

Artifacts, check around my f\*\*kin BLOCK, I X-Men like Cyclops  
When I lift my shades up, my eyes blaze Ghetto Red Hot  
But as is, my ad-libs, are more wicked than bad kids  
Ask Biz if Tame leaves marks like a shit skid  
It's the Mister, on a mission mixer of the rougher  
Mix the snuff that get you up ? but no style is tougher  
I dismiss crews, I bruise, snooze ya losin  
Groovin provin I can do in men who went out smoother  
Artifact chart, my rap gat starts to battle  
Tracks be fat so who dat? Nigga I be through black  
I get biz on bitches, puff izz with my cousins  
Tame shit so wild, honies roll they eyes like Teddy Ruxpin  
I hit mad skins, then roll up bills on the reals  
My skills mad ill, but chill kid, everything's real  
From naps up top, down to the wrinkles in my Reeboks  
I'm up late like Leno playin demos from my toolbox  
My crew rocks, two blocks away from the buddha spot  
I'm out but don't get it f\*\*ked up, cause I wsnt you to rock  
I come from the slums of New Jeruz I do bums  
Who can't adapt no haps son, you know I close on caption  
You know this, boss niggaz like Lex to Mr. Otis  
You can't hold this BITCH I'm swift like a lotus

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Well it's the wiseguy, who never did a driveby  
But I fly zones, and shine like chrome, on 7:35  
I, play my Hi-Fi, volume up sky high  
Talkin buddha thai, don't bother tryin to fascinate my eye  
I got 20/20 like Baba Wawa on a Friday  
Buy my tape, so I can put a Cruiser in my driveway  
Say hi Tame, pass the dutch so I can take a puff  
Of Born Cypher Cypher Master, I never get enough  
No curls, no braids, peasy heads still get paid  
Smokin sassy-frassy, that grows free, in the Everglades  
And get lit, trip up on the phone and talk some sex shit  
But that's some next shit, yo peace I'm out to the exit  
It's the funky Mister Ripper split your ass  
Quick-fast, you never outlast the outcast  
I'm stompin weak-ass niggaz, so ready let's go  
I gas up a skit, I got the snaps on the petrol  
I'm never fake I break the funk breaks I'm breakin  
MC El create the styles that brothers ain't makin  
To go past the end I run you over like a semi  
Remember I be the guy, who's f\*\*kin up your shit I,  
Be the one to call myself def in any program  
Scan my battleplan before I step into a jam  
I cross the major diction when fixed I'm a rap magician  
You keep fishin for rhythms while I'm puffin on the ism  
A Ford Explore, the rap tour, comin through ya door  
One two three PEACE, I'm out for ninety-four

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