

Company Flow, Krazy Kings Too

[Bigg Jus]

It's the classic underground styles of the urban masters
The crazy kings be thinking caps and sparking tags quick [x4]

I was once in the land where things would never go right
There lived a king who sang a swan song of afternoons and home life
Well he was found lost, murdered a mile away in yards and turnpikes
God bless little Lune TNS who got in him inhaling a few migraines
He stays on the shells and denims
Beyond his wildest fantasies never really thought he'd be drilling 'em
But ah, BS119 and wore black TVS and a long purple robe
Snatched up should portray his weapon
Forever flood the maddened chains and keep the revelations guessing
Whether through mind over matter mediation
Self actualization or even zoning out through deep relaxation
Yo, I came across grown men too scared to dream
I walked past them as a child with a staff on the south side of Queens
Where the wild ones eye the title percent idol
Only thought was attain luxury, like the elevation wasn't vital
To keep pace with a crew that rallied back then, I'm treacherous
And willpower exploded stars out the path of nexuses
A true rebel who's, like, technically inclined to
Attract wannabe scientific gold diggers and forty-niners
Empower you or strangle your ass like with the grapevine
I'm never out for the fame whereas I was told to bring fame to my name
And keep motivated on the down low
Like a northbound Jersey packed train, apart from this
My crew, tight-knit circle with arsonists quick to set it
Like the rain forest gon' get chopped down regardless to who you are
If you ain't really witness the invisible
The clairvoyant rhyme blizzard, the tech hold arson as a missile
It's like, as I approach the two three hearts death's in the blow
Still one sixteenth of a gram is critical when it enters, so

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[x4, alternating Bigg Jus, EI-P]

[EI-P]

Shit, I feel asphyxiated
I wear the city air like wet leather
Alone, though the populace dwells so closely together
Alarmingly dependent on technology I was raised as a child to keep me one
Trying to outrun white noise from my TV keeps me numb
Mr. Disgusted, fortified, ill as confunktion
God's son, not a martyr but a fresh working member of a collective
Who travel through the blazing light as my corpse is dissected
Cell pack, give 'em a little something extra on the set
Licking a slug at Brandon Lee just to be offensive like tech
Told the redbone you can't comprehend, sex alone can't fulfill me
Just cause I'm Pinoy don't mean the government's not trying to kill me
The crazy king to whom even himself remains anonymous
From conditioning to remnants of sarcasm and broken promises
To myself, born to be the b-boy of stealth clashes
Who plot a point on the graph for every crab that he harrasses
Citizens blitzkrieg nihilistic heart of dark euthanasia
Fifty thousand pen and pain phrase in alphabetical arrangement
Caught a CAT scan to color print my delusion and frame it
Battle my old pseudonym with a quote from Cold Fusion explain shit
Before the three wheels hit the target
I'mma get a new life market, with bells on
But can only seem to fall all over harlots and sirens

And ignore those who really love me
Who in truth embody the rarity of true starlets
My man had a humor that's expressing and gentle
We played backgammon all night
Smoking Kool cigs till the sun entered the temple
From a bad merger of substance of hell his brain swelled
It filled with liquid in October, trouble and on a bus to AC
When I saw his grave, I had the cubans so I doubled him
And affirmed to teach myself to float my way more credit
And the serum between something low and the love to keep them separate
And blitz commander won because his armful needs a medic
You must expedite functions of truth and stick to it
Choose a concrete and bad noise to burn fluid
Rubble becomes structure from the beauty of confusion
Alchemy: heal your pain with art, learn to use it

[Bigg Jus]

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