

Where Yo Skillz At

Artifacts

Artifacts be the best in this MC fest
Rest any intentions we here to mention we the fresh
Newark natives, Polo king bringin the zing
To your Walkman, check it how we talk and sing
Breakin that thing, lyrical jackin, mackin
All so-called cypher rappin niggaz I'm smackin
No tricks with fits inflict the hurt like Frank Thomas
To never make the wack jams, to my peers I promise
Atomic, yet, niggaz gonna have to respect
What we're bringin to the table check my dialect
Alphabeta, wetta, than your man who says he can
Take a whole block, we put that ass on lock and
Styles be groovy, fake niggaz can't fool me
Cause I'm a fly brown brother and you can't school me
Tools be, always sharpened for MC's that be startin
Up shit, and can't fuck with, this rap sargeant
Bluffin, talkin bout nothin, in fact
These crews be wack, so may I ask, where yo skillz at?

It's no doubt what I'm about bustin yo shit out with my lyrical
Smokin botanicals I be the man that makes the miracles
Invisible if need be, see me on TV and on CD
Smokin beadies in 3-D doin graffiti
My mechanical style, interlocks rocks and shocks
Cause I'm hot, X marks the spot like Sadat watch
I'm so tight with mine, nickel and dime rhymers
Are smokin one quarter pushin off the corner from foul line
Prime time teams rewind and can't find mine
They all left behind because my rhymes lack guidelines
Wings get pushed back from hairlines to asscracks
So check ASCAP, on Artifacts soundtracks
So act ill, I can peel a skill like fresh bills
Crack a rapper like a Phillis I smack more ass than Benny Hill
But chill a minute, I'm all up in it infinite potential
Newark, Jew Jersey resedential areas I turn to burial plots
For MC's, who don't believe what I conceive
Or leave a whole team speechless, gettin jives to Chucky Cheese
I'm like Jesus to the mic, write My Life out like Mary
I'm oh-Blige-d to J. any ghetto queen that's sanitary
Don't play me too close, you'll get roasted by the human torch
From Newark, I'm blowin up spots without tour support
I distort thoughts, with izm sticks and quarts
Laughin at rappers who come at me in soft packs like Newports
I walk that talk, get down and dirty like New York
That's why I'm still fat, beef kill that, nigga where yo skillz at?

But, back to the subject at hand
Peep my battle plan and I'll be forced to chop that hand
Off soft brothers yo they can't withstand
The pressure, prepare the stretcher and the Dristan
Cause in nine-six, these MC's can't miss
If you purchase this, then you see why brothers kinda pissed it's
The Mr. Flip Lipper always stayin dipped
Always talkin shit, always hittin hallways and shit

I play the parks after dark and spark L's until my head bust

And then bust, plus when I get dusted you'll get messed up
Rollin with razors neighbors hate me cause I'm famous
Tame is accurate back with battle raps fat like battleships
Constantly open like a hood rat that's smokin
Got bitches in Hoboken overdosin off my potions
Wet like oceans, my notebook looks atrocious
Be dissin vocal coaches I don't let them hit my roaches
I handle my Biz like Warner
Brothers be on the corner talkin gossip, hot cause they ain't got shit
Watch this... where yo skillz at nigga?