

Skwad Training

Artifacts

As we embark, on Boom Skwad blunt rolling technique, 314 (one two)
For those of you needing a reference (yeah)
Please turn your textbooks to page four (whoa)
As you will notice the diagram above you
Please follow it's instructions to a T
(Mmm-hmm, fuck the rest)
Do not make an error
For those of you needing further reference
You may, purchase the Redman album, the first one
Listen to the song "How to Roll a Blunt"
But until then, you shall learn (I'm high)

I use my Colt 45 to shoot down your Olde English
By the time that I'm finished I peel the caps off six Guinness
Skwad Training helps me to peep a sucker's weakness, like
Telling your secrets, or kicking it to your freakses
You couldn't go there with directions
I make crews break out like skin infections from my rap lethal injections
(Notty headed terror)
Hoes get caught up in my web like flies
One look at my red eyes, Tricks jump into backflips like Jedis
Black little rascal dissin dips at White Castle
Got love doctors baffled why bitches ride me like a saddle
(How does he do it?)
Is it live or Memorex when I be on deck
Loose from deuce deuces from the neck and then I jet
Et cetera, catch my rap and after that kick back
Competitors could rap, but they recycle like six-packs (robo-nigga)
Wack ain't the word for ya, nigga! I never heard of ya
So turn it down a notch or two or watch my crew murder ya

Yo hold the phone, tone niggas like That's raps are prone
To dissassemble members only who think they're grown
See, we're from the Bricks where tricks hustle for dick
DKNY, MC's think they rhyme styles be fly, I
Bear witness, that, we bring the crispiness
Exquisite, prolific, the two that brew the gifted
Or uncanny, playschool the days who misbehave
Pray their handy, MC's wreckin' niggas with the dandy
Style so peep the tech, X be the brand called seb? and
These niggas from New Jerus is next on hand
Formulate rhymes, create lines, collaborate
With the DATs and mind state, that makes your braincells ache
Niggas get dissed in the cut, now they finished
Advantage to the victor all crews be diminished

You will continue rolling your blunts, in a counter-clockwise fashion
(wack MC's, they all get the dick)
Gripping it firmly, yet loosely at the ends, twist it
In a counter-clockwise motion
No cheating, no Easy Wide will be distributed
You will be based to rely your skills on pure instinct
(next up)

Tame One be rockin' on cloud nine with rhymes that flow frequent
Peep how when I speak I freak sequins
Henceforth I piss MC's off more often, I'm the boss

Hittin' my blunts dipped in secret sauce

B-ball treats, dance on treats like neats rapper that's fleet
Step on competition with my hollow tip cleats
Past the rumors, that, the Artifacts got lazy that's crazy
Makin' joints that make your thoughts hazy

Morocco Mole MC's can't see me with they specs on
Gassed up like Getti watch me blow spots like Exxon
I'm Unfuckwittable like Jamal and George Clinton
The Ex-West District politician like Gibson

Dissin' those who missin' blows, kick shit to program
A instrumental jammer by the mental blow's manner
Vicious, Delicious with the Vinyl fuck bitches
Who got dreams and wishes for niggas to feed 'em fine dishes

We sabotage your entourage with a barrage of lyrical cheap shots
At your weak spots, sleep not
This style spits on MC's like I do beatbox
In my size nine Reeboks, I'm Cummin' through Ya fuckin' BLock

MC's perish from the shit that we deliver
Giver of a script to play it like Frank Gifford
Fools with no tools get dealt with from the belt tip
Who else is higher from the first to get melted
Exactly, no match, niggas puttin' caps on my raps
Actually, broads ain't naturally, fit
Fakin' jax, blow styles on the map
Artifacts, bringin' back, that shit that niggas lack!

Time (Yeah, niggas don't know the time)
Put your blunts down
(So, if you want to roll with us and be down)
Those of you who have rolled your blunts correctly
(Check the sound y'all)
May pass on to a much higher state
Those of you who fucked up
Get an F in fetal blunt
(with the corruption, niggas be bust men)
For those ridiculous ass holes, and those ridiculous canoe
You got burnin
(Slim Jims)
You stay back
(fuckin' up in your shit in football and be -ball)
This is the Boom Skwad president signing off
(Fuck it, I just keep on and on and on)
May your blunts stay tight
(Wet it with the steelo', niggas know they below, status)
And your eyes red
(My fuckin' apparatus, be the baddest
Entertainin', niggas not remainin', into my sickness)
Good evening