where kids get wreck and, the beat's bound to pound  
We're strollin through the industry B, see we gotta be  
The next shit that kicks, cause brothers ain't got it  
In this rap shit, ain't no time for the dilly-dally  
Pally throw a match in the Gasoline Alley  
Blew up mad spots, kids were jealous for the props  
See the shit never stops Hobbes, just lookin for my  
dillz-knot  
Styles we make, never fake, broke breaks in every  
crate  
Old freestyles and dirty ass copied-over tapes  
Notified that, the Artifacts never slack  
While crews is on stage wack, we just play the back  
Now, the flip tripper ripper slits ya wit da mixture  
All crews, who never paid dues, watch it 'fore I get ya  
Cause nowadays, it's da ways, of the underground  
But they're wack now, so c'mon wit da git down

Chorus

Verse Two: Tame One

You know the stacks, if not, then ask some niggaz who  
heard of me  
The half on the Artifacts of Jersey  
Cause brothers be buggin not givin love to the nuccas  
Sayin fuck us, cause we be shinin brighter than the  
suckers  
Shootin me prison nobody listens to your dissin  
Cause yo my shit's legit and as a lyricist I'm hittin  
The high note, so why don't, I smile when I take  
pictures  
Cause now that I rock I got more niggaz on my jock  
than bitches  
I just wanna do my jams with fams and slam into some

hopeness

But biters and backstabbin rappers don't even like us  
But props due, peep The Source RapPages and the  
Billboard

And read about the tours while you be flappin your jaws  
I freak techniques, cause talk is cheaper than beepers  
from Broad Street

Punks talk junk, Tame and the Sensai leave em all beat  
So peep how deep my technique freaks and how my  
shit sounds  
C'mon wit da c'mon, git down wit da git down

Chorus

Verse Three: MC EI, Tame One

Hold up, you rap sucker duck, buck, the track's rough  
enough  
To prove a point, that the niggaz is the joint  
Magazines where we're seen, now pop the tape in your  
deck  
I got the Heavy Ammunition 'cause I'm Flexi Wit Da  
Tech  
Niggaz, can't believe the Artifacts acheive  
Got, tricks up my sleeve so bow down on your knees  
Yo, we ain't got the same lame, ordinary plain game  
Put to shame any crew who wants to feel the flame  
So bring submission to the rap recognition  
My right hand is itchin from the shit that I'm scriptin  
So pass the baton, to the next runner up, Tame  
I give a pound so, c'mon wit da git down

Aiyyo, word to my grandma's tampons, I drop bombs,  
but since  
Our demo tracks had gaps some said my fat raps was  
half-assed  
Watchin others rock and clock we shocked em like a  
robot  
With our props, so now the Notty Head Niggaz got  
more knots yo  
My pockets are lumpy chump, my drunk style is trunky  
dunk  
My disc in crisp, put funk in funk like Humpty Hump  
'cause I'm comin from the underground I'm down wit  
da git down  
MC's who used to diss us, get pissed cause they ain't  
shit now  
The Artifacts, represent on every stage we step on  
The days of gettin slept, are dead because we keep on  
Peepin these weak MC's, who cheese with their bologny

Cause they're phony as fuck, and couldn't pull shit off a  
tow truck  
So yo bro, now you know my flow so go and sit down  
Or c'mon wit da c'mon, git down wit da git down

Chorus 2X

Visit [Artifacts](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.