

Heavy Ammunition

Artifacts

WHASSUP?!

"Heavy ammunition, so I don't have to dip, so.." -> E. Sermon

"Buck buck buck, rat-tat-tat I'm on a mission.." -> P. Rock
(repeat 3X)

"Heavy ammunition, so I don't have to dip, so.." -> E. Sermon

"Pack Pistol Posse, flow some more pro shit..." -> Redman

I pack a rap that's the joint and like to point the chrome at domes
Of MC's who need to be smoked up, like homegrown
Ism I get bizm, with rhythm no bullshit
My best rhymes rank like a tec-9 with a full clip
I'm funky as hell, since I rock the twelve inch
And now fakes imitate the great like Elvis
Oh goodness gracious, oh golly gee wolly
I'm good googa booga good golly Miss Molly
I use a loaf of bread a pint of milk a stick of butter
To keep my weight up, to knock a sucker to the gutter
I empty my rhyme clip, and kick like a fat gat
El you got my back, so where's your black ass at?

I'll let loose to juice to freak the funk spunk no punk
I'm doin the funky chicken as I'm kickin like a Shaolin monk
MC El Da Sensai with another one to bash ya
Lyric master, blastet, kick my skit faster
Best in my section, I'm fresher check the lesson
Progress is progressin as I'm buildin on my section
Hyperactive raps are gettin super static
With the rap erratical acrobatical mass combatical
So, move over cause the style that's rippin
Is comin from the grand man that is not slippin
But I'm trippin, kick the comp romp stomp and pomp
Cause my style is flyer Renaldo Neidermeyer
Hip hip hoorah, check it out one two the
Thing that I swing I won't front..
Yo, I got the lyrical ammunition to your chest
So nigga don't test, cause my mouth is the tec
Kid, I kick the I'll skill yo, did you listen
I bust caps with raps, packin heavy ammunition

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Ya gotta excuse me, I was just scheamin on a cutie
And I knew it was my duty cause the honey had a booty
I up jumped the boogie to the boogie the beat
Cause I'm a hellafied nigga, you can call me T.D.
The black Lil' Raskal, with loot like Waldo
I make Oprah rhyme by throwin chairs at Geraldo
Rivera, I joke around like, Hanna Barbera
But mirror mirror, Tame is a terror
My hair got the knots, my name got the props
I'm the coach of a rap note cause I call the shots
Tamedy Tamedy, I'm showin the mad me
Damn style flam and T why? We ain't family
Keep that real, I smoke buddha and pack steel

Check the rap deck, cause this is the last deal
Good God, baby pah, give it to me check it
BRARABRARABBAHHH bust it, BRARAHRAHABA wreck it

Comin back, to cap, two with the fat rapture
Intact to Tic-Tac, my style you can't catch-a
Why? Let's see, I'm not ordinary
Kind of impossible, unstoppable, brothers pop a lot of bull..
..skip to my loo, I'm never ever to do
Hot tamale oh golly I'm wicked with the folly
All types of sneakers fo' the freaker of the speaker
Bass for the bottoms and the highs for the tweeters
Sample from The Meters, check it how I speak the
Words pound for pound, f**k ten ounces and the liters
I won't sniff Blow, even if you said his name was Kurtis
My style can go through changes, from Latin down to Turkish
So keep slippin cause that ass I'll be kickin
El Da Sensai, with the heavy ammunition

"Heavy ammunition, so I don't have to dip, so.." -> E. Sermon

"Buck buck buck, rat-tat-tat I'm on a mission.." -> P. Rock

(repeat 8X)

YEAH! Aight??