

It's Gettin' Hot

Artifacts

What do we have here...

It's gettin hot yo, it's gettin hot
Mr. Walt, Beatminerz, Evil Dee... yo

Who wants to see how we be the doper analyst
Antagonist with scripts, be from the Bricks perfect
There's no denying that you're spying -- trying to see the graph
But you're knowing that can't f**k with the mathe-matcian
When I rip and tip-in rebounds with mounds of work
Jerks get down, cause they know we hurt the sound
So ease as I please these OG's with seeds that
Be fat, need that, Artifacts CD black

My theoretical medical rhetoric is terrible, but bearable
Instead of sheddin wool, I'm takin sedatives
MC repetatives, think they competetive
But I'm the Exodus, of executing
All of my et ceteras, my Book of Revelations
Speak of hesitation, but I got the longest lines
In Newark since Club Sensations
Haitians, request me on the station like I'm Lauryn
But if I ain't touring there ain't no rapper on the street scorin
(word up) and that's word to my moms

It's gettin hot -- it's gettin hot MC's y'all know the steez
The rap game is gettin hot, consumers on they knees
Please, y'all know the steez
The rap game is gettin hot, consumers on they knees
It's gettin hot -- MC's, yo, y'all know the steez
The rap game is gettin hot, consumers on they knees
Peace, y'all know the steez
The rap game is gettin hot consumers on the knees

Ac-tual, natural blends that tend
To leave MC's stagnated, rated number ten
In all secret wars when we on tour for
Now and forever rockin shit for your pleasure

It's the secret agent (double oh seven) mental patient
Smokin blunts for information
But you can catch me at the dugout, eatin kennel rations
Rap innovations, causin confrontations
And I got some fast assed styles, so go and chase one
Hah, you lose from takeoff, so break off your shake off
Cause here comes the payoff, for Ferris on his Day Off
Hieroglyphic, mystic, misfit rips shit, toxic Mr. Rock
Bugs Bunny who outfoxes, all of the blunted gun runners
The small Wonder like Vicki
Bustin lyrical nuts and gettin sticky

For much we lust, it be us, A-R-T
f**kin smash parties, niggaz win, hardly
Smartly, advance no chance my lyrics prance upon the tracks
Snap on, motherf**kers who can't catch on
To my, do or die, stature bound to catch ya
Those who try and match the, master not an actor, poseur
Wet with rap caliber, challengers

Wonder how I handle the, dates on my calendar
Using, verbal assault to insult
Those who wish to diss the first born is catchin fault
Self taught, not many can say that
So put the needle to the groove and listen to real rap
So I'ma come to a close, it be the pros, y'all know the steez
The rap game is gettin hot, consumers on they knees