

# 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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"Ya best to get your groove on, or get moved on" - Fat Joe  
And ya don't stop!

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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