

## Abigor

### "Dynamite Soul II"

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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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