

To Ya Chest

Artifacts

?Sahara zombie?

Yeah

For all those affiliated

Yeah yeah

Word is bond my songs ain't wack, and any nigga
Who thinks that, they must can't rap, and can't get that
I got dues with receipts, peeps who make mad beats
So if you get souped, I add beef
Commander in Chief of the belief fonta leafs burn slower
The end knot mixin E&J with soda keeps me geeked up
So if you got weed then speak up
So I can twist up and leave you with that shit in tea cups
We bust the raps that matter, while you battle
Your own boys, just to check to see who's fatter
I put it together like McGyver, bombin your rhyme cypher
Helpin to represent funk like diapers
I'm one of them prime time rhymes without rotation
But I'm patient, cause Tame One don't owe no station nathan
I'd rather hide my tape collection like I'm Nixon
Watergate nine-six in effect, the deck's missin

Crews get taken out quick, who's the best
Tame and MC El bringin lyrics to ya chest, one two

One two, Artifacts, nine-six
My forms, patterns, some might think it's arrogant
I'm transparent, but with lyrics it's apparent
That I be the greater rhyme stater with the data
Saturn Sega, player, wack nigga hater
Instant flow, like five minute grits flips
To rock for the Jack's haps be on some other shit
Uncover skits like a private dick hits
From all different directions, chop you into sections
Like a jigsaw, shit be raw, rock for alla y'all tall
Raps, and brawls, touch all jaws
With the gall, foot in the mix like Hammer grammar forms
Check the track, flip the song Hits From the Bong, wrong
Side bumpin in your ride
Graffitism token ism gaggin off the lyrical jism
New Jersey native, creative with the sorts
B-boy wishin for battles check the injury reports
But there are no flaws in this rap lord's rest
Open wide niggaz, we bring it to ya chest