

# 8 Steps To Perfection

## Company Flow

Verse One: Bigg Jus

Rugged like Rwanda don't wind up far or get chopped up  
Quick to rush the spot like baby urine get mopped up  
Tags that spray your hall with rap aerosol  
Organized graffiti that jizzin' can't control  
Or level with the devil racing uptown first to Fort Apache  
I'm much too much for any demon style to master me  
From the thought's next bridge to the hell's gate lyrically  
detonating  
Sparking M-80's and bottle rockets it's a nigga chaser  
Downtown graffiti deface a heroin debaser  
Open up your eyes and clean out your nature  
Wide open like the grand canyon  
Emcees couldn't hang if they was lynched by the Grand Dragon  
Searching for my style like Job-Corps  
Coming home on work release shoplifting at the rap store  
But sabotaging me ain't easy  
I'm crooked like Nathan Wick starring as Cochese  
With a big baseball bat you get robbed like DeNiro  
A sandwich still ain't nothing but a hero  
Just a small sample of the abstract  
When the rhyme gets crazy hot and lyrics don't know how to act  
Whether shooting joints or wax  
I go all out and attack crabs and herbs that's crazy wack  
We all can't be pimps, and we all can't rap  
You got to get your dollars on cause it's on like that  
Here's what I want you to do  
Niggas with the green axe and burgundy Forerunner, inhuman like Blade  
Runner  
When I'm rhyming all summer just listen to the drummer  
Transistor blister feedback freak the impeters  
Funk flow we expose frequencies in sequence  
Napalm gets dropped long range like fiber optics  
Check the rhyme activity your skills is microscopic  
Peace to my crew and my nigga El-P  
Who's here to spark it causing all these crabs to flee  
Verse Two: El-P  
Check it and I inflict it quattro nine fifty lungs misty  
Color me Maxmillian cause I'm that crazy robot

Teetering on the edge of outer space  
Spitting buckshots till black holes surround me, you found me  
As far as I'm concerned I've got your ashes in an urn  
Big up, the temperamental hold none barred kid  
What's your confuction? Tracks is type dusty  
Drinking water out the well of life and I'mma piss it back rusty  
Flesh and phonics, you're god damned right  
I'm on 'em like they're on pacemakers hooked up to clappers  
Clap on, welcome to my free-form jubilee, look at me  
The witness to the shit you want to be  
DBA lyrical P known as a simp and I'm a sycophant  
Feeding on fats passed and dipped  
In and out of my invisible state  
Forerunner rep tyrannical  
Wrecks like tecs bust mechanical  
Rusty goner weasel painting beats on an easel  
Shoot a head up, what bitch you're boxing shadows  
Look out my way you pull your breath out to battle  
Breaking your double helix, and now the shit is single  
Not mono, I burn the needle out your vinyl  
El-P the third gunner on the grassy knoll  
Stroll, keep the seventh seal of heaven in my pocket  
You're faggot like sprockets, motherfuck the Houston Rockets  
I'm so sick of recycled metaphors  
Bet but I'd fuck Laura Ingalls only when she's done with her chores  
Got rappers tip toeing on a Highway to Heaven  
Got manners like Bruce Banner when he's stressed  
I'm sick of your corny beats and your crowd-involved hooks  
Cause I'm a thinker  
Evil anus letting off stinkers  
BJ Eight steps to perfection  
The sum of each part forms an octagon  
Let rhyme styles get sparked  
EP Eight stpes to perfection  
The sum of each part forms an octagon  
Where rhyme styles get sparked  
Verse Three: Bigg Jus  
The holy terror, last moves you never won't win  
Playing taps on a violin  
You can never comprehend the rhyme origin  
I rate one like a Chinese, Jamaicin like a chin  
Hot rocking corduroy, Ballys that's so fitted  
Niggas came and assed out my tracks and left 'em shitted  
Fuck the movement, lubricate the smooth shit  
Just to letcha know, never do I use it

Strictly the blueprint for the ghetto music in my cipher  
Shorty the sniper Jeep like Cherokee  
When I take aim handling wall to wall emcees  
Mr. Madman attract lyrics like magnets  
They fuck up speaking cavernous when I'm stabbing it  
Like the Juice, then go Bronco busting loose  
That's my word, you couldn't shoot or try to compute the math  
To kick any type sport like the vandal  
I manhandle, emcees get murdered like tennessee  
Or trapped in the bedroom with the Texas Chain Saw  
Massacre one two three you're taking and tell 'em  
Eastwick underground New York be the dwelling  
I keep telling 'em the state of the mind be the mentals  
If you murder up in the ghetto you murder in a temple

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