

## Company B

### "Krazy Kings Too"

Visit "[Krazy Kings Too](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[bigg jus]

It's the classic underground styles of the urban  
masters  
The krazy kings be thinking caps and sparking tags  
quick (4x)

I was once in the land where things would never go  
right  
There lived a king who sang a swan song of afternoons  
and home life  
Well he was found lost, murdered a mile away in yards  
and turnpikes  
God bless little luns who got in him inhaling a few  
migraines  
He stays on the shells and denims  
Beyond his wildest fantasies never really thought he'd  
be drilling 'em  
But ah, bs119 and wore black tvs and a long purple  
robe  
Snatched up should portray his weapon  
Forever flood the maddened chains and keep the  
revelations guessing  
Whether through mind over matter mediation  
Self actualization or even zoning out through deep  
relaxation  
Yo, I came across grown men too scared to dream  
I walked past them as a child with a staff on the south  
side of queens  
Where the wild ones eye the title percent idol  
Only thought was attain luxury, like the elevation wasn't  
vital  
To keep pace with a crew that rallied back then, I'm  
treacherous  
And willpower exploded stars out the path of nexuses  
A true rebel who's, like, technically inclined to  
Attract wannabe scientific gold diggers and forty-  
niners  
Empower you or strangle your ass like with the  
grapevine  
I'm never out for the fame whereas I was told to bring

fame to my name  
And keep motivated on the down low  
Like a northbound jersey packed train, apart from this  
My crew, tight-knit circle with arsonists quick to set it  
Like the rain forest gon' get chopped down regardless  
to who you are  
If you ain't really witness the invisible  
The clairvoyant rhyme blizzard, the tech hold arson as  
a missile  
It's like, as I approach the two three hearts death's in  
the blow  
Still one sixteenth of a gram is critical when it enters,  
so

It's the classic underground styles of the urban  
masters  
The crazy kings be thinking caps and sparking tags  
quick  
(x4, alternating bigg jus, el-p)

[el-p]

Shit, I feel asphyxiated  
I wear the city air like wet leather  
Alone, though the populace dwells so closely together  
Alarmingly dependent on technology I was raised as a  
child to keep me one  
Trying to outrun white noise from my tv keeps me  
numb  
Mr. disgusted, fortified, I'll as confunksion  
God's son, not a martyr but a fresh working member of  
a collective  
Who travel through the blazing light as my corpse is  
dissected  
Cell pack, give 'em a little something extra on the set  
Licking a slug at brandon lee just to be offensive like  
tech  
Told the redbone you can't comprehend, sex alone  
can't fulfill me  
Just cause I'm pinoy don't mean the government's not  
trying to kill me  
The crazy king to whom even himself remains  
anonymous  
From conditioning to remnants of sarcasm and broken  
promises  
To myself, born to be the b-boy of stealth clashes  
Who plot a point on the graph for every crab that he  
harrasses  
Citizens blitzkrieg nihilistic heart of dark euthanasia  
Fifty thousand pen and pain phrase in alphabetical  
arrangement

Caught a cat scan to color print my delusion and frame  
it

Battle my old pseudonym with a quote from cold fusion  
explain shit

Before the three wheels hit the target

I'mma get a new life market, with bells on

But can only seem to fall all over harlots and sirens

And ignore those who really love me

Who in truth embody the rarity of true starlets

My man had a humor that's expressing and gentle

We played backgammon all night

Smoking kool cigs till the sun entered the temple

From a bad merger of substance of hell his brain  
swelled

It filled with liquid in october, trouble and on a bus to ac

When I saw his grave, I had the cubans so I doubled  
him

And affirmed to teach myself to float my way more  
credit

And the serum between something low and the love to  
keep them separate

And blitz commander won because his armful needs a  
medic

You must expedite functions of truth and stick to it

Choose a concrete and bad noise to burn fluid

Rubble becomes structure from the beauty of  
confusion

Alchemy: heal your pain with art, learn to use it

[bigg jus]

It's the classic underground styles of the urban  
masters

The crazy kings be thinking caps and sparking tags  
quick (10x)

Visit [Company B](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.