

Peter Gabriel F/ Sinead O'Connor**"Weight"**

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[Queen Heroin]

Asides from gettin in you, the words will stain you
Permanent like ink in epidermis, from tattoo artists
to scar this, thought of partnership you may have
fought
for this position and status, this entrepreneurship
Matter of fact, madness I planned this like serial killers
are banished
Flows aquatic like fishes' surroundings, underground
and
it's pounding, like pregnancies, with the expectancy
of three times three, use my mental nine to climb
like gladiator on wall, on call like physicians
to deliver my labor you savor the flavor like Punisher to
the cure
A parent's birth picture, evade mixture of offspring
Ring ring the alarm, cause I set strong cases of fire
from my wire connections and disconnections
to settin sparks cause then I'm wettin, microphone
checkin
Disrespectin amateurs plus they mentors don't be a
sore sport
if it's meant yours, just pretend I liked yours

[J-Treds]

I can be a bit demanding, acceptin, nothing less than
the best
I don't just flip shit anyone can kid, I stick the landing
and stand out, amongst most so don't stress
Trying to touch us, you can't come close like phone sex
I stay ahead of the pack, if you fuckin with Treds
know that I cover the spread so always bet on black
I'll give you your money's worth, serve up somethin
delicious
While, most of these rappers be makin my tummy hurt
Got me upset, sick of these crabs who can't kick it
All addicted to rhyming, I'ma stick them in rehab
Get em cleaned up you know, show em the light that
they're
all bark and no bite, like a tree trunk
We slash and burn em, Indelibles, The Fire In Which

suckers are finished, may they flow, rest in pieces
Cause we're dominating, so while they're busy happy
just to be nominated son, we give acceptance
speeches
Takin the crown, front doors, breaking em down
We some BAD MOTHERFUCKERS, that's what many said
They also said, your time will come, it's time to take it
cause
we just couldn't stand the wait like Jenny Craig

[Bigg Jus]

Now that's my man the scripture puzzler, bringin a pain
device disguiser
for infinite wisdom seeker knowledge of life rhyme
provider
?on dudes that just strip time codes down for my feet?
to master one-twenty-four bits at ninety-six KhZ
While you just now trying to get up on Dungeon D&D
Thinking Indelibles will crash and burn you must be
lazy and obscene
We fire sequential flyers, my verse ?provides wrecks in
concert D?
Slingin em 40 bottles frozen from rooftops and
projects
Beware watch below for falling objects, rupturing your
optical
Two one-hundred watt mono blocks is optional
to try to match wits with the Diamondback unstoppable
Background poseurs fiend for limelight exposure
When we rally back touch the microphone playtime is
over
Who's trying to see the CF graf crew that visualize
top to bottom, and stand out in New York like an L.A.
gang tag do
Master of mathematical empirical principal
Metallic medicinal, mixed with herbs, science and
mineral
Yo crews start to walk, when we crack the five series
hood
Disengage the ?passive, rip open an issue casing?
Trying to sidestep backwards when it's this rhymer that
you facing

[Brewin]

Aiyyo, the bullseye pulls my leg and beggin for mercy
My verse be the Don King-in, come out swinging
I'll to kill it, apply my skill shit and the floor's coming
Who ain't feelin my joint, so what that mean your jaw's
numbing?
Chill let me stop, gotta get my joint dislodged
and retire armies of niggas, with my dishonorable

discharge
and get real, pulling from deep and you gots to play
up?
You talk about, "Respect mines," steady missin your
layups
Hoes to foes, I start staring, wild truculant
heart tearing style, fuck you then, order your demise
I'm well stocked, shell shocked, describin the bombs
alarms
incoming, when drum and vocal localize
for niggaz talkin bout Lucci, must be modeling Susan
Erika Kane bitch like, reputation for losing
Listen do you hear voices saying, "Damn that's a
sucker"
Paranoid, looking like Fuzzy Zoeller at the Rukas

[EI-P]
Hey yo my nihilist, stylus, cuts matter the finest
The prime of the sequence hides my vicious defense
assignment
Your cacophonic visuals bond strictly to bitch tissue
fissure
Yeah, the burn from what I'm worth operation
I hate, let's exterminate bandwidths and communicate
physically
Bezerk non happens will sleep on third rails for their
cemetary
Enlist as, from small pox to syphillis, all stars
Shit on punchlines insidious kid, that you barf off
Only buck fifty you ever handed out was with a Metro
card
I can fit the sum of your Tom Thumb concepts in a
thimble
Simple bitches, Doctor Death lacing barbed wire
stitches
A herd of mad cows bust through brick walls like
Jumanji
Sixty-Five upsetter, malicious sickness scatalogics
Prophets turned skeptics, skeptics found Jesus
Right-Wingers turned leftist, everybody jumped on the
dick of independence
Sorry we don't want you anymore get lost kid find an
exit
Bugged, isn't it? Huh, live you fuckin suckers
I woulda been a witness to collapse your fame
squadron
Pardon me, still a fan trying to understand how to be a
master
For our Peoples who I see Dilated turn your fuckin grill
to alabaster
Indelibles...

(Len scratches up various excerpts from "Fire in which
you burn")

Company Flow... J-Treds

J-J-Juggaknots

Company Flow... J-Treds

J-J-Juggaknots

Company Flow... Co-Co-Company Flow

J-J-J-J-J-Treds

J-J-J-J-Treds

Jugga-Jugga-Juggaknots

Jugga-Jugga-Juggaknots

Com-pany-Flow

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