

Return to da Wrongside

Artifacts

I was out to bomb like Vietnam, but in this rhyme, I'm the prime suspect
Handcuffed for stuff that I ain't hit yet
It seems the neighborhood block watch got open like a box top
Wanted they're props and called up the cops
While Momma Dukes is in the kitchen flippin
Trippin cause spray caps is missin and I left without permission
I got bagged with the darkest black marker I had
An easy target cause my tag is on my bookbag
As I was shadowed they musta heard the bag rattle
Tipped the cops off, and ran up, before I popped the top off
Got interrogated bout crews I never heard of
Got my face wrote on, and treated like I did a murder
Heard sermons, on property value and city workshops
Slapped with a fine, now in my record there's a new notch
The misdemeanor catcher comin back at cha
For the long ride, as we return to the wrongside

Out to burn, rackin paints by the sack to provide
Tracks as we return to the wrongside
Art programs and more hip-hop jams, must arrive
As we return to the wrongside
More better styles and wack writers step aside
Aerosol ride, as we return to the wrongside
Newark, New Jers - Brick City we reside
Big up, to BS, as we return to the wrongside

Once more, we have in store graffiti folklore
In depth to score points, what this joint for?
All graffiti writers, we bring justice, to this
Art we take to heart but they missed
The actual Facts, paint with fat caps, artistic
Gestures, flat or gloss be the texture
If you measure the amount or count TV, shows on graf
Galleries, droppin all the skill calories
They crackin down to make us back down
But we still wreckin, who remember King 67?
Peace to Insta, buildin a mad tag in December
Protective shell los for the winter
Get in the subject, on how they say we suspects
Harass me for a marker, there he goes with a Tec
Blind to see wreck, cause they ignorant to check
The true art so, they pass laws just to catch
Certain writers, most bite us anyway
L-S-B-S, L-T-D is on the path subway
Try to bring an understanding, respect we're demanding
Wrongside tales, we never fail with the plannin

Fatter jams on the air must arrive
The weak can't slide as we return to the wrongside
More joints on tape, less compromise
Better in size as we return to the wrongside

Toys bite my tags, throwups, and old pieces
Thowin crews up, they can't be down with, and catchin beatings
Me and my crew stay close-knit
Make niggaz say 'Oh shit!' about our dope shit, takin cities in doses
With a tag here and a tag there next year

It'll be everywhere, catch me if you dare
It's rare for me not to have a marker after dark
Cause I've been in this to win this since niggaz used to say spark

Yo, I got the black book designers and the bag
Make sure I got the uni for the on tour tag
Saying that we cause mad terror in the city
Kids ain't got shit so, we feels no pity
On any surface, hurtin it, experts in it
Create with the Krylon, crafts be fantastic

Artistic misfits, gifted wicked with the sketchbook
And the paint, maintainin the status top rank
With ink stained hands, I masterpiece master plans
With cans we came across diss some toys who crossed me off
Lost in my thought, I can walk a mile on style it's
Been a while but I keep mechanicals on file
For every new jack, and non-believer not knowin my background
From jump, sleepin cause they only see me with blunts
My ghetto cartoons just express how I feel
Representin my culture, and not off it is the deal
I'm so I'll with skill and I'm still up to par
Not your everyday rap star, just who we are
Like conquering lions, we do our things with strong pride
For the long ride, tellin tales from the wrongside

KRS keeps the stage show live
Sharper than knives, as we return from the wrongside
PNB Nation, no hesitation
Blazin, as we return from the wrongside
Peeps sleep, while these brothers coincide
Keep in stride, as we return from the wrongside
Comp hide, toy niggaz take a dive
Kickin skills live, as we return from the wrongside

Uhh, it's like that
Layin shit down on the map
Artifact crew, in the house
Like this like that, so whatchu want?

For the who? You know the crew...
Shawn J

Crossin out all y'all wack rappin ass motherf**kers