

Artifacts

"Dynamite Soul Ii (Lip Service Remix)"

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We got the lip service, we got the breath control
Artifacts in the house with the Dynamite Soul (Repeat
2x)

[Tame One]

Don't look now, but my style tops the pile
Over those who sound foul, cause my shit's tight like
White Owl
Don't get it twisted, my rhythm rips in your system
Into sections, like when I ran obsessed in your session
With an E&J fifth, my Philly's splitting on my knapsack
Battle clan macked out over tracks the SP smack out
My lyrical data makes an impact locally and vocally
I choke the shit out of any rapper that's too slow for me
I stay open 24-7 like a deli
Wax the top kick like Kelly, rock my level like I'm
Fonzarelli
Sharp like confetti, ready for action, who is this?
The knotty headed nigga Tame One New jersey
journalists
I'm never home but answer pages on a pay phone
On Central, or bouncers smoking ounces in a rental
I haul ass like Flash, til I pass 'em then I slow up
I blow up like chicken pox in spots when niggas notice, I
got...

Lip service and the breath control
Artifacts in effect with the Dynamite Soul (Repeat 2x)

[Mad Skillz]

Yo, I freak more raps like a nigga with 15 record deals
So chill, and feel the effect when my pad kills
I be Madd Skillz, showing MC's the art of rap
Watch the God attack when I lay tracks with the
Artifacts
Step back well, it ain't hard to tell
Rappers step up, and get cut off like illegal cell
Getting props in spots I ain't been yet
Check a picture out of room cause you posing no death
threats
Yeah, this be microphone wear and tear
Act like you don't know who I am, so you can beware

And get a compass come past my location
Cause my crew be rolling mad deep like Hatians
On some no fair shit, singe your nose hair shit
Nowadays niggas be teasing mics like fucking clits
We don't play, we like the DEA, hops
And I be closing rappers down like Christian Watch
crack spots
Where he at, what's his name? He won't last, G
Cause rappers that I've cyphered be walking right past
me
Keep walking faker, now I won't diss you
In the future I tear you up like sandpaper toilet tissue

Lip service and the breath control
Artifacts in the house with the Dynamite Soul (Repeat
2x)

[El Da Sensai]
Yo check it, I be the Buddha Priest monk, kicking shit
out your trunk
That Artifact you know that, raw set up the tracks
Coming through your section from direction bonafied
To rip skills live, in '95 to get the prize
And dust bust the nickle rush and sacking rap
quarterbacks
Like Neon Deon, I'm black so who the fuck is that?
6 foot big foot, and tracks strapped to bomb raps
In time to kick the rhymes, I'm the calm Don Jack
I come to serve quick, check the lyrics I kick
When I flip the Sensai type of gimmicks see I rip
With my cool slang, you can't hang, my single Jingle
Jangle
Like The Legion, this art of green will strangle
Get messed up, f'ed up, style corrupt the terrorizer
Plenty of all niggas get stepped on in '95

Lip service and the breath control
Artifacts in the house with the Dynamite Soul (Repeat
2x)

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