Vital Nerve

Company Flow

Soon you'll see, as I flow fluently to frequently, another MC
Will drop off the face of this Earth - for what it's worth.
I've been the nastiest one since birth.
"New York is number one today in the house!"[El P]
I'll do the simple shit; strike harder than Hoffa.
El the maladjusted, MC Funcrusher.
Massive; a sign for my condition, automatic.
Goldstar connect thoughts; get jostled at your position.
Listen, abort mission without further discussion.
Dual personality, half me.
Doc Jekyl when I burn your paragraph down to a haiku.
So Tootsie Roll, motherfuck, back to your seat, 'cause I don't like you.
I got a hundred beats; all nicer than your joint.
Karaoke MC's need not receive G's; that's the whole point.
Be out within' the crowd; get open like herpes simplex sores
On vexed pussy; found that I put more crush on crews than Jets.
You're just that simple, plus overfronted, but that's the status.
Cold caught my shit; you better not sit, so stop the madness.
With hip-hop guidelines, I state I never liked authority.
When sales control stats I place no faith in the majority.[Chorus]
Auto matic, just for my people.
Auto matic, just for my crew.
Auto matic; if you're wack then you'll get.
Knocked out of the box, and you'll deserve it too.
"New York is number one today in the house!"[El-P]
I analyze; people call me El, so, son, catch it.
MC's be disillusioned as hell; them can't hack it.
I'm a knock you out your tax bracket.
Slipped into the wrong hands; the mental barbarian
Stay-freshed in Ziplock; money plot hatcher.
How the fuck you gonna bring a Go-cart to the Grand Prix? Hee, hee.
Laughter, enter for irreconcilable disaster.
I'm a protect mine like a Japanese fighting sticks master.
Aim; pierce your vital nerve; the bloody conquest.
Rappers they be like, bro, I sunk your Battleship.
Ultra-magneto; burnin' pee burns my credo.
Mad men cry like when you realize you got a shirt full of infrared
Dots, plus I'm scopin' at this bitch; be prepared for the mental headshots.
When the CoFlow leave the room we takin' mics, bitches, and boom.

(The incredible BMS...)[BMS]
Now the mint and governor get paid, collectin' off raids.
All the cash that was made from a brother, New York Undercover.
Don't love her; still I'm SuperHun.
Rhyme styles monstrosities; fools never stoppin' me.
I swat MC's quite easily, Dunn.
Imitate styles; most complain you can't begin to express.
Elevate off this, nine times to your brain.
Makes your mind manifest; shit's hopeless.
Stop, stop the nonsense; this could not accomplish.
Low pro interactive; go open carsnatchin'.
CoFlow, by all means necessary, packin' rhymes is automatic.
Check the barrel circumference; who done it? Confirm it; sewers done run it.
BMS just a killer plus serial,
But still ill, and Sugarhill, to the fullest extent.
Tactic G represent, C-4 blowin' up,
Like the doors and this president. (Dead presidents.)[Chorus][El-P]
I'm gettin' fresh for my freeform .
All hold heart rocks down when I'm turnin' veterans to greenhorn.
Beat it; make a bee-line; be lax or you'll be outed.
Spit words that's really cold, pinchin' lymph nodes, El.
The inconvenience to your master plan fell; your shit's abyssmal.
Decimal point zero for the judge burnin' rhyme books.
Fuck basic, iambic pentameter just dissolves,
So I'll say fuck you; suck your marrow like a chicken wing from pluck you.
Location I'll rock like Zeke, calamity.
What's your composure? Shoot sex like Vanity; it's over.
Done it again; brainstorm slice in your direction.
Cut the belly of your block; open over to C-Section.
Death callin' one for the dysfunctional son.
Trapped in my digital domain... (The El to the P.)
Yo, fuck rappers that freak a fable; phony will make them fall out.
Frequencies painful; run 'em as sonar; CoFlow's the callout.
You're misaligned, I turn benign breaks into malignant.
Knock 'em out the box; capture they flag and kick they can in.
Badlands live one down the information highway.
Write a rhyme in braille; send a fuckin' battle to your e-mail.
Yes, once again empty MC's we have had here; for those
Fortunate enough to feel this; blessed number one, ichiban,
Numero uno crew; track runner, stun gunner, plus vocal.
Freak show performance.
Company Flow rockin' shit from the intro to the outro.
Nevertheless I must digress for the master;
The walking FreshFest MC's pure when in soil,
Yet shallow when the bank roll.

The independent representation of what MC's can and should be.
Judge, prosecution, defendant, and jury.
"New York... New York... New York... New York...
New York is number one today in the house!"

Songwriters
Leonard Smythe;Jaime Meline;Justin IngletonPublished by
DEFINITIVE JUX MUSIC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/