Company Flow "Simian D Aka Feeling Ignorant (Feat. Ill Bill)"

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F/ I'll Bill

"Awwwwwwwwwwwww!"

[El-Producto]

Simian drugs, simian drugs

Everybody's in love with our simian drugs

[III Bill]

If it wasn't for Microsoft, you faggots wouldn't have no fans

If you lived in the Middle East, you faggots wouldn't have no hands

Still a bunch of jerk offs, I fuck your mother then I murk off

[El-Producto]

You could suck tits like Schillinger's kitten, isolation provokin panic

And fucked in the ass by Sting for seven hours, tantric Set the phone in a fan-zine for the the man boy love circuit

Society, a stain, plain murderers are worthless

[III Bill]

You know you heard it

I grab your crucifix and invert it

Fuck a consequence, I chop the head, gangster apocalypse

Walk into banks and write "withdrawals" on the deposit slip

This female cop ran up on me, so I shot the bitch

[El-Producto]

From the brain of John Malkovich

Insane from the stain frame

The twelve monkeys caught in a corrupted cock

blender

Serenity hits the shits

Dickin of lips of Rocky Horror Pics

Face, scar tissue, standard issue

[III Bill]

I hit you with your entire generation
I'm friends with God, and I'm friends with Satan
It all depends upon my situation
I'm flippin the chains to keep my pistols equipped with
lasers
Stranger to major labels, I'll Bill
Fuck a tell-lie-vision, this is cable

[El-Producto]

Like an abusive home with sitcom laugh tracks
Grafted from television's gloden era
A demolition pirate, drive a plain automobile and spit
metal barbs
Play jacks without Barbie
I'm on a battlecat bombin baby

[III Bill]

I'm mad crazy
Used to be a really nice guy, at one time
Now I pull out nines, at one time
And love crime, the drug find
It's way into rhyme
The rhymes find their way into my drug
I'm in love with hate it's great
The hooker had me hooked just after one date
"It's Grrreat!"

[El-Producto]

A time that miscreants
Shit more than just dissin and stimulants
You caught in a small space
Dusted with a psychopath simian
Justice is a garden tool
In the hands of the militant
Primitive villagers with no food
The weaponry is crude

[III Bill]

Back from behind bars I be like Biggie Smalls and die large

[El-Producto]

With Patty Hearst cleaning guns In the back of a stolen car With the hands of a bleeding bueracrat Banned from Ishtar

[III Bill]

I like good girls But triflin bitches get my dick hard

[EI-P]

Hard, hard, hard, hard

(Chorus)

Simian drugs, simian drugs "??? the ?S's?"

Everybody's in love with our simian drugs "??? the ?S's"

(x2)

"Where you at monkey?"---> D-Stroy

[III Bill]

Droppin from planet rap
The CEOs deflect bullets with laptops
To sell crack rock
We be "Licensed to III" like Ad Rock

[El-Producto]

And Stanley, a Mortimer trading places With a faceless mascot In a monkey suit with bloody execs and a L.I.R.R. Reached they last stop

[III Bill]

Last cop, beat by my my blueprints I'ma do shit if the shoe fits You'll take a whole precint with you too, kid

[El-Producto]

Mascot of mayhem
Direct from brainstem on tilt
With hands across the genocidal American guilt

"Ahhhhh!"

[III Bill]

I walk around like it's game over (sorry) Peep out the replay The opposite opponent got his exploded

[El-Producto]

It's all midget whores on stilts
Tall tales from little fucks
Can't you trust a flip flace
Like large Marge in a Mack Truck
Back up

[III Bill]

The new paranoia Look over contracts on behalf of lawyers

Laugh at toys, I blast at asteroids Go ask your daughter

[El-Producto]
Illicus, spillicus
Plus funcrush that's killin this
Willingly similar pendages
Filling this blank page with syllabus
Centuries certified murder hurts
Best when flesh left on quarterized
Labeled my words in the dirty earth
Feelin this

[III Bill]

If not, you better have your fuckin head examined
The type of shit I'm on
Cats have only read about and carved in granite
Pull up your skirt and cause your heart to vanish
I start the madness
Pull out and bust my art upon the canvas

[El-Producto]
Yo, loose leaf
You're spooky too, shoot community
Via CIA spook without truth and immunity
Pehaps doom will be the proof, in the streets
Soon to see, looters on the loot
They got guns and impunity

(Chorus)

[El-Producto] Yeah, baby

Mr. Len cuts and scratches for the rest of the track

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