

# The Ultimate

## Artifacts

Transmitting live via satellite  
(uh, yeah... who we be) hah  
The one's two's (we be the next man, to get wreck and)  
To the three's, to the four's, to the five's, uhh

You know the time when we rock the spot  
Artifacts, New Jeruz, catch wreck and get the props  
You know the time when we rock the shit  
Tame One and MC El we be the ultimate

El Da Sensai, Tame One

We bring forth the swords in rap sports  
Niggaz play the bench for us, overtime if niggaz wanna shine  
Divine with the intricate shit, who wanna bring it  
To the table able now it's stable on the disc

The Heineken bottle catcher, drops ya, slasher  
Dat's the the bastard with the fastest ass capture  
No moonwalk, my tune's talk all by they f\*\*kin lonely  
Phone me home I'm in the middle like I'm Monie (E.T.)  
Love to do dubs on deck without a mic check  
Collect no checks (huh) but catch wreck on sets  
(Deuce deuce nigga! What? L.O.D. too)  
Deuce deuce is loose PPP represent see  
Def Squad, Boom Skwad, and Artifacts make three  
Like Dennis Scott droppin one for the wisdom  
Cause when I gets em, I'll be f\*\*kin up they system  
Or temperature cheer when I appear from the mist  
Priceless, ice-diss and never see another Christmas

You play Risk when you dealin with the New Jeruz two blitz  
Without the use of two clips, niggaz styles still be fluid (still)  
The cat, darer with the terror off hands (hah!)  
Without bands we rock spots in all lands (all lands)  
Nigs be playin and we stand for the substance  
Subject's the basement, MC's be patient  
Cause all that Russian/rushin save that shit for the dressing  
(Word up) BS we stand strong wack niggaz we addressin

Test me, the best be, checkin for my recipes (mmm)  
Mess with me and I'll be drainin all your f\*\*kin energy (boo-yaa!)  
Galactic tactics match wits I'm from the Bricks (yeah nigga)  
I used to catch a switch from any walk-by bitch (bitch!)  
But now I'm to the break like disc jocks, dis rock is hot  
Got props and plus bust shots for what I got (booyaka booyaka)  
Don't sniff shit but snot hops, you better watch your snotbox  
I'll diss you, then I'll clear the air like Scott tissue  
The issue got a barcode on funkmode  
So now I pack a trunkload of skunk, for the underground chumps  
(Hoo-wee!) Cause I bumps in any system, who dissed em?  
Watch me back them up from all the way from New Jeru  
To Manhattan (Manhattan) satin and silk, kill the best built  
I guess the milk was no good, so now I'm classified a true hood  
Check this nigga, live on Kodak tits  
Or bust a pimp, cause I'm not a boogaloo shrimp  
Tame One the Jesus and the Judas

Cause when I hit the buddhas, my problem's manifest is deep-rooted  
(yeah, that's it, wordup)

MC, universal no rehearsal on tap with rap so  
Magnificent sufficient all that tall facts  
From the six footer, in slang I be the gooder, goodest  
Best put to rest acts that's less  
Sub-regular wreckster, prefer tracks to measure  
Size up, MC's that need to wise up, f\*\*kin they lives up  
Urban survivalist, live with this, closed style (whassup)  
Tribalist, that gets, all up in your shit (That's Them, huh)  
(Yeah, all up in your shit)  
For all reasons, number one you're sleepin  
Speakin like a deacon catch the drops my props leakin  
(Praise the Lord) Seekin on the deep end, sinkin while I'm thinkin  
Of ways, to slay my competition without blinkin (hah!)  
The ink's on the sheet with rhymes that are unique  
Complete batter, astoundin feats yo it don't matter  
(Don't matter) Capi-talize, while I'm, categorized  
The G-L to the Tame to the O-N-E