

# Definitive

## Company Flow

Ok ease back before I make position to squeeze  
The head burner cookin, emanate thought and grab my phallus  
Please, I pump kinetics with unintentional malice  
Wanna battle one of us is endin up in god's palace  
Doubt my shit's official, the megatron missile  
Bio-computer virus with flesh eating potential  
(I'm convinced) future mc's are sending robots back in time  
As we speak to kill my mother before I'm born, be warned  
You catch a high place cinchin, lucky you just the engine  
On a vision quest but my breathe is on  
Bad intentions to herd the lyrical peak, at my inventions  
Coflow providing dj's with turntable weapons  
Snatch that, disco daddy, father pops grand shh  
Eliminate pretense, turn rocks to sand  
You're rockin low budget doctor who special effects  
And that's half-baked, you never get a buck when you act  
E-1 dash, p is servin ----- we smash  
Be a bootleg, and buildin up a fat nest egg  
I say fuck you, it's easy, say it again fuck you  
Love love to rock bottom beats for the flicks  
To hibernate and syncopate but I'm still in the mix  
One of the many young policin breathers knockin out sequence  
Life's a l-o-t-t-o, carry a switch for self-defense  
Rappers try to front, but when I rhyme, where that beef went?  
If I'm just a reflection then I'm takin over mirrors  
? woo lock to mack cornum status? , maybe that's clearer\*mr. len cuts krs-one saying 'live and direct'\*See what  
I'm saying? see what I'm saying?  
It's just the chorus, it's just the chorus  
It's till infinity, coflow shit, and that's itI rock prisms in different downtowns  
Tainted blood donor, bustin melodies around sound  
Left-wing extremist, hip-hop militia  
Bitches suck the penis competition call me mister  
When I collude, with mr. len it's brainfood, strictly  
Never again I let a record label trap me  
Try to clap me, with paperwork that leaves me empty  
Gas me to diss me, I swear to God you'd have to kill me  
Turpentine fda approved tactics  
Styles invade for thin skinned rappers I bust scholastics  
Sixteen-oh-four mackie plus

Leave you in the dust, bustin them ? try move for jus?  
Ninety degrees is coflow, runnin interference  
Mc's they bite my shit, but I don't give em sample clearance  
Hell, I put my shit out even if I have to sell  
Like a bucket of herbs before a pressing, oppressing  
But somewhat excessive, sexually suggestive  
I can suck a cookie out of pussy, no question  
Back off, deadly like cigarettes and black coffee  
Long as I got lungs and a knot you can't stop me\*mr. len scratches again\*It's till infinity  
Coflow shit  
Knowhati'msayin, check it out, check it outMc's is like livin in breakbeat hell  
You try to knock me off the ladder kid the fatter I swell  
It don't matter turnin liquid into wine by design  
Not sayin I'm je-sus, the holy buck, with a halo  
Just an urbanite riding the train till I hit paydirt  
Smoke bones that's in a coflow tracks and like max  
That's my flavor, experimental behavior ? by scientist?  
Got props from brooklyn hasidic jews to queens zionists  
The manhattan/new jersuaem type connection  
Mork in erection, fiendin out for female affection  
My style is one whole piece, your shit is just the cliff notes  
Eminent plays chronic, mc's pneumonic  
You're buggin now fuck that, radio wack reconvene  
I sign for my condition, company flow vaccine  
Indelible mc's, choice top status  
Krazy kings, from juvenile techniques to manhood  
I make my own grain and go against it  
Pissin on authority, dropped out of school, for seniority  
To do this hip-hop shit, but resonate classic  
Pops wasn't around so I'm a secondhand bastard  
Hypothesis simple, the earth is my pimple  
Pocket the extra cash then coflow multiplying like triplets  
It's senseless, leaving rapeprs elderly and defenseless  
Going into details is worthless, fuck it  
I got your surplus, as long as there'll be peons on the surface  
I claim my outpost and boast, cause I deserve to  
Swerve to, miss the link, colder than a fetus on a hockey rink  
You think not what? best be he not  
For ? and not givin up a little somethin at the weed spot  
Bigg jus what's the verdict on this beat (that shit is mad hot)  
Give a whistle if you hear this, can't best me  
Try to keep my lyrics short and fat like joe pesci  
God bless me\*mr. len\*  
Know what I'm saying, till infinity  
Still working out the bugs

It's gonna be on though  
Mc's can't fuck with me, coflow shit  
Forgot to tell you that  
Mr. len, bigg jus, bms, and then you have me, elijah  
The one and only diamond speechless starving artist  
Goin on from nine to five  
Coflow shit, mr. len..

Songwriters

TONY COTTRELL, TALIB KWELI GREENE, DANTE SMITH  
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