

Company Flow "8 Steps to Perfection"

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Verse one: bigg jus

Rugged like rwnda, don't wind up far or get chopped
up
Quick to rush the spot like baby urine get mopped up
Tags that spray your hall with rap aerosol
Organized graffiti lectures in can control
Or level with the devil racing uptown first to fort apache
I'm much too much for any demon style to master me
From the thought's next bridge to the hell's gate,
lyrically detonating
Sparking m-80's and bottle rockets it's a nigga chaser
Downtown graffiti deface a heroin debaser
Open up your eyes and clean out your nature
Wide open like the grand canyon
Emcees couldn't hang if they was lynched by the grand
dragon
Searching for my style like job-corps
Coming home on work release shoplifting at the rap
store
But sabotaging me ain't easy
I'm crooked like nathan wick starring as cochese
With a big baseball bat you get robbed like deniro
A sandwich still ain't nothing but a hero
Just a small sample of the abstract
When the rhyme gets crazy hot and lyrics don't know
how to act
Whether shooting joints or wax
I go all out and attack crabs and herbs that's crazy
wack
We all can't be pimps, and we all can't rap
You got to get your dollars on cause it's on like that
Here's what I want you to do
Niggas with the green axe and burgundy forerunner,
inhuman like blade runner
When I'm rhyiming all summer just listen to the
drummer
Transistor blister feedback freak the impeders
Funk flow we expose frequencies in sequence
Napalm gets dropped long range like fiber optics
Check the rhyme activity your skills is microscopic
Peace to my crew and my nigga el-p

Who's here to spark it causing all these crabs to flee

Verse two: el-p

Check it and I inflict it quattro nine fifty lungs misty
Color me maxmillian cause I'm that crazy robot
Teetering on the edge of outer space
Spitting buckshots till black holes surround me, you
found me
As far as I'm concerned I've got your ashes in an urn
Big up, the temperamental hold none barred kid
What's your confunxion? tracks is type dusty
Drinking water out the well of life and i'ma piss it back
rusty
Flesh and phonics, you're God damned right
I'm on 'em like aeorta pacemakers hooked up to
clappers
Clap off (*clap clap*) welcome to my free-form jubilee,
look at me
The witness to the shit you wanna be
Dba lyrical p known as a simp and I'm a sycophant
Feeding on fats passed and dipped
In and out of my invisible state
Forerunner rep tyrannical
Wrecks like tecs bust mechanical
Rusty goner weasel painting beats on an easel
Shoot a head up, what bitch you're boxing shadows
Look out my way you pull your breath out to battle
Breaking your double helix, and now the shit is single
Not mono, I burn the needle out your vinyl
El-p the third gunner on the grassy knoll
Stroll, keep the seventh seal of heaven in my pocket
You're faggot like sprockets, motherfuck the houston
rockets
I'm so sick of recycled metaphors
Bet but I'd fuck laura ingalls only when she's done with
her chores
Got rappers tip toeing on a highway to heaven
Got manners like bruce banner when he's stressed
I'm sick of your corny beats and your crowd-involved
hooks
Cause I'm a thinker
Evil anus letting off stinkers

Bj eight steps to perfection
The sum of each part forms an octagon
Let rhyme styles get sparked

Ep eight stpes to perfection
The sum of each part forms an octagon
Where rhyme styles get sparked

Verse three: bigg jus

The holy terror, last moves you never won't win
Playing taps on a violin
You can never comprehend the rhyme origin
I rate one like a chinese, jamaicin like a chin
Hot rocking corduroy, ballys that's so fitted
Niggas came and assed out my tracks and left 'em
shitted
Fuck the movement, lubricate the smooth shit
Just to letcha know, never do I use it
Strictly the blueprint for the ghetto music in my cipher
Shorty the sniper jeep like cherokee
When I take aim handling wall to wall emcees
Mr. madman attract lyrics like magnets
They fuck up speaking cavernous when I'm stabbing it
Like the juice, then go bronco busting loose
That's my word, you couldn't shoot or try to compute
the math
To kick any type sport like the vandal
I manhandle, emcees get murdered like tennessee
Or trapped in the bedroom with the texas chain saw
Massacre one two three you're taking and tell 'em
Eastwick underground new york be the dwelling
I keep telling 'em the state of the mind be the mentals
If you murder up in the ghetto you murder in a temple

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