

I Mother Earth "Raiders of the Lost Art"

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[Kool Moe Dee] We are the Raiders
[L.A. Sunshine] Of the Lost Art (8x)

[Treacherous Three]
This is a funky expedition, a mission, I had a vision
Stop, look and listen, yo, isn't it something missin?
Take aim with precision like vision, it's a collision
New styles are hittin, b-b-boom, bash, forgettin
The laws, created by the creators
There's no more masters, just master-perpetrators
We did time with the rhyme like a bid
Now we're puttin out hits on the new fake kids

[Kool Moe Dee] We are the Raiders
[L.A. Sunshine] Of the Lost Art (8x)

[Treacherous Three]
Here comes the greatest, baby
Here comes the Raiders, the Raiders
We are the greatest, baby
Here comes the Raiders, the Raiders
Here comes the greatest, baby
We are the Raiders, the Raiders
Here comes the greatest
We are the Raiders, the Raiders
We're lookin for the gold
We're searchin for the jewels
We're mining for the coals
We're working with the tools
The keepers of the light, the owners of the dark
Ain't nothin we're afraid of, we're the Raiders of the Art

[Kool Moe Dee]
I'm like a diamond in the rough, too tough
You can't bring enough
Ammunition, vision or wishin
No need in bringin up
'The homeboy's-strapped-with-his-gat-
In-his-lap' crap
This is on the lyrical skills, you can scratch that
My lyrical skills makes mills, pays bills

And chills, all of the no-frill chills on the diznills
Now who cares who kills
When you got true skill?
I'm kickin the real, yet and still
Brothers flake until
My relevance flips the script
Dives and dips and hip-hops
And drops and give props
And knocks the kids out of the box and rips
Suckers to bits and kick knowledge and lifts the hits
When I get lifted, kid
Take cover, no mercy on a brother
He's kicked to the curb
Then into the street, then into the gutter
You c-c-can't win, n-n-no matter w-w-whatta
Even if I stutter -
I'm butter

[Kool Moe Dee] We are the Raiders
[L.A. Sunshine] Of the Lost Art (8x)

[Special K]
Time to pay the bills with lyrical skills
Built in time to lock deals
Crack seals, we build the real
Technique, unique technique
Did you really think
My creatively level would ever sink a level shrink?
Words are like missiles, bombs aim to hitcha, splitcha
So you better beware when you hear the sound of a
whistle
Duck for cover, here comes a brother who lives in
quadruples
And still does it youthful
And keeps away the display, expert rendition
Poetic, energetic, with vision and precision
Mystifyin, we're supplyin the funky stuff
Boogie Down Bronx, neither could fade that I'm tough
Rough on the floor, straight from the door
There's nothin phoney when the one is only kickin the
verse, yo
Ask anybody familiar with my particular brand of funk
Tell em to pump it in the trunk

[Kool Moe Dee] We are the Raiders
[L.A. Sunshine] Of the Lost Art (8x)

[L.A. Sunshine]
Way back in the days we lit a flame in this rap game
Groups like Tribe keep the vibe alive, and now the fire
remains

Self-preservation is man's first law
I don't wanna start a war, but it's been done before
Almost like deja-vu with a sick twist to
An artform with warts torn, worn down, then run
through
But don't gimme no credit, I'm a cash kinda guy
With my stash kinda high, still the girlies pass by
You know why? Cause I'm a Raider of this Lost Art
Played a big part from the start of hip hop, but now it's
gotta stop
And if you go and check the archives, read the lines of
the hieroglyphics
It says 'Sunshine's terrific'
As sacred as a golden scarab
Through my Creator I'm greater than the riches of a
wealthy arab
The Sun shines in the east, so step from the west
On a musical archeological conquest

[Treacherous Three]

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