

Company Flow "D.P.A."

Visit "[D.P.A.](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

* We rolled a spliff(?)...in the back of the metropolis...
but now...the drum patterns get crunk

(Bobbito)

Microphone check, all city motherfuckers.
New York, New York. (Whoowee)
I tried to tell 'em...it's that Co. Flow shit...one two, yo

(El-P)

Drug pattern awareness
(Yeah man, New York got it)
You God damn right
(Yeah man, Japan got it)
Drug pattern awareness
(Yeah man, the Bay got it)
You God damn right
(Yeah man, LA got it)
You say drug pattern awareness
(Chicago, Ohio, Boston, Philly)
You God damn right
(Australia, Cuba, Detroit, Minneapolis)
Welcome to my drum kicks fresh for the remainder of
the night

I'm feeling shallow as a baby pool with two holes in it
sold second-hand branded by the most serious simile
injury

This style is heart of darkness parallel-parked next
to awkward infamy, the holy mountainous ounces
pounce

Skullduggery the blind merchant, picked by the
distilled fluid monks
of crushing disgust habits, to rust fabric, combined
with a murky lurker

I touch sadness, badder than Rabin's deaths tragic,
(And if you lose?)

How can I lose? I'm from the dog house of blues,
lemonhead (sour thoughts) that's cost crews to re-
examine lost moves

Unplug me, everybody loves my dusty,
I have an acquaintance named faith, she's deranged

but very trusting
I have a friend named Len, pmx and hitting switches,
not quite afraid of death as I am, see he was raised
with religion
Look at the dead head mechanism,
amongst the cobble stones God feels alone alongside
my tag (E-L dash)
Burn yours for reasoning but not reaching me,
and as a man I have to believe
that the damage I've inflicted on myself is a vehicle for
teaching,
Demented eagle with the black talons float,
balance, until I found your happy thought,
and dropped out of the sky like Richie Valenz,
Sounds simple, but death is complex and un-gentle,
like "Little Johnny From the Hospital" smoking dust in a
hovercraft rental...
I think his lazy eye is still upset by that Biggie tragedy,
the little guy might burn emotion and set a hot flame to
the whole tapestry
(But when that happens)I'ma windmill on this bitch with
superrappin'
The same pill that makes you big enough to fit snug up
in the cabinet
You can't comprehend? Whatever man, you cant stand
in the gravity
Ids get punched in the neck, because life started with
atoms apple acting dastardly

D-D-D-D-DPA...D-DPA...D-D...DPA...D-D-DPA...

Brain rape trained by the burners of books,
call this Emerson, Lake and Palmer, Def Jux
Beautiful krylon stains frame the urbanite pain cave,
Steady hold the cuttinist, mic percussive gluttonist
Organisms of your make, replicate by the 1600's
and inspire population control ordinances, on every
coordinate of the mother
What wobbly conscience contested the acid breast-fed
lepers CF?
Anonymity is a computer screen and a losing team
fighting mc's
in their mother's living room naked
Producto plus Ghost, ghostrose unfrozen don't fake
shit
From earth the dirty gas rock, back to the asphalt
Americana passtime (celebrity to jackoff)
I get my swerve on like a narcoleptic race car driver
on the autobahn in monsoon season
Lord of the fly shit design of Tesla and Einstien reason
Four fifty-six on the ground, time for treason

You on a see-saw with a heathen , who counts prime numbers while he's sleepin'
My I-dont-give-a-fucks multiply by a perpetual exponent
Professional stunt cock addicted to the melatonin tablets
and others various herbal placebos
So lets watch a snowy screen and hold our eyelids back with needles
(til we scream), Three times and blow the building to the shingles
You're jingleing baby, pick up the single, we're all dead, let's mingle
Pull up your little squirrel nut zipper and aquies to get with Hoppy
Who'll call an ugly baby breathtaking and ride away on a tsunami
'Till the lobbieists are dead from dirty dancing
And jagged little pillferers eat a hot pocket of cocaine for the nightlife
I brought a teatherball full of nitroglycerine to the local knife fight
Thanks for listening to the glistening but mangled mind
that's blown like "A Wind in the Door" by Madeline L'Engle
Or siamese twins trying to fit into a kayak but got strangled
I say a nation thats murks deservers to cuddle up to its criminals
So we can cock our arms back and throw that hail Mary dusty digital revolt
Or rock that polo vest with forty one magnets
And see if it matastasize when cornered by the dragnet
Some think they are crafty as a fox but leave their artists pockets inanimate,
But i dont hang with hypocrites so I just split on some man shit

D-D-D-D-D-D-D-PA...D-D-DPA...D...D...DPA...
D-D-DPA...DPA...D-D-D-DPA..D-D...D-D-D-D-P-D-P-A

You savor drug pattern awareness
(Yeah man, DC got it)
You God damn right
(San Diego got it)
Drug pattern awareness
(Yeah, the ? got it)
You God damn right
(Yeah man, Canada got it)
You savor drug pattern awareness
(Virginia, New Zealand, Italy, England, Amsterdam,

France,
Nuzar, Ireland, Scotland, Miami, Connecticut, Denmark,
yeah, they all got it)
Drug pattern awareness
(Man, New Jerse got it)
You God damn right
(You know Africa got it)
Drug pattern awareness
(St. Louis, Atlanta, Maine)

Welcome to my drum kicks fresh for the remainder of
the Day

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.