

Whayback

Artifacts

I calculate that eighty-five was the year
I first grabbed the pen, daydreamin of the cheers
Ahead from rockin shows, no Girbauds that sag
The windbreaker suits and backspins that was mad
I stress progress roll joints at my rest
til the ill wee hours, and I knew it was the best
I hit mad spots, many crews got dropped
While I was gettin props niggaz was dealin on the block
Stayin in crib on the weekends was Marley Marl
was freakin the cuts Mr. Magic was speakin
That's how I got my first taste, makin tapes
til the rhyme skill was great and my style would escalate
Practice made my perfect tactics
Now my dap gets clap, cause I'm the rap snap fanatic
But now in nine-trey I got the T-Ray track
And my trunks, my roots are growin styles from whayback

I flash back to fat Kangol hats, with plastic
Back when steppin on kicks in eighty-six got your ass kicked
Bombers and sheepskins, were common when I first started rhymin
Still I found time to go bombin
Me and my pals rocked Cazals with no glass
Dark flavored Clarks, Lee Denims off the ass
Back when Mr. Magic had it goin all the way on
the beat with BDP, added flavor like a crayon
Indeed MC's would represent with the skills
But now in ninety-three a lot of them can get the dillz
It seems like a little sumthin missin in the mix
But now I got a deal, so it's up to me to fix
When niggaz put me up on, with funky raps to cut on
Word is BOND, if I hear another wack rap song
I might snap and it's an actual fact
that I'ma kick it like that, cause this is strictly bout the whayback

Aww man damn, whayback, things was kinda fat
Had the Godfather knot, a Starter hat, things are kinda wack
now, packed up, my cardboard and stepped away
I didn't have a choice, the culture was slayed
B.D. had died, and things were dissapearin
The West coast was here and all these wack beats appearin
DJ's were breakin down record store doors
to get the Biz Dance and the Chante Moore's
Peace to Buck Four, Rocksteady on the floor
New York and Dynamic crews plus many more
Remember the time when you didn't pack a nine
Niggaz just came to hear some, funky ass rhymes
But all of that's over, cause brothers want to act up
No clubs to go to, they'll just pack rap up
That's how the media wants it to stop
So peep the verse and last showin of Graffiti Rock
So check it, the brothers want to wreck it
To get what's expected, cause hip-hop, should be respect
Gotta get it back, to get it on track
Artifacts kickin styles illy on the whayback
Like back when my Timberlands were only size sixes
I used to take pictures shootin spitballs at bitches
Cross New Jersey Transit just to see a rapper kick it

But now I ain't with it, cause niggaz just ain't worth the ticket
Shit man, I remember jams that were slammin
Gettin me and my man in, was harder than backgammon
DJ's would scratch back to back from boom baps
And rappers with real raps, could drop shit real fat
But now kid, as I recollect, rappers out who caught wreck
respected, just got stuck up in my tape deck
Real deal hip-hop, when Biz used to flip-flop
His fat ass, on stage'd do a dance, in busted Reeboks
Niggaz musta forgot, when real rhymes was hot
Cause now if you ain't gold, you ain't got no props
But fuck that, I'm above that, I don't play that
The Artifacts staff drops math about the whayback

"It's a demo.." "Back in back in the days"
"You gots to chill.." "Back in back in the days"
"South Bronx" "The Bri to The Bridge"
'South Bronx" "Back in back in the days"
"Jimbrowski..
that's what it is" "Back in back in the days"
"Like that y'all, it's like that y'all
It's like thatta that, it's like that y'all" (4X)