Bad Touch Example (DJ Premier)

Company Flow

Since you're my special friend come closer for a special treat
(Uh)
I'm going to let you touch me in a special place
(But I don't want to touch you there)
It is never ok to touch someone else's private parts
Your mom and dad will tell you so
Verse One: Bigg Jus
Your eyes get live like Tupac getting shot in a lobby
Most MC's styles is robbery of my freestyles as a hobby
I pick apart monkey brains and spread disease through hot zones
My cameos on promos seem strange like someone's not home
Bigg Jus the outsider rain on your dream field
With styles so freaking wet niggas need maxi panty shields
Expose more moes out the closet that lead paint on your tenement
Got more Black Thoughts in my Roots than most niggas got in their pigment
It's the baby-faced lieutenant with the luck like Luciano
Hardcore like cool G Rap music made for concert piano
So dust off the candelabra, hip hop's version of the super Don Dada
With the license to give more ass whippings than Father
You couldn't see me with binoculars, cover myself like telepathy
Make most crews disappear like blackheads on Oxy creme
Under the lights I fuck up mics with my uncanny ability to heat seek
Through brain facilities with the science of microchemistry
This history of my hip hop is too deep to be dissected
Bitch recollect don't even half step or try to test it black
Bigg Jus, I drop so much shit my anus needs an ice pack
In fact I'm all that, El-P yo bring the horns back
(Yes)
Right through the center of your focus picture a long silver needle
(You are correct sir)
Piercing the outer lens of your eyesight
[El-P]
And once again
In one verse we have proven
That we can rip all these signed big budget motherfuckers
(89.9)
Peace to Stretch and Bobbito
(Bob-bi-to!)

Verse Two: El-P
Ye olde lyrics of fire
Surface bonds from X-Wing fighter stance to be-boy
Actions fratcture negative thirty below wind chill factor
The counteraction is just a helpless action of the hapless flinching
My supersonics leave you mute like Maggie Simpson
Taxidermist El-P I defy translation
Instigate and set in crates(?) throughout your whole situation
Practice exposing perfection like Ricki Like exposes white trash
My shit is strange X-file number 2-6-7 whiplash
Triple felon emcee minus the melanin
When I bomb it the type of shit to make Baby Jessica jump in the well again
Sunshines or rain acid, El-P the battle master
Lactose breaking down your fucking fractals till you're flaccid
I'm leaving Las Vegas like a hundred flying Elvises
Raid, spot my prey, swoop down and cross their pelvises
Rat nerve like David grill smoke bitch
Catch my frozen frame suspended
You couldn't even fuck with my idle fidget
My birthright I'm pulling swords from stones high tone beam
Phonetically abort it try to distort it and catch a silent scream, fetus
The raw daddy tactics prove Krush Groove unstoppable
Testing luck it's like sucking on lead pink popsicles
The enigma, no one can fuck with me yet but I'm not signed
(You want to battle?)
It's better to look in the
(mirror)
Say Candyman five times
Candyman (whispered 5x)
Just a promo
Understand
(Candyman)
To be the man you gots to beat the man
(It's so clear now)
Me and Bigg Jus
(The beautiful light)
Company Flow clan
(I can touch it)
Mr. Len, 'sup?
89.9
Hit me with that shit some time
Bigg Jus, Lune TNS
The almighty El-P

The imperial DJ Mr. Len
Company Flow swinging it to you live for '95

Songwriters
JUSTIN INGLETONPublished by
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