

# The Fire In Which You Burn

## Company Flow

[Featuring Brewin J Treds]

[Brewin]

Check check it

Fuckin with a nigga like myself your lyrics fail  
LaVerne's gear shows your record so molest the hoes buttnaked  
Youse a loser your crappin shoulda kept it to your lonesome  
But you like 'Look everybody I'm a silly microphone crumb'  
You oughta turn to me I flaunt essential vocally  
First team all university while your squad is benchin locally  
Don't mention joke to me, aiyyo dem niggaz ain't atomic  
Ain't the comic niggaz gutsy, after the disembowelin  
Don't fuck around, I eat out with your shorty with the crew  
and she be late for head, she want a tape and dreads  
and thought of you, a little stinger  
My shit'll bring the epitome of bitterly jealous  
Forever living crazy minded trying to tell us  
how you do it on the power-you, it's simple shit'll get props  
Don't let me bring it God I swing it hard like little kid bops  
So front I keep the tone vexin, but to the heads  
stay pleasant to the ears just think of Lauryn Hill on phone sexin

[J-Treds]

Relentless poetic rhyme never ceases infinity  
Forever smokin the mic lyric contact I be open  
Naturally high and no need to pass the Dutchie  
I'm the living circle circle dot dot, nobody can touch me  
At my post, the most high exalted, mind blower  
When I rap it it's strictly 'I can't believe he just said that shit'  
Material crews, who can't think straight sober  
My flows over your head, I enjoy the aerial view  
Focus from the bird's eye, in my scenario, of dominance  
Filth eatin weaklings, we're bumRussian/rushin like dirty communists  
Raisin, my Iron Curtain revealin my words the gospel  
No apples or giant serpents, the enlightened apostle  
J-Treds, I lace heads like tennis players top seeded  
Not meanin to cause a racket, or front the menace  
My words speak for themselves, so feel me  
Cause on the mic I've got more presence  
than attendance in a class of schizophrenics, hear hear  
Drink to that pick up raps, intoxicating

Got your craving my living proof, mixture of speech and wine  
To' up from just the flow but pass the liquor it's over  
Henny dead even when twisted I get open like Venetian blinds  
Company Flow, the fire in which you burn slow  
I remain Indelible  
J-Treds, Juggaknotz, to touch the flame you ought not  
I remain Indelible  
[El-P]  
Check check check check check check  
I the Don Digital, slash, piranha morph  
Alongside poor terrible surgeons, who blur comic perspectives  
and wonder how to get bent, that flaming Malatov shit  
Unstoppable object hits unmovable wall and space split  
This rogue cherub got his own twisted agenda, catch that  
Walkin on flatlines, you witness me grow WAY beyond corporate control  
Let them eat cake, cause I introduce myself as a mistake  
Slipped through the quills with a serrated barb stabbed, sharp in the  
gut  
Now we can all become Lord of the Flies  
when this industry sees it's demise  
Hold it up and try to destruct you get zapped with dead eyes  
The five factions giganti the fuck up and get touched  
The group hugs you received from your support group  
can't protect you from the bumrush  
I'm known to slip arsenic mickies and talk shoot then reform  
With an unprecedented fierceness, display these powers of Storm  
I wasn't born in a manger but I still received three gifts  
Alphabetically listed they're Big Juss, Mr. Len, and I  
See the field creatures scurry, I the killer, caution  
Try to merk off of the pile but you choked on my motherfuckin portion  
Spade within my excrement bitch parody  
Your insanity is my clarity, not to mention convention  
is a great war weapon, disguised under the guise of institutionalism  
but still prison, the bad batch of jism  
Who stands, who falls, this is the one the DJ calls lick the ass crack  
On the wack I keep tabs like Timothy Leary and/or ASCAP  
The iron lung is now rustable, you're overrated  
As in smoking dust or sonic contracts that haven't been thoroughly  
debated  
Got my name up in your mouth like cock or gingivitis  
when every rhyme becomes the official new blueprint for wannabe  
writers  
Catch a smack to the face on principle  
Even when I say nothing it's a beautiful use of negative space  
Indelibles is invincible, El-P don't forget the fuckin name

Come on Columbo I know you figured this shit out, nobody sounds the  
same

[Bigg Jus]

It gives me great pleasure when true elements get together  
and lace the track rough enough to withstand, any type of weather

If you want it I got it, chemically hemming up the seams  
with a poly-epoxy type of a mixture that be, fatal if you sniff it  
These, stupid ones pop the microdots  
then lean into the sound's religion, watch these styles straight box  
you up

Coming with clean concise thoughts, penetrating patterns  
Not beyond your comprehension but ejected wide beyond the barrel  
Yo, catch the rarest glimpses of the planet once known as Earth  
that gravitated, before inner violence heated it up, then it burnt  
It be these two style slide niggaz who will rock off  
any beat you push

Cell Therapy Down South Goodie Mob and Special Ed's The Bush  
It's like this, for the niggaz who got caught sleepin and didn't know  
It be these four actors crazy kings, worlds to revolve around CoFlow  
Coming at you in a blazing orange hunting vest thirty yard night scope  
first day of deer hunting, you got scoped out like the foreign Juss  
Not the type of nigga to steal any scene too long son  
I might lace you, leave the EP evidence and then I'm gone

Songwriters

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