

Attack Of New Jeruzalum

Artifacts

Aiyyo check dis check dat, MC El my shit fat
Rockin off this bugged track, you say we're wack yo fuck dat
Word to life I kick the hyper type ? my rap'll gather
After, my skills master of the dip dapper
I hold the fort with my sorts, rap sports
I got niggaz on my dick, from down South to up North
Rhymes rip the hipper nigga, take a swigger
MC El the rigger of the fat style you can't figure
Rhymes out the ass you can't pass up
My rizzle dizzle dazzle, tears up the band like ?
I blows with my flows bust your nose kick the ass of pros
Who ain't, got the how-knows, to make the crowd go (HO!)
Out they see, complete my rap technique
Take up mad Chiefs, I go through 60 packs in a week
Attackin New Jeru, as I do my doo-dah
Shit everyday, peace to niggaz around my way
From Da Bricks, where every block it got mad crews
MC El Da Sensai with the attack of New Jeruz

Attack, of what? Attack of New Jeruzalum (2X)
"Check it, who wanna wreck it? I flows the next shit" (2X)

Well as I step up, my fuckin reps up, and snappin quicker
I'm slicker than a zipper, get more wet than Flipper
Got trunks and crates, full of P-Funk breaks
I'll take Bootsy make a loop and you get souped because I'm great
With the four bar sample, add a bass and kick
You're on my dick for my tricks, when I fix the remix
I twist this disc with emphasis, since
Dead presidents took residence, from dollars and cents
I got pull like Magneto rollin cee-lo with steel dice
My black book make, more people petrol than Heidi Floess
I'm nice on mic jacks, and murder to a dub deck
The Knotty Headed ruffneck, Tame don't give a fuck yet
I jump up the funk to smoke the blunt that's like a tree trunk
I get blitt, to rip shit, still piss and call MC's punks
My knotty throwin body blows like ?
The trooper's gettin zooted off the funky herbal buddha
Don't test me, press or even stress to try to serve me
Cause I'm down and dirty from the undergrounds of Jersey
Word to Fats daddy cause I'm fatter than your Timberlands
Ladies and gentlemen, Tame got more balls than Wimbledon
So step up and get your fronts cracked
By the blunt crackin rapper, and get your bitch before I smack her

Attack, of what? Attack of New Jeruzalum (4X)
"Check it, who wanna wreck it? I flows the next shit" (4X)

(Ehh heh eh, a special guest at my show)

The J the A the Y the B the U the R the N
Watch your back look over your shoulder, I'm bout to roll you over
With a bulldozer, get on the CB one rover
Cause I pulve-rize a, MC cause I'm nicer
Click click click, I hunt MC's like I'm the Predator
Don't think it's ? cause I kill like I'm a matador
Lyrics bust through my lips just like I sing a song

Jay got more flavor, than goya, adobo
I'm wreckin CD's and tapes, with "That's Them" logo
Keeps you jumpin like a pogo chicks are dancin doin a go-go
I got the killer instinct, make MC's extinct
Pep more than ginseng, always mad testing
Forwards I rrrrrrrrrrrrip, backwards I pirrrrrrrrrr
Fester, I keep the stage warmer than furrrrrr
No way to control it, my style is automatic
Many MC system shut down when your gun comes around
Plus I roll more chicks in stirrups, than Lou Diamond Phillips
Makin grills swell up, ??
I step up in a violent rage the five-oh says damn
Jay B's gonna give your black ass a new cage
Blacked out, with the Artifacts, I kick the nonstop rap
MC El and Tame One got my back
In the attack, of what? Attack of New Jeruzalem

Attack, of what? Attack of New Jeruzalum (4X)
"Soul in my strut, muscle in my hustle" (4X)