The Ultimate

The Artifacts

Transmitting live via satellite
(uh, yeah... who we be) hah
The one's two's (we be the next man, to get wreck and)
to the three's, to the four's, to the five's, uhh[Intro/Chorus:]You know the time when we rock the spot
Artifacts, New Jeruz, catch wreck and get the props
You know the time when we rock the shit
Tame One and MC El we be the ultimate[Verse One: El Da Sensai, Tame One]We bring forth the swords in rap sports
Niggaz play the bench for us, overtime if niggaz wanna shine
Divine with the intricate shit, who wanna bring it
to the table able now it's stable on the discThe Heineken bottle catcher, drops ya, slasher
Dat's the the bastard with the fastest ass capture
No moonwalk, my tune's talk all by they fuckin lonely
Phone me home I'm in the middle like I'm Monie (E.T.)
Love to do dubs on deck without a mic check
Collect no checks (huh) but catch wreck on sets
(Deuce deuce nigga! What? L.O.D. too)
Deuce deuce is loose PPP represent see
Def Squad, Boom Skwad, and Artifacts make three
like Dennis Scott droppin one for the wisdom
Cause when I gets em, I'll be fuckin up they system
or temperature cheer when I appear from the mist
priceless, ice-diss and never see another ChristmasYou play Risk when you dealin with the New Jeruz two blitz
Without the use of two clips, niggaz styles still be fluid (still)
The cat, darer with the terror off hands (hah!)
Without bands we rock spots in all lands (all lands)
Nigs be playin and we stand for the susbtance
subject's the basement, MC's be patient
Cause all that Russian/rushin save that shit for the dressing
(Word up) BS we stand strong wack niggaz we addressin[Chorus: repeat 2X][Verse Two: Tame One]Test me, the best be, checkin for my recipes (mmm)
Mess with me and I'll be drainin all your fuckin energy (boo-yaa!)
Galactic tactics match wits I'm from the Bricks (yeah nigga)
I used to catch a switch from any walk-by bitch (bitch!)
But now I'm to the break like disc jocks, dis rock is hot
got props and plus bust shots for what I got (booyaka booyaka)
Don't sniff shit but snot hops, you better watch your snotbox
I'll diss you, then I'll clear the air like Scott tissue
The issue got a barcode on funkmode

So now I pack a trunkload of skunk, for the underground chumps
(Hoo-wee!) Cause I bumps in any system, who dissed em?
Watch me back them up from all the way from New Jeru
to Manhattan (Manhattan) satin and silk, kill the best built
I guess the milk was no good, so now I'm classified a true hood
Check this nigga, live on Kodak tits
or bust a pimp, cause I'm not a boogaloo shrimp
Tame One the Jesus and the Judas
Cause when I hit the buddhas, my problem's manifest is deep-rooted
(yeah, that's it, wordup)[Chorus: repeat 2X][Verse Three: El Da Sensai]MC, universal no rehearsal on tap with rap so
magnificent sufficient all that tall facts
from the six footer, in slang I be the gooder, goodest
Best put to rest acts that's less
Sub-regular wreckster, prefer tracks to measure
Size up, MC's that need to wise up, fuckin they lives up
Urban survivalist, live with this, closed style (whassup)
tribalist, that gets, all up in your shit (That's Them, huh)
(Yeah, all up in your shit)
For all reasons, number one you're sleepin
Speakin like a deacon catch the drops my props leakin
(Praise the Lord) Seekin on the deep end, sinkin while I'm thinkin
of ways, to slay my competition without blinkin (hah!)
The ink's on the sheet with rhymes that are unique
complete batter, astoundin feats yo it don't matter
(Don't matter) Capi-talize, while I'm, categorized
The G-L to the Tame to the O-N-E[Chorus: repeat 4X]

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