Krazy Kings

Company Flow

[Bigg Jus]
I swing boomerangs and murder air attacks
Blow out busted internet access info out your back
Clip cut you off I'm too advanced for your little cause
Pole position my verbal contact no life support
We'll maintain position lift off to ignition
Frequency feedback provide ammunition
The brain cells panic sell two tons of the IQ
When the energy starts to fornicate that's when I punch through
All type hard rock tracks that's hard to the max
It's spacey like mixing up angel dust and crack
Yo wait a God damned pagan minute, then pause on that
My styles the man like the Ku Klux Klan be from deep down south
Don't let one of these little emcees get lost on the wrong route
Catch a Mississippi Burning fuck that then catch an arson
Land mines, destruction, Far Rockaway to Carson
You couldn't locate my synthy format using LoJack
Bitch I'm all that
Scratch the bed numbers straight off your girls' back
In fact black the injection of my lethal status
Will ultimately break all beats down into antimatter
You couldn't hang if you was bit by a radioactive spider
I'm intrigued, your lackluster broken charted style
Is unkempt and wild causing mayhem
The battle rhymer mixed with tonic and El-P is fucking lethal
Like a African disease killer people
And it's true I'm messing with your whole crew till you're bogling
Cause your style is now off with a blast of the force
It's the classic underground styles of the urban masters
The Krazy Kings these thinking caps be sparking tags quick x4
It's been rated combustible
Computer animated T2
Winds up enzyme fractal poly-residue
When taking away what little time that I got
The mind view in energy oxen I pick the combination spot
When in 1985 they injected me with props
Ten years of misdirected blacks killing, I'm back on the block
Recuperating from the never-ending bloodshed of the war
Though my pockets remain empty, my soul remains pure

Retained it exists laid a whole education
For the new rebirth of a super space station
Practicing the science of shooting the planets from a distance
While escaping without conscience of existence
Or would be laws no matter how much I resistance
From somewhere wicked in the West this way comes
It seems that we underestimated Satan once again
Time marches on but some and then some blends
Into the recess of all starving no content
All for the form of better communication
I bet you wish you could eliminate the whole lower class population
I be the fund raiser for my own expedition
A pro-black family mind reconditioning
For the multi-colored Pumas are no longer the flavor
Unless you're one of those techno transient jungle ravers
It's the classic underground styles of the urban masters
The Krazy Kings be thinking caps and sparking tags quick x4
I strike a match for you two dollar MC's that can't burn
This is for your own concern
I burn images in retinas for all you bitches faking
You couldn't download my multi-disk without penetrating
Complex quotes set to explode off of impact
But it sees to that disco boogie mayhem dance track
Lookie bitch at poetry that's on track like a bookie
More heads be jocking my shit than a droptop at dookie
Peep this, put together the form into pieces
That form the eight steps for your mind increases
Another ass whipping slashing my burn to pieces
It's mad bogus, I'm fading in and out of focus
Cock shoot cops tax me, I'm taxing you
My gunshots scream nerve wracking, heads is pushing through
Intensity, I booby-trap all known vicinities
Leave you stinking like face guts in a dumpster in Little Italy
It's the classic underground styles of the urban masters
The Krazy Kings be thinking caps and sparking tags quick x8

Songwriters
Leonard Smythe;Jaime Meline;Justin IngletonPublished by
DEFINITIVE JUX MUSIC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/