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 birthNew York is number one today in the houseI'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 discussionDual 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 pointBe 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 majorityAutomatic, 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 tooNew York is number one today in the houseI 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 barbarianStay-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 conquestRappers 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 boomThe incredible BMSNow 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, DunnImitate 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 tooI'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 abyssmalDecimal 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, calamityWhat'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-mailYes, 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 outroNevertheless 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 juryNew York, New York, New York, New York
New York is number one today in the house

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