

Artifacts

"Heavy Ammunition"

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WHASSUP?!

Chorus: {vocal samples)

"Heavy ammunition, so I don't have to dip, so.." -> E.

Sermon

"Buck buck buck, rat-tat-tat I'm on a mission.." -> P.

Rock

(repeat 3X)

"Heavy ammunition, so I don't have to dip, so.." -> E.

Sermon

"Pack Pistol Posse, flow some more pro shit.." ->

Redman

[Tame One]

I pack a rap that's the joint and like to point the chrome
at domes

Of MC's who need to be smoked up, like homegrown
Ism I get bizm, with rhythm no bullshit

My best rhymes rank like a tec-9 with a full clip

I'm funky as hell, since I rock the twelve inch

And now fakes imitate the great like Elvis

Oh goodness gracious, oh golly gee wolly

I'm good googa booga good golly Miss Molly

I use a loaf of bread a pint of milk a stick of butter

To keep my weight up, to knock a sucker to the gutter

I empty my rhyme clip, and kick like a fat gat

EI you got my back, so where's your black ass at?

[El Da Sensai]

I'll let loose to juice to freak the funk spunk no punk

I'm doin the funky chicken as I'm kickin like a Shaolin
monk

MC El Da Sensai with another one to bash ya

Lyric master, blastet, kick my skit faster

Best in my section, I'm fresher check the lesson

Progress is progressin as I'm buildin on my section

Hyperactive raps are gettin super static

With the rap erratical acrobatical mass combatical

So, move over cause the style that's rippin

Is comin from the grand man that is not slippin

But I'm trippin, kick the comp romp stomp and pomp

Cause my style is flyer Renaldo Neidermeyer
Hip hip hoorah, check it out one two the
Thing that I swing I won't front..
Yo, I got the lyrical ammunition to your chest
So nigga don't test, cause my mouth is the tec
Kid, I kick the I'll skill yo, did you listen
I bust caps with raps, packin heavy ammunition

Chorus: *vocal samples*

"Heavy ammunition, so I don't have to dip, so.." -> E.
Sermon
"Buck buck buck, rat-tat-tat I'm on a mission.." -> P.
Rock
(repeat 4X)

[Tame One]

Ya gotta excuse me, I was just schemin on a cutie
And I knew it was my duty cause the honey had a booty
I up jumped the boogie to the boogie the beat
Cause I'm a hellafied nigga, you can call me T.D.
The black Lil' Raskal, with loot like Waldo
I make Oprah rhyme by throwin chairs at Geraldo
Rivera, I joke around like, Hanna Barbera
But mirror mirror, Tame is a terror
My hair got the knots, my name got the props
I'm the coach of a rap note cause I call the shots
Tamedy Tamedy, I'm showin the mad me
Damn style flam and T why? We ain't family
Keep that real, I smoke buddha and pack steel
Check the rap deck, cause this is the last deal
Good God, baby pah, give it to me check it
BRARABRARABBAHHH bust it, BRARAHRAHABA
wreck it

[El Da Sensai]

Comin back, to cap, two with the fat rapture
Intact to Tic-Tac, my style you can't catch-a
Why? Let's see, I'm not ordinary
Kind of impossible, unstoppable, brothers pop a lot of
bull..
..skip to my loo, I'm never ever to do
Hot tamale oh golly I'm wicked with the folly
All types of sneakers fo' the freaker of the speaker
Bass for the bottoms and the highs for the tweeters
Sample from The Meters, check it how I speak the
Words pound for pound, fuck ten ounces and the liters
I won't sniff Blow, even if you said his name was Kurtis
My style can go through changes, from Latin down to
Turkish
So keep slippin cause that ass I'll be kickin
El Da Sensai, with the heavy ammunition

Chorus: *vocal samples*

"Heavy ammunition, so I don't have to dip, so.." -> E.

Sermon

"Buck buck buck, rat-tat-tat I'm on a mission.." -> P.

Rock

(repeat 8X)

YEAH! Aight??

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