

Vital Nerve (feat. B.M.S.)

Company Flow

Soon you'll see
As I flow fluently to frequently, another MC
Will drop off the face of this Earth, for what it's worth
I've been the nastiest, one since birth New York is number one today in the house I'll do the simple shit, strike
harder than Hoffa
El the maladjusted MC, Funcrusher
Massive, a sign for my condition automatic
Goldstar connect thoughts get jostled at your position
Listen, abort mission without further discussion Dual personality, half me?
Doc Jekyll when I burn your paragraph down to a haiku
So Tootsie Roll motherfuck back to your seat 'cause I don't like you
I got a hundred beats, all nicer than your joint
Karaoke MC's need not receive G's that's the whole point Be out within the crowd get open like herpes simplex
sores
On vexed pussy found that I put more crush, on crews than Jets
You're just that simple plus overfronted but that's the status
Cold caught my shit you better not sit, so stop the madness
With hip-hop guidelines I state I never liked authority
When sales control stats I place no faith in the majority Automatic, just for my people
Automatic, just for my crew
Automatic if you're wack then you'll get
Knocked out of the box and you'll deserve it too New York is number one today in the house I analyze, people
call me El so son catch it
MC's be disillusioned as hell, them can't hack it
I'ma knock you out your tax bracket
Slipped into the wrong hands, the mental barbarian Stay-Freshed in Ziplock, money plot hatcher
How the fuck you gonna bring a Go-Cart to the Grand Prix hee hee
Laughter, enter for irreconcilable disaster
I'ma protect mine like a Japanese fighting sticks master
Aim, pierce your vital nerve, the bloody conquest Rappers they be like [unverified] bro, I sunk your battleship
Ultra-magneto, burnin' pee burns my credo
Mad men cry like when you realize you got a shirt full of infrared dots
Plus I'm scopin' at this bitch, be prepared for the mental headshots
When the CoFlow leave the room, we takin mics bitches and boom The incredible BMS Now the mint and
governor get paid, collectin' off raids
All the cash that was made from a brother, New York Undercover
Don't love her, still I'm SuperHun
Rhyme styles monstrosities, fools never stoppin' me
I swat MC's quite easily, Dunn Imitate styles most complain you can't begin to express

Elevate off this, nine times to your brain
 Makes your mind manifest, shit's hopeless
 Stop stop the nonsense, this could not accomplish
 Low pro interactive, go open carsnatchin' CoFlow, by all means necessary, packin' rhymes is automatic
 Check the barrel circumfrence who done it
 Confirm it, sewers done run it, BMS just a killer plus serial
 But still ill and Sugarhill to the fullest extent
 Tactic G represent, C-4 blowin' up
 Like the doors and this president
 (Dead, Presidents) Automatic, just for my people
 Automatic, just for my crew
 Automatic if you're wack then you'll get
 Knocked out of the box and you'll deserve it too I'm gettin' fresh for my freeform
 All hold heart rocks down when I'm turnin' veterans to greenhorn
 Beat it, make a bee-line, be lax or you'll be outed
 Spit words that's really cold, pinchin' lymph nodes, El
 The inconvenience to your master plan fell, your shit's abysmal Decimal point, zero for the judge burnin'
 rhyme books
 Fuck basic, iambic pentameter just dissolves
 So I'll say fuck you, suck your marrow like a chicken wing
 From pluck you
 Location I'll rock like Zeke, calamity What's your composure, shoot sex like Vanity it's over
 Done it again brainstorm slice in your direction
 Cut the belly of your block open over to C-Section
 Death callin' one, for the dysfunctional son
 Trapped in my digital domain
 (The El to the P) Yo fuck rappers that freak a fable, phony will make them fall out
 Frequencies painful run 'em as sonar, CoFlow's the callout
 You're misaligned, I turn benign breaks into malignant
 Knock 'em out the box, capture they flag and kick they can in
 Badlands, live one down the information highway
 Write a rhyme in braille, send a fuckin' battle to your e-mail Yes, once again empty MC's we have had here for
 those
 Fortune enough to feel this, blessed number one ichiban
 Numero uno crew, track runner stun gunner plus vocal
 Freak show performance
 Company Flow rockin' shit from the intro to the outro Nevertheless I must digress for the master
 The walking Fresh Fest MC's pure when in soil
 Yet shallow when the bank roll
 The independent representation of what MC's can and should be
 Judge prosecution defendant and jury New York, New York, New York, New York
 New York is number one today in the house

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