

Wrong Side Of Da Tracks

Artifacts

I'm out to bomb like Vietnam under the same name Tame One
The bad one, ink flow master bastard with the Magnum
I tags up quick, and then I steps to the exit
When it's time to get sefted or flex on some fresh shit
Some wack crook stole my black book I know who took it
I know his whole tag because the fag writes his name crooked
The ink I use might stink, but you gotta think
I got my props Hoppes, cause my tags don't shrink
I'm taggin and baggin bitches cause my name, is famous in the s
treet
Cause they know my name's from cruising in the Jeeps
So yo, grab a can and put your man up and stand up
For the fresh never stale niggaz off the third rail
Deep dark and black like the Magnum I pack
It's that Artifacts chat from the wrong side of da tracks

The Artifacts are from the wrong, side of da tracks
The Artifacts are from the wrong side

I load my backpack with spray paint Girbaud couldn't spark the
Tagging up a train I catch the pound take a trip
To the train yards and think back, when I used to write that
Shit that used to hit, had all the mad color tips
Breakin was my thing I used to spin the back
I never thought I'd spin the wax, with tracks to make your hand
s clap
I could've went the other way but no haps
I got my dap on the map with the Bic down to a spray cap
Niggaz used to doubt to my clout but now I turn em out
They shout my shout out uptown, like they wanna be down
Avoid the crowds that wanna stab me in the back enough of that
Watch the third rail track, cause I don't wanna get zapped
Pieces I burn to show my name no shame
Don't wanna put the blame down on my nigga Tame
Brothers