

Company Flow "Legends"

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Whole lot of
Whole lot of chumps turning hard on the radio
The legends, go on back, my style is bizarre
Whole lot of chumps turning hard on the radio
Course through my blood of course
Whole lot of chumps turning hard on the radio
For the crews that was and the crews who would be
Whole lot of chumps turning hard on the radio
Vainglorious

Denomination of commonly monstrous caution blow the
units sensation
Fucking with your theology like Darwinism in the Bible
belt
When I felt demagogueous, bogus spit kill abolish
You haven't heard the foggiest fucking fact
About L dash Hubbard uncorrupted
Hovering above the gun was obstructed
Missed me just as I constructed
The facet of the fire was friendly as instructed

I'm not trying to get flighty eight hundred
Homosexual emcees receive five mics
A bizarre world, where Co Flow is the new pop
sensation
With heavy hot 97 rotation
Call 'em as I smell 'em, the jooks that shook tell 'em
3-2-1 contact I'm blessed, definitively not wack
I got it made, you fight to march in the St. Patrick's Day
parade
Called what I thought I thought not the candle

Spill another seed snip vasectomy
How hard can that erection be now?
They hit me before the case go to trial
Twelve monkeys in a box without a witness to the style
If monkeys on the cock were delicious non stop
Aggravated hemorrhoids burn like TNT the efficient
weed crops
Independent as fuck as all senses
You don't apply to my beautiful arrangement
(Sorry)

I can range from cop killer to rapist to presidential
assassin if I chose
Simply for the sake of the derangement, but I don't
And for the specs on my non-technologic pre-produce
for lessons
The tune caress tunes of the legends
Exhume carcass to mark hits it's my honor
For any cold reverse to turn loose on my brethren
Justify my simple M.O. with some loving
Utmost closed circuit

Forced to tickle Elmo till he pissed in his little britches
(Oh, stop)
My troop talking to them as fierce may appear to act
together
Considerately hitting these switches
Left side directs pestilence to these skies as dialects
Right side locates and entertains the nearest clitoris
Soul blade the hoes froze tyrants
Closed to ultra-violence design bent, disrupted the
alignment
I brought on the napalm program the gas context

Consumption people they expect it
Caffeine machine, MSG
Fluorocarbons, monoxides, perspective sets you free
It's a voice soon el sets a trend
Comply with exacto and cut for most tips
I'm el-producto, smoke a bong lies well
Tribe of conspirators wants to infiltrate this
My personal reflection on these legends got to be
For the legends

Any rapper on a label should resign and quit
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Take it back to kicking real shit
Take it back to kicking real shit
Take it back to kicking real shit, real shit
Take it back to kicking real shit
Take it back to kicking real shit, real shit

Real shit
Real shit
Real shit
Real shit

