C'Mon Wit Da Git Down

Artifacts

Intro/Chorus:

c'mon wit da c'mon, git down wit da git down (4X)

Verse One: El Da Sensai

c'mon and get down with that Artifacts sound
Where kids get wreck and, the beat's bound to pound
We're strollin through the industry be, see we gotta be
the next shit that kicks, cause brothers ain't got it
In this rap shit, ain't no time for the dilly-dally
pally throw a match in the Gasoline Alley
Blew up mad spots, kids were jealous for the props
See the shit never stops Hobbes, just lookin for my dillz-knot
Styles we make, never fake, broke breaks in every crate
Old freestyles and dirty ass copied-over tapes
Notified that, the Artifacts never slack
While crews is on stage wack, we just play the back
Now, the flip tripper ripper slits ya wit da mixture
All crews, who never paid dues, watch it 'fore I get ya
Cause nowadays, it's da ways, of the underground
but they're wack now, so c'mon wit da git down

Chorus

Verse Two: Tame One

You know the stacks, if not, then ask some niggaz who heard of me
The half on the Artifacts of Jersey
Cause brothers be buggin not givin love to the nuccas
Sayin fuck us, cause we be shinin brighter than the suckers
Shootin me prison nobody listens to your dissin
Cause yo my shit's legit and as a lyricist I'm hittin
the high note, so why don't, I smile when I take pictures
Cause now that I rock I got more niggaz on my jock than bitches
I just want to do my jams with fams and slam into some hypeness
But biters and backstabbin rappers don't even like us
But props due, peep The Source RapPages and the Billboard
And read about the tours while you be flappin your jaws
I freak techniques, cause talk is cheaper than beepers from Broad Street

Punks talk junk, Tame and the Sensai leave em all beat
So peep how deep my technique freaks and how my shit sounds
c'mon wit da c'mon, git down wit da git down

Chorus

Verse Three: MC El, Tame One

Hold up, you rap sucker duck, buck, the track's rough enough
to prove a point, that the niggaz is the joint
Magazines where we're seen, now pop the tape in your deck
I got the Heavy Ammunition 'cause I'm Flexi Wit Da Tech
Niggaz, can't believe the Artifacts achieve
Got, tricks up my sleeve so bow down on your knees
Yo, we ain't got the same lame, ordinary plain game
Put to shame any crew who wants to feel the flame
So bring submission to the rap recognition
My right hand is itchin from the shit that I'm scriptin
So pass the baton, to the next runner up, Tame
I give a pound so, c'mon wit da git down

Aiyyo, word to my grandma's tampons, I drop bombs, but since
our demo tracks had gaps some said my fat raps was half-assed
Watchin others rock and clock we shocked em like a robot
with our props, so now the Notty Head Niggaz got more knots yo
My pockets are lumpy chump, my drunk style is trunky dunk
My disc in crisp, put funk in funk like Humpty Hump
'cause I'm comin from the underground I'm down wit da git down
MC's who used to diss us, get pissed cause they ain't shit now
The Artifacts, represent on every stage we step on
The days of gettin slept, are dead because we keep on
peepin these weak MC's, who cheese with their bologny
Cause they're phony as fuck, and couldn't pull shit off a tow truck
So yo bro, now you know my flow so go and sit down
or c'mon wit da c'mon, git down wit da git down

Chorus 2X

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