

Who's This

Artifacts

Who's this? With the vocal pitch, I blitz
We be the top choice, moist, voice my script
Significant, different styles on instinct
Make sense, when rockin' rhymes over instruments
Known for the graf, although the crowd comes first
Activist, specialist, of the ultimate verse
All subjects correct, image is the key
If you want your peers respect show versatility
Type strange, how the whole sound is rearranged
Changed, so many players entered in the game
But not these two, we past dues, smash crews
You ask what's the task slash we bringin' the news
Dialogue, strong, not your average cabbage
Savage on the mic while other crews can't manage
Cause in these times the rhymes pay all things
Rent, bills plus your diamond pinky ring

Comin from the Bricks, all mics we rip
(Who's this? Kickin in your Benzi box crisp)
With the fat penmanship for the championship
(Who's this? Kickin in your Benzi box crisp)
Fat tracks, lyrics, New Jerus click
(who's this? Kickin in your Benzi box crisp)
We comin from the back with the ultimate blitz
(Who's this? Kickin in your Benzi box crisp)

Holy Moses, I'ma come down like drug doses
With a voltage, cause I'm ready to shock whoever's closest
Bold enough to dismiss tricks, up in the mix
With my rhyme skit, bad with the ad-libs behind it
Time it, the rapper's precionist, ain't no dissin' us
It's just, another rap attack for your to discuss
It's us, fresh in the flesh, up in your session
Wildin' out like sex without protection
Right before your eyes I'ma rise up and size up
The status of the rappers while I sit in the back, smokin' my cabbage
Managin', not to get involved with the petty
We ever ready, cuttin' comp like a machete
Not the one to glorify guns, I'd rather drop it on the one
And make the funds for my late night weed runs
Dumb dums, want to do bids and start they static
They better ease back like Craftmatic

Superficial rhymes on top for y'all to see
How we react on wax, DJ included exactly
Autographs in black books, dodgin' from the crooks
Recognize the stats, don't act for ill looks
But I keep a straight path like the subway stay
Underneath from deep in the depths of NJ

I be the one to get the job done, Tame One
Got funk like the Bop Gun, burnin' with the powers of a hot sun
Makin' my mark after dark like I'm a criminal
Break hard rocks to minerals like, ten star generals
Is it the way we slay the stages, that make these neighbors hate us
We fillin' up the pages with the game like Las Vegas
New Jersey native, ten minutes from the Money Makin

Stay rooted with the Buddha like Jamaicans