

## Ginger Rogers

### "Population Control"

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[E-I-P]

You and your whole fuckin canned groove it'll end tepid  
So when I Pearl Harbor don't let me catch you intrepid  
I'm tellin you the wishbone been broke in my favor,  
crumbcake your mistake  
Enterprise and see Indelible, the number one feel-bad  
crew of the season  
Just give me one reason to splash  
I shall lower the flag half mast, take time to wallow  
Company Flow the toughest penis sucky sucky  
So of course in an attempt to defend you end up  
unkempt  
Plus this Agent get Orange  
E-L-P-F-C-F rock for you

First cousin to sleep, red dye number five be the potion  
Enter subterrean water from gem of fate like stop  
motion  
Best to get ak-a-nickulous  
Our masks aren't intangible  
Auto man verse mandible  
We answer to no one, we 911  
Silent alarm this is harm fear the duck of learning  
E-I-P phase through these walls like vision  
Choked in the shallow water, a bad executive decision  
Release the crack and please put down your skin flutes  
How could ya... motherfuckers think ya...  
To this mercenary sunblock 2000 burner  
All of your knowledge is truant  
Unlearn all of the shit  
Then in overtime you become fluent, sell the fuckin  
store  
After I present enter the spectrum your career's never  
no more  
Enter the rectum  
And at twilight we'll skip stones and laugh about your  
poems  
But a blood-red book when the others got funcrushed  
is a spot  
The terror fabulously gets hot  
Co Flow mossie, Walt Disney meets Kaiser Soze

There will be no grand comebacks unless Lazarus or  
Kotter  
Inflicted bitch styles indicate with stigmata  
when locked in a box but you can't say Jack  
Trying to paint them fucking red doors black  
Like that spilled milk spoiled  
While Bill Gates and Ted Turner rub each other down  
with olive oils  
Company Flow, fuck please  
Bitch put away the fuckin piteous punchlines  
Blue Blockers break under the red light, belittled by my  
design  
I don't try to be different I am  
So inevitably my style will survive when your now turns  
to then  
El-P, vastly crapaphobic  
3-2-1 Contact, never no more that's the promise  
You hold toast, well I hold Thomas  
Golden nooks and crannies  
Win my ticket raffled off the recycled thought shoppin  
spree winner  
Congratu-fucking-lations, I dropped it now you got it  
But it's only a matter of time before Waldo gets spotted  
Pulled out of the crowd and martyred, a good old  
fashioned stonin  
My children, the professional has left the fuckin buildin

Check check check check check one two

Until but for now  
You can't get run at night  
Curfews is issued in the daylight (repeat 3X)

[R.A. the Rugged Man] \* [speaks over chorus vocals]  
Yo yo, who the FUCK think they know about this hip-hop  
shit?  
These motherfuckin kids LIVE this shit  
Live they fuckin LIVES  
Who the fuck you think you are? Talkin bout this rap shit  
These are the REAL motherfuckers (Population Control)  
This IS the real hip-hop shit  
Some shit that none of y'all faggot motherfuckers know  
about  
That's word life!

[Bigg Jus]  
The daylight goblin, even in the nights we rip shit up  
("Bless my soul!")  
The two franchise players that make your whole squad  
look butt  
Who brought the March Madness competition til

October  
Got you thinking that shit became a bit little harder  
These niggaz is fucking soldiers  
Indelible mercenaries that's why ballin gets me on the  
nutsack  
For the murderous intellect highly infections on contact  
You need to come quicker than that  
to snatch the cheddar from the mousetrap  
Small timer, it takes crazy engineering  
To fuck with anything from quantum physics to thought  
transmitters  
Next up be that over .400 switch hitter  
Out the park kingpin Dave couldn't do Justice ("Bless  
my soul!")  
Pound for pound, it be these 2000 rap slugfests  
Hardcore when future emcees fight future wars  
But for now, I'm fightin a squad of super-whores  
Butt-fucking invincible CoFlow skills for take-out  
Where you can get the beef broccoli with extra duck  
sauce  
The quick draw, intend to keep cops reachin for the  
bearclaws  
Come meet the Coney Island intruder hit the arts way  
after midnight  
Had a scheme for a burner etched out tonight in  
graphite  
Apply the same ideology of b-boys demented to the  
mic  
And scratch the sounds like a quarter inch bolt broken  
off  
CoFlow, coming at you from every verse payola shit  
Got stations blessin me off two thousand for every  
song minute  
Secretly teach background vocals in R&B clinics

Until but for now  
You can't get run at night  
Curfews is issued in the daylight (repeat 3X)

[R.A. the Rugged Man] \* [speaks over all other vocals]  
Yo yo, this that MC shit  
That shit talkin bout, every MC in this fuckin room is  
broke  
Every one of em  
We do this shit for the love of the music  
That's word up, yo yo yo  
Check this, ? backers  
When's the last time you battled somebody you faggot  
motherfucker?  
Yo yo, yo Company Flow in the house  
Yo, yo yo, yeah, eh-heh, a-hah, Rugged Man, hah

[EI-P]  
Population Control..  
Population Control..

[Bigg Jus]  
CoFlow, 1997, Population Control, servin niggaz

[EI-P]  
Population Control..  
Population Control.. ("Bless my soul!")  
Population Control..  
Population Control..  
Population Control..  
("Bless my soul!")  
("Hello, what's this?")

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