

Taking Back Sunday "8 Steps to Perfection"

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[Verse One: Bigg Jus]

Rugged like Rwanda, don't wind up far or get chopped
up

Quick to rush the spot like baby urine get mopped up

Tags that spray your hall with rap aerosol

Organized graffiti lectures in can control

Or level with the devil racing uptown first to Fort

Apache

I'm much too much for any demon style to master me

From the thought's next bridge to the hell's gate,

lyrically detonating

Sparking M-80's and bottle rockets it's a nigga chaser

Downtown graffiti deface a heroin debaser

Open up your eyes and clean out your nature

Wide open like the grand canyon

Emcees couldn't hang if they was lynched by the Grand

Dragon

Searching for my style like Job-Corps

Coming home on work release shoplifting at the rap
store

But sabotaging me ain't easy

I'm crooked like Nathan Wind starring as Cochese

With a big baseball bat you get robbed like DeNiro

A sandwich still ain't nothing but a hero

Just a small sample of the abstract

When the rhyme gets crazy hot and lyrics don't know
how to act

Whether shooting joints or wax

I go all out and attack crabs and herbs that's crazy
wack

We all can't be pimps, and we all can't rap

You got to get your dollars on cause it's on like that

Here's what I want you to do

Niggas with the green axe and burgundy Forerunner,
inhuman like Blade Runner

When I'm rhyming all summer just listen to the
drummer

Transistor blister feedback freak the impeters

Funk flow we expose frequencies in sequence

Napalm gets dropped long range like fiber optics

Check the rhyme activity your skills is microscopic

Peace to my crew and my nigga El-P
Who's here to spark it causing all these crabs to flee

[Verse Two: El-P]

Check it and I inflict it quattro nine fifty lungs misty
Color me Maxmillian cause I'm that crazy robot
Teetering on the edge of outer space
Spitting buckshots till black holes surround me, you
found me
As far as I'm concerned I've got your ashes in an urn
Big up, the temperamental hold none barred kid
What's your confunxion? Tracks is type dusty
Drinking water out the well of life and I'ma piss it back
rusty

Flesh and phonics, you're god damned right
I'm on 'em like aeorta pacemakers hooked up to
clappers

Clap OFF (*clap clap*) welcome to my free-form
jubilee, look at me

The witness to the shit you wanna be
DBA lyrical P known as a simp and I'm a sycophant
Feeding on fats passed and dipped
In and out of my invisible state

Forerunner rep tyrannical

Wrecks like tecs bust mechanical

Rusty goner weasel painting beats on an easel

Shoot a head up, what bitch you're boxing shadows

Look out my way you pull your breath out to battle

Breaking your double helix, and now the shit is single

Not mono, I burn the needle out your vinyl

El-P the third gunner on the grassy knoll

Stroll, keep the seventh seal of heaven in my pocket

You're faggot like sprockets, motherfuck the Houston
Rockets

I'm so sick of recycled metaphors

Bet but I'd fuck Laura Ingalls only when she's done with
her chores

Got rappers tip toeing on a Highway to Heaven

Got manners like Bruce Banner when he's stressed

I'm sick of your corny beats and your crowd-involved
hooks

Cause I'm a thinker

Evil anus letting off stinkers

BJ Eight steps to perfection

The sum of each part forms an octagon

Let rhyme styles get sparked

EP Eight stpes to perfection

The sum of each part forms an octagon

Where rhyme styles get sparked

[Verse Three: Bigg Jus]

The holy terror, last moves you never won't win
Playing taps on a violin
You can never comprehend the rhyme origin
I rate one like a Chinese, Jamaicin like a chin
Hot rocking corduroy, Ballys that's so fitted
Niggas came and assed out my tracks and left 'em
shitted
Fuck the movement, lubricate the smooth shit
Just to letcha know, never do I use it
Strictly the blueprint for the ghetto music in my cipher
Shorty the sniper Jeep like Cherokee
When I take aim handling wall to wall emcees
Mr. Madman attract lyrics like magnets
They fuck up speaking cavernous when I'm stabbing it
Like the Juice, then go Bronco busting loose
That's my word, you couldn't shoot or try to compute
the math
To kick any type sport like the vandal
I manhandle, emcees get murdered like tennessee
Or trapped in the bedroom with the Texas Chain Saw
Massacre one two three you're taking and tell 'em
Eastwick underground New York be the dwelling
I keep telling 'em the state of the mind be the mentals
If you murder up in the ghetto you murder in a temple

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