

## 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 Newport  
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?