

# 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)