

# Info Kill II

## Company Flow

Flow some mo' Co shit  
My skit is sick

My skit is sick  
My skit is sick  
My skit is sick  
My skit is sick

My skit is sick  
The hope in a dark universe chasing shadows  
Into the burning season slay to a sunk pharaoh  
Icon holding a diamond encrusted Jesus

Please stop check and suck my rated 50 are in these chromosomes hell  
Still these guns blaze on a ten hour swing shift

Who I had thoroughly wanted to rip shit

Grab the rags and towels and swing their caps back

See lab bomb autopsy report, terrorist type of 'tack  
The lifeline intertwined with true belief got distorted  
Caught it late night on Telemundo, night court it, teleport it  
Spotted in boot camp dishing out an ass whipping, bad decision

Align astrologically to ensure global time positioning  
Take aim, blast government conspiracies out the frame  
Excuse me, El Diablo, excuse me

The worldwide B-boy exhibit is now closed

Widen your distribution of nitrogen, swing nightsticks on patrol  
The Bad Lieutenant, digital chaos out of control  
Deep in a swampland, the killer's out officially financed  
Graffiti crazed individual rock steady in all his fury

Backspinnin' on these crabs, signed sincerely your's truly  
Flow some mo' Co shit  
Flow some mo' Co shit  
Flow some mo' Co shit  
Flow some mo' Co shit

Flow some mo' Co shit  
Who disperses poisonous crackers with gem tones  
One minute of verses the beats to spot zones, angled out  
Murder kill def sucky bitch cock and that's your best shot

Strictly Freudian the way I see another crab frontin' within the inkblot  
Like that dung beetle squirmin' around in the residue of my math

The design burnt into the support beam and contorted into a love mode  
Seemingly gave the whole squad the Hiroshima for preference

For using my blueprints as a point of reference  
Co Flow can only exist in your void which is closed in the Internet

Trying to match definitions to the words with which I taught

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>