

## It's Gettin' Hot

## Artifacts

What do we have here...

It's gettin hot yo, it's gettin hot  
Mr. Walt, Beatminerz, Evil Dee... yo

Who wants to see how we be the dooper analyst  
Antagonist with scripts, be from the Bricks perfect  
There's no denying that you're spying -- trying to see the graph  
But you're knowing that can't f\*\*k with the mathe-matcian  
When I rip and tip-in rebounds with mounds of work  
Jerks get down, cause they know we hurt the sound  
So ease as I please these OG's with seeds that  
Be fat, need that, Artifacts CD black

My theoretical medical rhetoric is terrible, but bearable  
Instead of sheddin wool, I'm takin sedatives  
MC repetatives, think they competitive  
But I'm the Exodus, of executing  
All of my et ceteras, my Book of Revelations  
Speak of hesitation, but I got the longest lines  
In Newark since Club Sensations  
Haitians, request me on the station like I'm Lauryn  
But if I ain't touring there ain't no rapper on the street scorin  
(word up) and that's word to my moms

It's gettin hot -- it's gettin hot MC's y'all know the steez  
The rap game is gettin hot, consumers on they knees  
Please, y'all know the steez  
The rap game is gettin hot, consumers on they knees  
It's gettin hot -- MC's, yo, y'all know the steez  
The rap game is gettin hot, consumers on they knees  
Peace, y'all know the steez  
The rap game is gettin hot consumers on the knees

Ac-tual, natural blends that tend  
To leave MC's stagnated, rated number ten  
In all secret wars when we on tour for  
Now and forever rockin shit for your pleasure

It's the secret agent (double oh seven) mental patient  
Smokin blunts for information  
But you can catch me at the dugout, eatin kennel rations  
Rap innovations, causin confrontations  
And I got some fast assed styles, so go and chase one  
Hah, you lose from takeoff, so break off your shake off  
Cause here comes the payoff, for Ferris on his Day Off  
Hieroglyphic, mystic, misfit rips shit, toxic Mr. Rock  
Bugs Bunny who outfoxes, all of the blunted gun runners  
The small Wonder like Vicki  
Bustin lyrical nuts and gettin sticky

For much we lust, it be us, A-R-T  
f\*\*kin smash parties, niggaz win, hardly  
Smartly, advance no chance my lyrics prance upon the tracks  
Snap on, motherf\*\*kers who can't catch on  
To my, do or die, stature bound to catch ya  
Those who try and match the, master not an actor, poseur  
Wet with rap caliber, challengers

Wonder how I handle the, dates on my calendar  
Using, verbal assault to insult  
Those who wish to diss the first born is catchin fault  
Self taught, not many can say that  
So put the needle to the groove and listen to real rap  
So I'ma come to a close, it be the pros, y'all know the steez  
The rap game is gettin hot, consumers on they knees