

## Company Flow "Bad Touch Example"

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Since you're my special friend, come closer for a  
special treat

(Uh)

I'm going to let you touch me in a special place  
(But I don't want to touch you there)

It is never ok to touch someone else's private parts  
Your mom and dad will tell you so

Verse One: Bigg Jus

Yo' eyes get, blind like Tupac gettin shot in the lobby  
Most MC's styles is robbery of my freestyles as a hobby  
I pick apart monkey brains and spread disease through  
hot zones

My cameos on promos seem strange like someone's  
not home

Bigg Jus the outsider rain on your dream field  
With styles so freaking wet niggas need maxi panty  
shields

Expose more moles out the closet that lead paint on  
your tenement

Got more Black Thought to my Roots than most niggaz  
got in their pigment

It's the baby-faced lieutenant with the Luck like Luciano  
Hardcore like Kool G Rap music made for concert piano  
So dust off the candelabra, hip hop's version of the  
super Don Dada

with the license to give more ass whippings than Father  
You couldn't see me with binoculars, way ahead of  
myself like telepathy

Make most crews disappear like blackheads on Oxy  
creme

Under the lights I fuck up mics with my uncanny ability  
to heat seek

Through brain facilities with the science of  
microchemistry

This history of my hip hop is too deep to be dissected  
Bitch recollect don't even half step or try to test it black  
Bigg Jus, I drop so much shit my anus needs an ice  
pack

In fact I'm all that, El-P yo bring the horns back

(Yes)  
Right through the center of your focus picture a long  
silver needle  
(You are correct sir)  
Piercing the outer lens of your eyesight

[EI-P]  
And once again  
In one verse we have proven  
That we can rip all these signed big budget  
motherfuckers  
(89.9)  
Peace to Stretch and Bobbito  
(Bob-bi-to!)

Verse Two: EI-P

Ye olde lyrics of fire  
Surface bombs from X-wing fighters, stance to B-boy  
actors fracture  
Negative thirty below wind chill factor  
The counteraction is just a helpless action of the  
hapless flinching  
My supersonics leave you mute like Maggie Simpson  
Taxidermist EI-P I defy translation  
Instigate and set in crates(?) throughout your whole  
situation  
Practice exposing perfection like Ricki Like exposes  
white trash  
My shit is strange X-file number 2-6-7 whiplash  
Triple felon emcee minus the melanin  
When I bomb it the type of shit to make Baby Jessica  
jump in the well again  
Sunshines or rain acid, EI-P the battle master  
Lactose breaking down your fucking fractals till you're  
flaccid  
I'm leaving Las Vegas like a hundred flying Elvises  
Raid, spot my prey, swoop down and cross their  
pelvises  
Rat nerve like David grill smoke bitch  
Catch my frozen frame suspended  
You couldn't even fuck with my idle fidget  
My birthright I'm pulling swords from stones high tone  
beam  
Phonetically abort it try to distort it and catch a silent  
scream, fetus  
The raw daddy tactics prove Krush Groove unstoppable  
Testing luck it's like sucking on lead pink popsicles  
The enigma, no one can fuck with me yet but I'm not  
signed

(You wanna battle?)  
It's better to look in the  
(mirror)  
Say Candyman five times

Candyman (whispered 5x)

Just a promo  
Understand  
(Candyman)  
To be the man you gots to beat the man  
(It's so clear now)  
Me and Bigg Jus  
(The beautiful light)  
Company Flow clan  
(I can touch it)  
Mr. Len, 'sup?  
89.9  
Hit me with that shit some time

Bigg Jus, Lune TNS  
The almighty EI-P  
The imperial DJ Mr. Len  
Company Flow swinging it to you live for '95

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