

Artifacts

"Flexi With Da Tech"

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Verse One: Tame One, El the Sensai

reggae growl I diss batty bwoys like Buju
Banton, rippin wan-tan destruction
Sag my pants to stop the suction plus it's quicker when
I'm fuckin
Split Dutch Master faster I puff izz that causes asthma
as dust
Some say from NJ, quick to give up papas

Beef'll keep it street, defeat niggaz who sleep
or reap the concrete status kick your ass with my
apparatus
Those who, oppose this, split their shit like Moses
My written tabs is rippin fags and the whole bit

I murder mics and tape decks, so check it while I
wrecks it
far from junkies keep it real because I'm hungry like
the Bundy's ("Al!!")
Got more rumble than thunder crumple chumps like
they was paper
Eight for keys, make G's, but One of Tame made these

Conjunction junction what's your function on the real
My mass appeal is real I swim through beats like Navy
Seals
Irregular, my style, suckers competitors who think they
better
I knit my skit, like my Grandma's sweater
Nuts who want to inflict, harm against the charmer
Best to rest their case because I wear medieval armor
To protect, my subjects, my style's quite hard
Never could you copy cause my style's quite odd
Select the best concepts, context to rhyme text
Plus a twenty dollar bet, niggaz flexi wit da tech

Chorus: samples of Jeru the Damaja and BizMarkie

"The tech's technique, cause he's a technician"
"One two, whatcha gonna do"
(repeat 4X)

Verse Two: El the Sensai, Tame One

I rip rhyme charts apart, I jump-start on the gunner
Arrest niggaz like Honda from the under never blunder
wonder if
I get stiff, I'm bound to catch an L
Nah never that I'm down with Tame I'm MC El

Lately playin Hurricane G demos in my WalkMan
I walk and I talk and read issues of The Source and
check out the dreadlocks in Bedrock puffin indo
by the branch like plants, and do the cypher dance
Then it's back to the set, to write raps about my eps
Takin tokes for the stress as I get flexi wit da tech

Ah, I whip the lyrics up, like batter chatters on the verge
I sink all ships and watch you crabs submerge
in depths of the boat dooper ropes to distort
All sorts of brothers abuse my styles I must abort
I do jobs like miles around the necks of the title
I win it hands down and pants down cause I'm vital

The tech, might you wanna get mad, now freak the
plannin
Plus I flips it skip the handscans I'm woozy when I'm
splifted
Yeah still high the ill fly, red-eye rundown a semi
Automatic Artifact with knaps causin heart attacks
to critics and honeydips, who jeered on my lyrics
And slept when I dropped that "Do You Wanna Hear It?"
Cause from sun-up to sundown, my eyes are red and
rundown
I still smoke a pound if strong peeps hit the town
I'm flexible like every female Huxtable was fuckable
Impeccable, dispicable, on point like a decimal
Point twice the joint jumper nicest with the mic device
Mighty like Isis, gimme boom I rips a crisis with the
stress
(with the stress) unless I'm gettin flexi wit da tech

Chorus

Shut up, you're talkin too loud, you're talkin too loud
Peace to the whole city of Newark

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