

Taking Back Sunday

"Bad Touch Example"

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Since you're my special friend, come closer for a special treat

(Uh)

I'm going to let you touch me in a special place

(But I don't want to touch you there)

It is never ok to touch someone else's private parts

Your mom and dad will tell you so

Verse One: Bigg Jus

Yo' eyes get, blind like Tupac gettin shot in the lobby
Most MC's styles is robbery of my freestyles as a hobby
I pick apart monkey brains and spread disease through hot zones

My cameos on promos seem strange like someone's not home

Bigg Jus the outsider rain on your dream field

With styles so freaking wet niggas need maxi panty shields

Expose more moles out the closet that lead paint on your tenement

Got more Black Thought to my Roots than most niggaz got in their pigment

It's the baby-faced lieutenant with the Luck like Luciano Hardcore like Kool G Rap music made for concert piano

So dust off the candelabra, hip hop's version of the super Don Dada

with the license to give more ass whippings than Father

You couldn't see me with binoculars, way ahead of myself like telepathy

Make most crews disappear like blackheads on Oxy creme

Under the lights I fuck up mics with my uncanny ability to heat seek

Through brain facilities with the science of microchemistry

This history of my hip hop is too deep to be dissected

Bitch recollect don't even half step or try to test it black

Bigg Jus, I drop so much shit my anus needs an ice pack

In fact I'm all that, El-P yo bring the horns back

(Yes)

Right through the center of your focus picture a long
silver needle

(You are correct sir)

Piercing the outer lens of your eyesight

[El-P]

And once again

In one verse we have proven

That we can rip all these signed big budget
motherfuckers

(89.9)

Peace to Stretch and Bobbito

(Bob-bi-to!)

Verse Two: El-P

Ye olde lyrics of fire

Surface bombs from X-wing fighters, stance to B-boy
actors fracture

Negative thirty below wind chill factor

The counteraction is just a helpless action of the
hapless flinching

My supersonics leave you mute like Maggie Simpson
Taxidermist El-P I defy translation

Instigate and set in crates(?) throughout your whole
situation

Practice exposing perfection like Ricki Like exposes
white trash

My shit is strange X-file number 2-6-7 whiplash

Triple felon emcee minus the melanin

When I bomb it the type of shit to make Baby Jessica
jump in the well again

Sunshines or rain acid, El-P the battle master

Lactose breaking down your fucking fractals till you're
flaccid

I'm leaving Las Vegas like a hundred flying Elvises

Raid, spot my prey, swoop down and cross their
pelvises

Rat nerve like David grill smoke bitch

Catch my frozen frame suspended

You couldn't even fuck with my idle fidget

My birthright I'm pulling swords from stones high tone
beam

Phonetically abort it try to distort it and catch a silent
scream, fetus

The raw daddy tactics prove Krush Groove unstoppable

Testing luck it's like sucking on lead pink popsicles

The enigma, no one can fuck with me yet but I'm not

signed
(You wanna battle?)
It's better to look in the
(mirror)
Say Candyman five times

Candyman (whispered 5x)

Just a promo
Understand
(Candyman)
To be the man you gots to beat the man
(It's so clear now)
Me and Bigg Jus
(The beautiful light)
Company Flow clan
(I can touch it)
Mr. Len, 'sup?
89.9
Hit me with that shit some time

Bigg Jus, Lune TNS
The almighty EI-P
The imperial DJ Mr. Len
Company Flow swinging it to you live for '95

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