

## Who's This

## Artifacts

Who's this? With the vocal pitch, I blitz  
We be the top choice, moist, voice my script  
Significant, different styles on instinct  
Make sense, when rockin' rhymes over instruments  
Known for the graf, although the crowd comes first  
Activist, specialist, of the ultimate verse  
All subjects correct, image is the key  
If you want your peers respect show versatility  
Type strange, how the whole sound is rearranged  
Changed, so many players entered in the game  
But not these two, we past dues, smash crews  
You ask what's the task slash we bringin' the news  
Dialogue, strong, not your average cabbage  
Savage on the mic while other crews can't manage  
Cause in these times the rhymes pay all things  
Rent, bills plus your diamond pinky ring

Comin from the Bricks, all mics we rip  
(Who's this? Kickin in your Benzi box crisp)  
With the fat penmanship for the championship  
(Who's this? Kickin in your Benzi box crisp)  
Fat tracks, lyrics, New Jerus click  
(who's this? Kickin in your Benzi box crisp)  
We comin from the back with the ultimate blitz  
(Who's this? Kickin in your Benzi box crisp)

Holy Moses, I'ma come down like drug doses  
With a voltage, cause I'm ready to shock whoever's closest  
Bold enough to dismiss tricks, up in the mix  
With my rhyme skit, bad with the ad-libs behind it  
Time it, the rapper's precionist, ain't no dissin' us  
It's just, another rap attack for your to discuss  
It's us, fresh in the flesh, up in your session  
Wildin' out like sex without protection  
Right before your eyes I'ma rise up and size up  
The status of the rappers while I sit in the back, smokin' my cabbage  
Managin', not to get involved with the petty  
We ever ready, cuttin' comp like a machete  
Not the one to glorify guns, I'd rather drop it on the one  
And make the funds for my late night weed runs  
Dumb dums, want to do bids and start they static  
They better ease back like Craftmatic

Superficial rhymes on top for y'all to see  
How we react on wax, DJ included exactly  
Autographs in black books, dodgin' from the crooks  
Recognize the stats, don't act for ill looks  
But I keep a straight path like the subway stay  
Underneath from deep in the depths of NJ

I be the one to get the job done, Tame One  
Got funk like the Bop Gun, burnin' with the powers of a hot sun  
Makin' my mark after dark like I'm a criminal  
Break hard rocks to minerals like, ten star generals  
Is it the way we slay the stages, that make these neighbors hate us  
We fillin' up the pages with the game like Las Vegas  
New Jersey native, ten minutes from the Money Makin

Stay rooted with the Buddha like Jamaicans