

# Break It Down

## Artifacts

Yes, as we continue to get it going on  
Artifacts representin' from Newark to Illtown

Put your ear to this here  
Most definitely it's a sure banger  
Keep this one in your collection  
Newark to Illtown representin'  
Who do we have up to bat?  
Lace that

El the Sensai, Tame One  
In this field, niggaz get killed, quick with the skills  
Intact, ill with raps, buildin' facts to fill  
Gaps react, tap into your internet and patch into  
My steez or my style, niggaz down to make the cheese wild  
MC's get defused cause I'm the bomb specialist  
With the wettest, test this, deadly like asbestos  
Check the credit set it, so odd they have to call a medic  
My paragraphs be off key, that's why niggaz can't get it  
For those of you who don't know, my flow keeps MC's  
On freeze like Sub-Z doin' MK3 fatality  
Do remember like Clue, I run up on booty crews  
On every weekend buggin' out cause I be geekin'  
Lounge like the peppermint the Boom Skwad President  
Leaves a tenement resident finding evidence of sedatives  
DAILY, scoopin' through the Roots like Alex Haley  
Beetle Bailey beatdown to a soundman lookin' scary  
Label secretary terrorizer yet I'ma  
Fresh rhymer comma bringer of the drama the bomber  
From the Lost Lands, off hand claps I run raps  
And shatter niggaz cyphers into pieces like gun claps

"When I break it down, from Newark NJ to Illtown"

My verbal, patterns reach farther than Saturn  
Bustin niggaz up because my rhymes be breakin'  
Atoms stranger, ProForm arranger  
Fake you-SA Polo shirt stainer with the tec that's never plainer  
Indent, that's the men blend trends we make and cross  
Without the fakin', to the ten niggaz respect we just take it

New jacks relax cause the syntax can't be Xeroxed  
Cause I be locked on spots like niggaz movin in from swat  
I X more Men out than Elijah, Muhamm Ali of rhyme schemes  
Leavin' my stickers at the crime scene  
Skwad Odd Man, receive response like Roxanne  
Battle the top man, and shock fans like I'ma rock band  
I cut the mustard and plus I can bust it dusted (what?)  
Whatever you fuckin' with I touch and leave it busted  
My click rips and gets up in ya like the shits  
From grits, while yo shit sits like it's on bricks  
Tracy Chap raps I laugh at, half-assed rappers  
Who lack fat tracks get capped at, fuck that  
Destroy the masses, niggaz in classes tryin to catch the math  
As I sit and think the ink begins to craft  
My blueprints instruments workin as I'm jerkin  
Your style hurtin in the club your crew nervous rehearsin  
In between the cut I run amuck with mad stuff  
Niggaz can't touch, escape wack cyphers like handcuffs, so  
C'mon and get down with that Artifacts sound  
"When I break it down from Newark NJ to Illtown"

"When I break it down, from Newark NJ to Illtown"

Word up thank you I think I'm convinced  
Cool Mellow Max in the house  
Peace to my niggaz Park Ave, Swift-O-Matic yeah!  
Boom Skwad in the house how you like it now?  
Representin the skills, what?  
Chancellor Ave, Avon Ave, nigga where ya at?  
Aw man the Bricks! Newark to Illtown  
If ya don't know I think ya better ask  
Breakin' it down, sizin it up  
For the year nine-six, what

---

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by BROCK, TONY (ANTHONY S.) / NICOLL DAVID R IV, NICOLL DAVID R IV / WILLIAMS,  
DAVID / BATISTE, DERECK

Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Royalty Network, EMI Music Publishing, Sony/ATV Music Publishing  
LLC, Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damlyrics.com/>