

Flexi wit da Tech(nique)

Artifacts

I diss batty bwoys like Buju
Banton, rippin wan-tan destruction
Sag my pants to stop the suction plus it's quicker when I'm fuckin
Split Dutch Master faster; I puff izz that causes asthma, ask the
Sensei from NJ, quick to give up papes

Beef'll keep it street, defeat niggas who sleep
Or reap the concrete status, kick your ass with my apparatus
Those who, oppose this; split their shit like Moses
My written tabs is rippin fags and the whole bit

I murder mics and tape decks, so check it while I wrecks it
Far from junkies, keep it real because I'm hungry like the Bundy's ("Al! ")
Got more rumble than thunder, crumple chumps like they was paper
Eight for ki's, make G's, but One of Tame made these

Conjunction junction what's your function on the real
My mass appeal is real, I swim through beats like Navy Seals
Irregular, my style, suckers competitors who think they better
I knit my skit, like my Grandma's sweater
Nuts who want to inflict, harm against the charmer
Best to rest their case because I wear medieval armor
To protect, my subjects, my style's quite hard
Never could you copy cause my style's quite odd
Select the best concepts, context to rhyme text
Plus a twenty dollar bet, niggas flexi with da tech

"The tech's technique, cause he's a technician"
"One two, whatcha gonna do"

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I rip rhyme charts apart, I jump-start on the gunner
Arrest niggas like Honda from the under, never blunder wonder if
I get stiff, I'm bound to catch an L
Nah, never that I'm down with Tame, I'm MC El

Lately playin Hurricane G demos in my Walkman
I walk and I talk and read issues of The Source and
Check out the dreadlocks in Bedrock puffin indo
By the branch, like plants, and do the cypher dance
Then it's back to the set, to write raps about my eps
Takin tokes for the stress as I get flexi with da tech

Ah, I whip the lyrics up, like batter chatters on the verge
I sink all ships and watch you crabs submerge
In depths of the boat dooper ropes is to distort
All sorts of brothers abuse my styles I must abort
I do jobs like miles around the necks of the title
I win it hands down and pants down cause I'm vital

The tech, might you wanna get mad, now freak the plannin
Plus I flips it, skip the hand scans, I'm woozy when I'm splifted
Yeah still high, the ill fly, red-eye ripe dead eye semi
Automatic Artifact, with knaps causin heart attacks
To critics and honeydips, who jeered on my lyrics
And slept when I dropped that "Do You Wanna Hear It?"
Cause from sun-up to sundown, my eyes are red and rundown
I still smoke a pound if strong peeps hit the town
I'm flexible like every female Huxtable was fuckable
Impeccable, despicable, on point like a decimal
Point twice, the joint jumper, nicest with the mic device
Mighty like Isis, gimme boom I rips a crisis with the stress
(With the stress) unless I'm gettin flexi with da tech

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Shut up, you're talkin too loud, you're talkin too loud
Peace to the whole city of Newark