

Lower Da Boom

Artifacts

A lot of cats put down grass man
Like uh, uhh.. because they say things about it
Like it makes you, lose your memory and all that
Well I just wanna say that uhh, uhh..
I forget where I was man
("Ohh-h OK cut, Freddy, Freddy stop..")

Boom Skwad in the house

I lower da boom when I do the cypher dance
With naps and saggy pants as I romance the plants
I take puffs on stuff, rough enough to give a buzz
To my 'cause, even though he don't touch the stuff
See this blunt in my front, some say might stink
But yo the skunk helps me think
I'm a boom smoker joker with the knack because I'm gifted
Some say misfit, but f**k it let's get lifted
I get a box of 50, get nifty with a spliff G
And tick tackle new jacks who tried to diss me
I walk through the rain for dimes at the sess spot
Not hot with cops, cause I'd hate to get popped
I'm a terror to a trey bag, son you'll soon see
But I gots to get, higher, lower the boom G

Lower da boom, you got to lower da boom
Where the brothers puff the ism and the smoke clouds the room
Spark that blunt, represent don't front
We got what you want, it's the indo funk

inhaling Ahh, I just catch the fumes
I consume, bend the room, with the ? tune
Spark another L for the cypher
Sit back and light the, five inch adventure that's alrighta
Lower the boom, for the sess bags thicker
One's a flight to Phillie, while the other one's the liquor
Off to the weed spot, the bags better be fat
Or else you catch the speed knot, and holmes you don't need that
Spark the indo or the L, sniff the weed
But I never get splits mista cause Tame's been hip ta
The baby of the blunts, so I'm down to catch the contact
Here's the rap chat, it's a fact that I react
Smooth from the boom consumed a zoom zoom a zoomin
MC El the leaner cleaner thoughts dials tune-in
Into, the matter roll the blunt bunt batter
Pass the shit quick, don't flip, with the chit chatter
I never puckered once, my lungs got jammed
My man said it wouldn't kill, but I choke, god damn
The sess starts to cloud the room
The Artifacts, commences ta, lower the boom

Ohh I hope I live to see the day they make it legal
To all the people can't see what I'm smokin ain't evil
Stop callin me a pusher cause I take pulls and take tokes
Cut snakes, cut breaks, and I hate fake folks
So pass the cheeba senorita cause I need a
Fat f**kin Phillie just before I funk a freaker
Creatin from the milk crate with hooks and riffs

I can lift em, and shift em makin jams like this
With the blunt in my left hand and the Phillie in my pocket
MC El, at my right, with the mic so I can rock it
Sess makes my eyes red, but shades only cost three bills
In Hooterville, so I'm chill
See the bigger the blunt, is how I feel about my indo
Because my moms would never throw my shit out the window
I puff herb til noon, chill and watch cartoons
Yes once again, I lowered the boom

Are you weeded? Nope see, I'm doper for the session
Catchin wreck, check the tec, cause I'm sober for the sketch
If I'm caught smokin blunts, I catch a bad one from my clan see
I'm higher than a messiah so you know I'm handy dandy
Legalize it holmes cause the zone's gettin bigger
From the whites, to the Ricans, cause they learned it from the niggaz
So who's the first to kick it real, for the, cypher
Eight Phillies so you know you gots to pass the other lighter
Pass the incense gents, it smells out in the hall
My groupies think I'm stunnin cause I'm six feet tall
No need for the sheepa cheeba cleaner than, Beaver Cleaver
Though I'm down to pitch, with my skit like Tom Seaver
Either, or my jaw speak of true features
I must be, the freaker of this doper class teacher
So pass the Visine, so you can keep your eyes clean
Look to Looney Tunes, we lowered, the boom

Lower da boom..
Spark that blunt..
Lower da boom, ya got to lower da boom..
Spark that blunt, represent, don't front..

I just wanna say that ahh
A lot of you cats, that don't think, marijuana should be legalized
Well you're all f**ked ("Cut!!")