

Company Flow, End To End Burners

[together]

C.F. digital bust critical
Lighters get burned on a diamond stylus
Four elements control the soundclash
CoFlow responds to the crowd's mileage

[Bigg Jus]

The nitrous illustrator surveyor terrorizer
Hit end to end burners plus multiple insiders
Sublevel providers or simple verbalizer
The most humble student sniper, destroy to amplify
The sentinel who protects the portal dimensional hologram
Cover all chapters of b-boy visuals
Take it back to two A.M. fill in the 3D outline in the park
A year later drug raiders set off black and silver sparks
Somehow it just changed the culture ripped the whole movement apart
from it's origins, begin that gave the four elements its start
What remains, a crew trying to rebuild in vain
To the local squad, trying to bring the fame back to they building
I'm in the finals, three years consecutive for soundkilling
Pooh butt analyzers, the weapon mystifier
Who wanna come test the King Benevolent
who turn the state of the art, into nuttin or irrelevant
Who fuck the world whirlwind myriad of vaporous hybrids, it's known
to seep through these brick walls n shit, close your eyelids
in the field of depth perception
I annihilate kids with no less than Texas tittie twisters
Skull nuggies, purple nurples, methamphetamine
Break the land speed record dip out leave a crop circle
Mr. Sluggo top-notch competitor behaviour injector invader
Crush competition like a overturned Blazer
Our greatest work ever, overthrow the stock exchange with lazars
Escape flying through the Number 4 tunnel, too low to be detected by radar
Grand concourse mixer of flavour breast elixir
We screwface competition with Ruthie cola mixture
I'm way above, shine on crews like a street lamp fixture

[together]

Super duty tough words, all vision lost rhymin
B-Boys hold down the function
Rock steadily for more than just dough
"Dance to the rhythm and rhyme of CoFlow" [x5]

[Big Juss]

A hot wire like a third rail is live [x3]
From here to oblivion, I obliterate

[El Producto]

Yo, I cut most meticulous with a similar interest
King of pen and sing to a metronome without an influence
Shot burner off-kilter bust shit at random
like civil war muskets or ADD kids throwin tantrums
Out out the damn spot with phantom power rebel bunch
Using the populace like Fed fed the meat to public school lunches
Sad to say im the matrix with the code for smallpox rapist
Out of all shots mine are worn from hit 'n' runs, caught 'em mixtapeless
Straight from limbo where the most favourite dish is faces
Marching like Dimes or Orangemen through Belfast
Manimal hybrids be combination, then beatbox
til the tastebuds on our tongues are smooth and shapeless
Dodging thought police this patient zero the folk hero
Clepto steal the spotlight before b-boys turn complacent
Specialize in neuter services and theft of game systems
The crew detaches expands and credits them towards purchases

Wisdom with a bad touch, incision pain plus
that botched the operation and denied insurance claim from it
Overfiendish, twenty cock to shoot out fuck your mind
before that morning cup of ovaltine shit
El Producto, C.F. born to break shit down and replace it with
fortified vitamins that you can lick right off the vinyl
Little Leaguer, my phonics is on some clearly ironic shit
like hittin pick six on the day of the apocalypse
Took the hard road to blaze a trail like yeast infection
in urethras, just to match crabs try to bite my style, fail
Diss me on the internet like picket line crossin Teamsters
Scabs that's really down with hip hop only if convenient, KILL HIM!!!

The rhyme sucks
The delivery sucks
This fucking move, terrible, very old
Look at me I'm going to dance for you now, look

"Dance to the rhythm and rhyme of CoFlow" [x4]

[Big Juss]
A hot one among the third rail is live [x3]
From here to oblivion, I obliterate

"Dance to the rhythm and rhyme of CoFlow" [cut and scratched]