Cummin' Thru Ya Fuckin' Block

Artifacts

To the beat y'all

Make it funky
Make it funky
Make it funky
Make it funky
My nigga Tame
Makes it funky
My nigga El
Makes it funky
Redman
Makes it funky
Huh, check it out

I Ego Trip like Ultramag, sag my Girbauds I drag
Competition so listen and raise the white flag
Cause the instructor, of the New Jerz verse dusts
Another motherfucker I discover what no other brother
Can do, hard to handle and to, stamp
I play Tramp like Grace Jones in that movie Vamp
I'm fit to wreck shit, I dip into the skit
Spit lyrics exquisite, blitted as I hit it
I suppose I knows the ways of the pros
Bros be like, "Oh that nigga's got mad flows"
Creep'll keep it deep
I got a winning streak against ducks who suck
And didn't have the best defense
I make shit nice, defies with my device
And if I'm in a rap fight, you can catch a cap, right
Bust it, whassup what did ya ask me?
Crafty with my sassafrass P-Funk, thought been handy
Dandy Mayor Ave., back in the lab create my trap
Dibble dabble in the midst of the Artifact we have
Swiftness, I blitz, specific and you dig it
From N.J., the Notty Headed Terror and da Sensei

Pump! Pump! We're lickin off the mad shots
It's the Artifacts and Redman cummin thru ya fuckin block
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It's the Artifacts and Redman cummin thru ya fuckin!

Well I come live from the Artifact exhibit as a misfit
Larger than Jurassic Park I lick off like Wilson Pickett
Drama like a talk show I hit more cheese than nacho
Feelin Machu when I Pi on; a Coltrane like Roscoe
Hostile underground fossil, nigga bout to rock ya
So peep it how I freak it check the technique yeah I rock ya
I 'Glide' like Drex and "Blaze" a "Trail" like I was "Portland"
When I'll stressed, I still rock a vest like Ed Norton
The I'll king, taking all things cash, crash, and asses
Backstage passes, V.I.P. all access
I got the props pon cock, fuck the know-nots
Whose techniques are weaker than the graphics for the Gobots

I rock with raw steel like Sue Richards, when Rick smacks her
Up motherfuck that I got more funk than muskrats
With my hocus pocus I can fuck up where ya focus
With my left hook, dip right jab shuffle I can smoke ya
It don't matter, cause all my shit is fatter than the
Pads on MPC-60's, hit me you got five second to jet G
Straight from the Bricks, now back to the N.J
The Notty Headed Nigga and da motherfuckin Sensei

Hoooaaaahhh! One two, one two, one two
This is for Jersey, haha ahh, ah hah
One two, one two

I'm the black king, quick to grease my naps with Royal Crown
And aloe vera representin for the Notty Headed nigga era
However whatever my Posse Packs the Pistols
And my Skwad got the Boom, rid the room, get the bitches

The exact Artifact, who is that, you speak of
Leak my speakers, unique and freakin beats track in fact
I be dat, nigga who you look for, in your worst fears
Peace to my nigga Lord Sear and Samere
Display, niggas from N.J
Notty Headed Terror and da motherfuckin Sens3i

Pump! Pump! We're lickin off the mad shots
It's that Notty Headed Nigga cummin thru ya fuckin block
Pump! Pump! We're lickin off the mad shots
It's the Artifacts and Redman cummin thru ya fuckin block
Pump! Pump! We're lickin off the mad shots
Big up to Boom Skwad's cummin thru ya fuckin block
Pump! Pump! We're lickin off the mad shots
It's the Artifacts and Redman cummin thru ya fuckin block
Pump! Pump!
Booyaka
Pump! Pump!
Pump! Pump!
Pump! Pump!
Pump! Pump!
Pump! Pump!
Pump! Pump!
For nine-fo'
Pump! Pump!
Artifacts get dapped like that y'all

Jersey's in the fuckin house y'all
New York's live in the house y'all
Newark is live in the house y'all
E-O's live in the house y'all
Word is bond in the hizouse y'all
I'm in the motherfuckin hizouse y'all
So niggas get the fuckin balls y'all