

Ty England

"The Fire in Which You Burn"

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[Brewin]

Check, check it

Fuckin with a nigga like myself your lyrics fail

LaVerne's gear shows your record so unless the hoe's
buttnaked

youse a loser, decrepit, shoulda kept it to your
lonesome

But you like, 'Look everybody, I'm a silly microphone
crumb'

You oughta turn to me, I flaunt essential vocally

First team all university while your squad is benchin
locally

Don't mention joke to me, aiyyo dem niggaz ain't
atomic

Ain't the comic niggaz gutsy, after the disembowelin

Don't fuck around, I eat out with your shorty with the
crew

and she be late for head, she want a tape and dreads
and thought of you, a little stinger

My shit'll bring the epitome of bitterly jealous

Forever living crazy minded trying to tell us

how you do it on the power-U, it's simple shit'll get
props

Don't let me bring it God I swing it hard like little kid
bops

So front I keep the tone vexin, but to the heads

stay pleasant to the ears just think of Lauryn Hill on
phone sexin

[J-Treds]

Relentless poetic rhyme never ceases infinity

Forever smokin the mic lyric contact I be open

Naturally high and no need to pass the Dutchie

I'm the living circle circle dot dot, nobody can touch me

At my post, the most high exalted, mind blower

When I rap it it's strictly 'I can't believe he just said that
shit'

Material crews, who can't think straight sober

My flows over your head, I enjoy the aerial view

Focus from the bird's eye, in my scenario, of
dominance

Filth eatin weaklings, we're bumRussian/rushin like
dirty communists
Raisin, my Iron Curtain revealin my words the gospel
No apples or giant serpents, the enlightened apostle
J-Treds, I lace heads like tennis players top seeded
Not meanin to cause a racket, or front the menace
My words speak for themselves, so feel me
Cause on the mic I've got more presence
than attendance in a class of schizophrenics, hear hear
Drink to that pick up raps, intoxicating
Got your craving my living proof, mixture of speech
and wine
To' up from just the flow but pass the liquor it's over
Henny dead even when twisted I get open like Venetian
blinds

Company Flow, the fire in which you burn slow
I remain Indelible
J-Treds, Juggaknotz, to touch the flame you ought not
I remain Indelible

[EI-P]

Check check check check check check
I the Don Digital, slash, piranha morph
Alongside poor terrible surgeons, who blur comic
perspectives
and wonder how to get bent, that flaming Malatov shit
Unstoppable object hits unmovable wall and space split
This rogue cherub got his own twisted agenda, catch
that
Walkin on flatlines, you witness me grow WAY beyond
corporate control
Let them eat cake, cause I introduce myself as a
mistake
Slipped through the quills with a serrated barb
stabbed, sharp in the gut
Now we can all become Lord of the Flies
when this industry sees it's demise
Hold it up and try to destruct you get zapped with dead
eyes
The five factions giganti the fuck up and get touched
The group hugs you received from your support group
can't protect you from the bumrush
I'm known to slip arsenic mickies in Talk Soup then
reform
With an unprecedented fierceness, display these
powers of Storm
I wasn't born in a manger but I still received three gifts
Alphabetically listed they're Big Juss, Mr. Len, and I
See the field creatures scurry, I the killer, caution
Try to merk off of the pile but you choked on my

motherfuckin portion
Spade within my excrement bitch parody
Your insanity is my clarity, not to mention convention
is a great war weapon, disguised under the guise of
institutionalism
but still prison, the bad batch of jism
Who stands, who falls, this is the one the DJ calls lick
the ass crack
On the wack I keep tabs like Timothy Leary and/or
ASCAP
The iron lung is non rustable, you're overrated
As in smoking dust or sonic contracts that haven't been
thoroughly debated
Got my name up in your mouth like cock or gingivitis
when every rhyme becomes the official new blueprint
for wannabe writers
Catch a smack to the face on principle
Even when I say nothing it's a beautiful use of negative
space
Indelibles is invincible, El-P don't forget the fuckin
name
Come on Columbo I know you figured this shit out,
nobody sounds the same

[Bigg Jus]

It gives me great pleasure when true elements get
together
and lace the track rough enough to withstand, any type
of weather
If you want it I got it, chemically hemming up the seams
with a poly-epoxy type of a mixture that be, fatal if you
sniff it
These, stupid ones pop the microdots
then lean into the sound's religion, watch these styles
straight box you up
Coming with clean concise thoughts, penetrating
patterns
Not beyond your comprehension but ejected wide
beyond the barrel
Yo, catch the rarest glimpses of the planet once known
as Earth
that gravitated, before inner violence heated it up, then
it burnt
It be these two style slide niggaz who will rock off
any beat you push
Cell Therapy Down South Goodie Mob and Special Ed's
The Bush
It's like this, for the niggaz who got caught sleepin and
didn't know
It be these four actors crazy kings, worlds to revolve
around CoFlow

Coming at you in a blazing orange hunting vest thirty
yard night scope
first day of deer hunting, you got scoped out like the
foreign Juss
Not the type of nigga to steal any scene too long son
I might lace you, leave the EP evidence and then I'm
gone

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