# Definitive

## Company Flow

Ok ease back before I make position to squeeze
The head burner cookin, eminate 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-l 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 jersualem 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 multplying 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..

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/