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 impeders
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 confunction? 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 tennessa
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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