

# Collude/Intrude (feat. J-Treds)

## Company Flow

[announcer]

Mr. Len, a.k.a. Space Ghost, please commence intro  
Company Flow, perform, J-Treds, prepare  
El-P, prepare, you have approximately five minutes  
Fuck the bullshit, Time/Warner will fall  
Record labels will fall, the Earth will crumble  
Begin[El Producto]  
Enter the all city access and encounter the likes of these  
Regionally no one relaxes, actual  
No wonder I'ma type to crush contenders with pure chewing satisfaction  
Pervade your ultraharmonic with the back of your whole mediocre faction  
Sonic boom head zoom contact off antaxion  
Elbowed with a vacuum pure death MC's with closed captions  
Wind up in the willows, catch the whirling dervish  
Or the dead and dumb millenium is at your service  
Flow the plaque, instigate lyrics then backfile another MC  
who thought cause he was dipped in powder blue that he could rock past-el  
Got your hip-hop essence out of the Cross Colours catalog  
with analog technology  
Ask L. Ron Hubbard to break down my Scientology  
Fuckin up to the chest I bust insidious, Bad Touchin  
Boogie to break to bumrushin  
Fresh start taming biofeed this track achieves  
pain penicilin crack and AZT couldn't relieve  
Being Sizzlean I will trim the fat like Susan Powders  
Disrespectin burners like cap, lickin off shots from clocktowers  
Play ring around the dead nation  
The Deadhead situation, situated to see-saw creation  
MC's are helpless like Gadzook keep faggot like RuPaul  
troop to the new sensation fuck that whole wannabe gangster fascination  
The illusion is broke, or cock albums mispoke  
And got the El P rookie cards stuck in they bicycle spoke  
For those VH-1 crystalized pseudo rip flows  
Let the liquid talon soak into the seam of your coat  
Meet the professional dead or alive politrick technician  
Straight neck capital P for the deep throat dickin  
I was that first monkey to touch the Monolith, delinquent  
Up in that crack like white squaw for the weekend  
and I sunk your Battleship

Parked in a hot zone, live to the E. Bola  
Manifest brain tumors through the phone as you roam in your Motorolas[J-Treds]  
All hail, J and El the fans rise, we got the grand prize  
Foes fantasize runner up, the closest they can see it because  
skills so lenient I've been boastin with half a flow  
They can't handle the whole weight son, diagnosis, bullemic believe it  
My best line, too advanced for Pop Warner  
you got cornered scouting report, can't scramble in the clutch  
But when I get down, it's third and inches threatenin to score  
How you gonna tackle the topic when you suck at two-hand touch  
We're too damn much for your defense break you down, zone weakens  
Words bring embarrassment, Captains look like third string in comparison  
to this too well known to kick fat flow  
And beat suckers straight up and down, Tic-Tac-Toe  
Game over when I blow your mind, but then I aimed over explosive cuts  
Verbal flamethrower, serving roasted nuts  
as after battle snacks you wish you wore a cup in your panties  
So all you pussies in this rap game, time to up the ante  
What's your fancy? Big time skills or small penny  
Dead to latter my varsity letter, fatter than your JV  
Only play with the big boys, toys bringin that weak shit  
Before the battle I hit em off with fat, ladies latest release on cassette  
They were done from the start  
Ran for the finish got detoured from the fast route by another  
One spot holder hold ground for our town, N.Y.  
For those who don't acknowledge they get left ass out plumbers[announcer]  
Congratulations Len, you have made it halfway  
They are falling, their armies are retreating  
The job is not over, you must continue, please move forward  
El P, bring out tactic evasion, start, summation equals now  
Do not fail us, we're counting on you[El Producto]  
For thoughts I see hot like three males with a cot included  
Where the Sidewalk Ends and all your linear math gets diluted  
Infant when he Star Spangled, packed a brand  
circular medicine and deject wreck-the-tangle  
Fuck Time/Warner and it's affiliates, for runnin that wannabe Big Willie shit  
Leave those fancy clothes up to the Pope  
List all personal possessions in your liner note  
While I connect wreck genuinely cuttin through these red ropes  
Son grip the love spigot, yeah that's the ticket  
This platoon pop 99 Luftballons  
While the one hit blunder rushes exhaust like city buses  
I bond, like resin cause for the sake of skill, lost and found  
Found by DNA patterns to wish you could climb  
Just a little girl around the way of my set, that's the time

Enter the evil opus, focus on rap scrambling  
Record labels to expect not reaction is bad gambling  
I know a few true that make we, collusion  
El P and J-Treds penetrate cranial intrusion[J-Treds]  
We do this one time so catch it, two of the illest and unsigned  
Lethal separate but combined, friction created a frontline a rhyming  
Got you steppin, tryin to evade us bustin caps in your thoughts  
But now crossfire catching's added to your job skills  
top of your resume  
Submitted applyin, for lyric positions that we occupied yesterday  
but got the pink slip, labels on some not think shit  
Requiring, brain absence lobotomy reigns/rains, rapids  
That trap gets full, by J and El evasion tactics  
Our equations infinite, punks distortin random access  
Havin half words recyclin tracks like plastic, please forfeit  
Flippin the same script, I hope it has reinforcements, or else  
it's torn to pieces while our thesis is untouched  
Saved on my PC under the filename of Funcrush  
Megabytes bumrush, by one punch, upon my keyboard  
My data's the top secret that mad suckers will fiend for  
Come from the last to be cut from Dream Team Three  
We be the ones who shine, prepare for butt, kickin  
Rarely benchwarmin throwin down, all too often  
While others barely touch rim and that's when they're butt licking[announcer]  
Done, job well done  
They know who we are, they know we know who they are  
They will fall, they are going to have to repeat  
Understand, they will no longer monopolize  
Time/Warner will fall, I'm proud of you, come home

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