

Info Kill II

Company Flow

Flow some mo' Co shit (repeat 4X)
[El-P] My skit is sick (repeat 6X)

Verse One: Bigg Jus

The hope, in a dark universe chasing shadows
Into the burning season, slay to a sunk pharaoh
Icon, holding a diamond encrusted Jesus
Please, stop check and, suck my rated 50 are in these chromosomes hell
Still these guns blaze on a ten hour swing shift
Who I had thoroughly wanted to rip shit
Grab the rags and towels and swing their caps back
See lab bomb autopsy report, terrorist type of 'tack
The lifeline intertwined with true belief got distorted
caught it late night on Telemundo, Nightcrawlin', teleportin'
Spotted in boot camp dishing out an ass whpping, bad decision
Align astrologically to ensure global time positioning
Take aim, blast government conspiracies out the frame
Excuse me, El Diablo, excuse me
The worldwide b-boy exhibit is now closed
Widen your distribution of nitrogen, swing nightsticks on patrol
The Bad Lieutenant, digital chaos out of control
Deep in a swampland, the killer's out officially financed
Graffiti crazed individual rock steady in all his fury
Backspinnin on these crabs, signed sincerely yours truly

Flow some mo' Co shit (repeat 6X)

Verse Two: El-P

Who disperses poisonous crackers with gem tones
One minute of verses the beats to spot zones, angled out
Murder kill def sucky bitch cock and that's your best shot
Strictly Freudian the way I see another crab frontin within the inkblot
Like that dung beetle squirmin around in the residue of my math
The design burnt into the support beam and contorted into a love mode
Seemingly gave the whole squad the Hiroshima for preference
For using my blueprints as a point of reference
Co Flow can only exist in your void which is closed in the internet
Trying to match definitions to the words with which I taught
See technically you're not the germ it's your sperm that's the weapon
I fear ducks fertilizin and teachin their seeds all the half steppin
Spawnin little replicate idiots, so I madly touch pressure points badly
Sadly but it's my duty
When amnio-belief bust down, turn around for the script that I falcon
See that with that you drown, eerily...
Under the bridge micronautics
Pop is pure but then the septic system bubble up through the artists
454 Fahrenheit bombers we are
As long as I can see the North Star
Cross minds but don't try to hide
the use of a gun as an extension of the penis
When Yin collides with Yang you see me burn into the Phoenix
Blinded don't test me I already received my G.E.D.
Scored in the top .5 percentile in the country, quite easily
Record mode set up the EQ for minus
Infect it like the germs that metamorph up in your sinus

As with this slang was born a new Sodom
I be a Deep Blue def subtle breath control that Kasparov pack
The acidic 32nd contact
While snakes try to scream out what a friend is
Then lick off like Mendendez
With only a stick so I can blood just bricklay a biggie thick set aside suit
Homicide sad times settle into entropy
I El-Venom, patchwork I've sewn the last stitch X-axis
Tilted on the side where they coulda been residing amongst freaks
Company Flow, kill informational leaks

Flow some mo' Co shit (repeat 3X)