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 vacumn 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 embarassment, 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 posessions 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 pentrate cranial intrusion[J-Treds]
We do this one time so catch it, two of the illest and unsigned
Lethal seperate 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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