

Collaboration Of Mics

Artifacts

And ya don't stop! (3X)

"This ain't a blast from the past, it's a boomer from the future" - E. Serron

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Yo, pitchin the mission itchin for niggaz to mention
These rhymes don't catch attention incidental composition
But alas I kick that, pro rap, boogie for the rookies
Who can't adapt fully, basically that shit be bull, see

Ya see this track be pullin me like gravitation
Collaboration with the Artifacts, bustin on this Lord Finesse creation
Causin heart attacks and palpatations
Amalgamation like steel, we calibratin mics to keep it real

I feel blessed by Finesse and Lord Jamar, sess my interest
Is invested in, testin men like lab specimens
My daily regiment of elemental babble
Keeps MC's rattled, I'm breakin my words up like Scrabble

Not the type to try to ever diss, lyrically, clearly, the cleverest
Don't front, we blow your spot like the terrorist
We do our thing and stand strong like Mt. Everest
The 'Facts, Lord Jamar, Finesse bringin terror kids

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The new procedure is to keep a straight face like Mona Lisa
When we beat you with the speech
We break down and decipher the rap codes in any zip code
Now watch us flip the mode like our shit went gold
Bar playin stars get scarred and left salty
By the terror with more L's than Laverne loose in Milwaukee
Good son like McCully, caulkin stalkin and walkin
I express best when smokin sess with a good Walkman

I'm breakin rappers into pieces, the Black Jesus
Attack your system like diseases lyrics for the ninety-six releases
Find me in the mix, where the trees is
Puffin L's in threes, tryin to make G's kid
Studyin degrees, livin lovely with my universal family
Rollin in the MPV, makin beats on the MPC
Understand and add, triple cipher
Niggaz be crippled without some weed and a lighter

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Uhh, check it

It's the grand hitter, that's stands bigger in your transistor
That's historical like your late great ancestor
Ain't no hurtin me, certainly, personally
This verse'll be, the hottest shit out since Mercury
Check it, I deserve respect child because I project styles
More mysterious than the X Files
I can build and expand on it
Some got 'Five on It', fuck it, I got a hundred grand on it

Really y'all niggaz feel me when we step on the spot
Lyrics on cock, stroke and pop, open crews that's hopin
That the punishment ceases MC with masterpieces
Out to burn so learn, and check this fat thesis
X's and O's diagrams shit to flow
Cram expertise the bro, nigga from the East so
As we start to shine, brothers get the dick
Lyrical spit for crews who can't fuck with it

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