

# This Is Da Way

## Artifacts

Hah! The former back of the classroom talk-trasher  
Blastin off at ya without help from NASA, has ta  
Blow a nigga's chest up like asthma  
With raptures and fresh ass raps from wack bastards  
West district politickin like Gibson  
Make a pick-up, and then escapes from New York like Snakeplitzkin  
With trees tied to the thighs of down shorties clearing Customs  
Ready to cuss and bust on any nigga f\*\*kin with production  
(This ain't my bag)  
Back in the Bricks tricks and kids dig the music as we dooz it  
(God damn yo!)  
And lose it, when we play niggaz the new shit  
(That's that shit!)  
Cross this T, watch me dot your eye  
Stay on your P's and Q's, niggaz I've mastered my high  
And when the snake bites and hype blinds your eyesight  
At last, the Artifacts, will bug and have the last laugh

We're comin through all studio sessions  
Bringin 40 motherf\*\*kers, pissin all over your conference tables

Like this right here  
Rhyme style criminal, with the lyrical missile  
Wack niggaz the issue bless, catchin wreck, to your chest  
Rock even Budapest, who the best, on the spot  
Blitzin niggaz wicked from the cornerback, slot for props  
MC's pop, but run up close into my strategy  
Task be, easily complete major catastrophe  
I be the rhymin holocaust, with the sauce to toss  
Those who fakin jacks in rappin know they fallin off  
Is it the way we lay the forte, display my caliber  
Slayin my challengers, used to be a dancer, now a flow, balancer  
Manufacture raptures, dip into my tricks  
Pullin out treats, and singles comin by the hits  
Shit done by Vic, units for the nine-six  
MC El the Sen, with Da Way Like This

We kickin over your crossaints  
Smackin your secretary up and kickin up that f\*\*kin computer  
We snatchin all the paper from fax machines  
And we stoppin distribution on your next release, HUH?

What makes you think that we can't start beef in a heartbeat  
Like car thieves with snatchers  
Givin rappers hot flashes for actions of our main access  
Knockin out you half-rockin-my-jocks on your asses, like Cassius  
But cautious, these dope rhymes'll leave you nauseous  
(Still niggaz sleep but umm, we still got the)

Picture perfect workin, expert that hurts it  
Anyone with the verse, that shit gets bursted  
Exploit the time, simplify tracks, I rap  
For brothers on the block and those who buy me off the rack  
Attack foes who slip up off the earth  
Jot down the plot as this MC, gets into that ass  
The bass thickens, while crews face their whippin  
Always on the low but, you'll never see me slippin