

Company Flow "Vital Nerve"

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Intro/chorus:

Soon you'll see
As I flow fluently to frequently, another mc
Will drop off the face of this earth, for what it's worth
I've been the nastiest, one since birth

"new york is number one today in the house!"

[el-p]

I'll do the simple shit, strike harder than hoffa
El the maladjusted mc, funcrusher
Massive, a sign for my condition automatic
Goldstar connect thoughts get jostled at your position
Listen, abort mission without further discussion
Dual personality, half me ?
Doc jekyll when I burn your paragraph down to a haiku
So tootsie roll motherfuck back to your seat cause I
don't like you
I got a hundred beats, all nicer than your joint
Karaoke mc's need not receive g's that's the whole
point
Be out within the crowd get open like herpes simplex
sores
On vexed pussy found that I put more crush, on crews
than jets
You're just that simple plus overfronted -- but that's the
status
Cold caught my shit you better not sit, so stop the
madness
With hip-hop guidelines I state I never liked authority
When sales control stats I place no faith in the majority

Chorus

Auto, matic, just for my people
Auto, matic, just for my crew
Auto, matic if you're wack then you'll get
Knocked out of the box and you'll deserve it too

"new york is number one today in the house!"

[el-p]

I analyze, people call me el so son catch it
Mc's be disillusioned as hell, them can't hack it
I'ma knock you out your tax bracket
Slipped into the wrong hands, the mental barbarian
Stay-freshed in ziplock, money plot hatcher
How the fuck you gonna bring a go-cart to the grand
prix hee hee
Laughter, enter for irreconcilable disaster
I'ma protect mine like a japanese fighting sticks master
Aim, pierce your vital nerve, the bloody conquest
Rappers they be like ? bro, I sunk your battleship
Ultra-magneto, burnin pee burns my credo
Mad men cry like when you realize you got a shirt full of
infrared dots
Plus I'm scopin at this bitch, be prepared for the mental
headshots
When the coflow leave the room, we takin mics bitches
and boom

(the incredible bms...)

[bms]

Now the mint and governor get paid, collectin off raids
All the cash that was made from a brother, new york
undercover
Don't love her, still I'm superhun
Rhyme styles monstrosities, fools never stoppin me
I swat mc's quite easily, dunn
Imitate styles most complain you can't begin to express
Elevate off this, nine times to your brain
Makes your mind manifest, shit's hopeless
Stop stop the nonsense, this could not accomplish
Low pro interactive, go open carsnatchin
Coflow, by all means necessary packin rhymes is
automatic
Check the barrel circumfrence who done it, confirm it
sewers done run it
Bms just a killer plus serial
But still ill and sugarhill, to the fullest extent
Tactic g represent, c-4 blowin up
Like the doors and this president (dead, presidents)

Chorus

Auto, matic, just for my people
Auto, matic, just for my crew
Auto, matic if you're wack then you'll get
Knocked out of the box and you'll deserve it too

[el-p]

I'm gettin fresh for my freeform
All hold heart rocks down when I'm turnin veterans to
greenhorn
Beat it, make a bee-line, be lax or you'll be outed
Spit words that's really cold, pinchin lymph nodes, el
The inconvenience to your master plan fell, your shit's
abyssmal
Decimal point, zero for the judge burnin rhyme books
Fuck basic, iambic pentameter just dissolves
So I'll say fuck you suck your marrow like a chicken
wing, from pluck you
Location I'll rock like zeke, calamity
What's your composure, shoot sex like vanity it's over
Done it again brainstorm slice in your direction
Cut the belly of your block open over to c-section
Death callin one, for the dysfunctional son
Trapped in my digital domain ... (the el to the p)
Yo fuck rappers that freak a fable, phony will make
them fall out
Frequencies painful run em as sonar, coflow's the
callout
You're misaligned, I turn benign breaks into malignant
Knock em out the box, capture they flag and kick they
can in
Badlands, live one down the information highway
Write a rhyme in braille, send a fuckin battle to your e-
mail

Yes once again empty mc's we have had here for those
Fortune enough to feel this, blessed number one
ichiban
Numero uno crew -- track runner stun gunner plus vocal
Freak show performance
Company flow rockin shit from the intro to the outro
Nevertheless I must digress for the master
The walking freshfest mc's pure when in soil
Yet shallow when the bank roll
The independant representation of what mc's can and
should be
Judge prosecution defendant and jury

"new york... new york... new york... new york...
New york is number one today in the house!"

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