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

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