

## Taking Back Sunday

### "Info Kill II"

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Flow some mo' Co shit (repeat 4X)

[El-P] My skit is sick (repeat 6X)

Verse One: Bigg Jus

The hope, in a dark universe chasing shadows  
Into the burning season, slay to a sunk pharaoh  
Icon, holding a diamond encrusted Jesus  
Please, stop check and, suck my rated 50 are in these  
chromosomes hell  
Still these guns blaze on a ten hour swing shift  
Who I had thoroughly wanted to rip shit  
Grab the rags and towels and swing their caps back  
See lab bomb autopsy report, terrorist type of 'tack  
The lifeline intertwined with true belief got distorted  
caught it late night on Telemundo, Nightcrawlin',  
teleportin'  
Spotted in boot camp dishing out an ass whpping, bad  
decision  
Align astrologically to ensure global time positioning  
Take aim, blast government conspiracies out the frame  
Excuse me, El Diablo, excuse me  
The worldwide b-boy exhibit is now closed  
Widen your distribution of nitrogen, swing nightsticks  
on patrol  
The Bad Lieutenant, digital chaos out of control  
Deep in a swampland, the killer's out officially financed  
Graffiti crazed individual rock steady in all his fury  
Backspinnin on these crabs, signed sincerely yours  
truly

Flow some mo' Co shit (repeat 6X)

Verse Two: El-P

Who disperses poisonous crackers with gem tones  
One minute of verses the beats to spot zones, angled  
out  
Murder kill def sucky bitch cock and that's your best  
shot  
Strictly Freudian the way I see another crab frontin

within the inkblot  
Like that dung beetle squirming around in the residue of  
my math  
The design burnt into the support beam and contorted  
into a love mode  
Seemingly gave the whole squad the Hiroshima for  
preference  
For using my blueprints as a point of reference  
Co Flow can only exist in your void which is closed in  
the internet  
Trying to match definitions to the words with which I  
taught  
See technically you're not the germ it's your sperm  
that's the weapon  
I fear ducks fertilizing and teaching their seeds all the  
half steppin  
Spawnin little replicate idiots, so I madly touch  
pressure points badly  
Sadly but it's my duty  
When amnio-belief bust down, turn around for the  
script that I falcon  
See that with that you drown, eerily...  
Under the bridge micronautics  
Pop is pure but then the septic system bubble up  
through the artists  
454 Fahrenheit bombers we are  
As long as I can see the North Star  
Cross minds but don't try to hide  
the use of a gun as an extension of the penis  
When Yin collides with Yang you see me burn into the  
Phoenix  
Blinded don't test me I already received my G.E.D.  
Scored in the top .5 percentile in the country, quite  
easily  
Record mode set up the EQ for minus  
Infect it like the germs that metamorph up in your sinus  
As with this slang was born a new Sodom  
I be a Deep Blue def subtle breath control that  
Kasparov pack  
The acidic 32nd contact  
While snakes try to scream out what a friend is  
Then lick off like Mendendez  
With only a stick so I can blood just bricklay a biggie  
thick set aside suit  
Homicide sad times settle into entropy  
I El-Venom, patchwork I've sewn the last stitch X-axis  
Tilted on the side where they coulda been residing  
amongst freaks  
Company Flow, kill informational leaks

Flow some mo' Co shit (repeat 3X)

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