

# Heavy Ammunition

## Artifacts

WHASSUP?!

"Heavy ammunition, so I don't have to dip, so.." -> E. Sermon

"Buck buck buck, rat-tat-tat I'm on a mission.." -> P. Rock  
(repeat 3X)

"Heavy ammunition, so I don't have to dip, so.." -> E. Sermon

"Pack Pistol Posse, flow some more pro shit..." -> Redman

I pack a rap that's the joint and like to point the chrome at domes  
Of MC's who need to be smoked up, like homegrown  
Ism I get bizm, with rhythm no bullshit  
My best rhymes rank like a tec-9 with a full clip  
I'm funky as hell, since I rock the twelve inch  
And now fakes imitate the great like Elvis  
Oh goodness gracious, oh golly gee wolly  
I'm good googa booga good golly Miss Molly  
I use a loaf of bread a pint of milk a stick of butter  
To keep my weight up, to knock a sucker to the gutter  
I empty my rhyme clip, and kick like a fat gat  
El you got my back, so where's your black ass at?

I'll let loose to juice to freak the funk spunk no punk  
I'm doin the funky chicken as I'm kickin like a Shaolin monk  
MC El Da Sensai with another one to bash ya  
Lyric master, blastet, kick my skit faster  
Best in my section, I'm fresher check the lesson  
Progress is progressin as I'm buildin on my section  
Hyperactive raps are gettin super static  
With the rap erratical acrobatical mass combatical  
So, move over cause the style that's rippin  
Is comin from the grand man that is not slippin  
But I'm trippin, kick the comp romp stomp and pomp  
Cause my style is flyer Renaldo Neidermeyer  
Hip hip hoorah, check it out one two the  
Thing that I swing I won't front..  
Yo, I got the lyrical ammunition to your chest  
So nigga don't test, cause my mouth is the tec  
Kid, I kick the I'll skill yo, did you listen  
I bust caps with raps, packin heavy ammunition

"Heavy ammunition, so I don't have to dip, so.." -> E. Sermon

"Buck buck buck, rat-tat-tat I'm on a mission.." -> P. Rock

Ya gotta excuse me, I was just scheamin on a cutie  
And I knew it was my duty cause the honey had a booty  
I up jumped the boogie to the boogie the beat  
Cause I'm a hellafied nigga, you can call me T.D.  
The black Lil' Raskal, with loot like Waldo  
I make Oprah rhyme by throwin chairs at Geraldo  
Rivera, I joke around like, Hanna Barbera  
But mirror mirror, Tame is a terror  
My hair got the knots, my name got the props  
I'm the coach of a rap note cause I call the shots  
Tamedy Tamedy, I'm showin the mad me  
Damn style flam and T why? We ain't family  
Keep that real, I smoke buddha and pack steel

Check the rap deck, cause this is the last deal  
Good God, baby pah, give it to me check it  
BRARABRARABBAHHH bust it, BRARAHRAHABA wreck it

Comin back, to cap, two with the fat rapture  
Intact to Tic-Tac, my style you can't catch-a  
Why? Let's see, I'm not ordinary  
Kind of impossible, unstoppable, brothers pop a lot of bull..  
..skip to my loo, I'm never ever to do  
Hot tamale oh golly I'm wicked with the folly  
All types of sneakers fo' the freaker of the speaker  
Bass for the bottoms and the highs for the tweeters  
Sample from The Meters, check it how I speak the  
Words pound for pound, f\*\*k ten ounces and the liters  
I won't sniff Blow, even if you said his name was Kurtis  
My style can go through changes, from Latin down to Turkish  
So keep slippin cause that ass I'll be kickin  
El Da Sensai, with the heavy ammunition

"Heavy ammunition, so I don't have to dip, so.." -> E. Sermon

"Buck buck buck, rat-tat-tat I'm on a mission.." -> P. Rock

(repeat 8X)

YEAH! Aight??