

## Artifacts

# "Flexi With Da Tech(Nique)"

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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 papes

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 I'll 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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