

Company Flow, Low Key

(feat. Mr. Lif, BMS, 3 Melancholy Gypsys)

[Mr. Lif]

I've got two underpaid educators on the faders
Mad about the salaries of baseball players
A nation of thugs waving guns at the mayor
The meek on they knees, cold prayin' for savior
Enabled to outlast disease that plagues ya
Scientists with remedies, save 'em for later
In God we trust, written on the paper
Which soon will burn, as humans learn
To upgrade, advance
But wade, too far in the waters of chance
Stress reaches up to the heavens, its arms
Take the form of nuclear bombs
And when they weary, they drop and crush theory
Laying to waste every thing you held dearly
Let this near it, at this point you see clearly
You nodded through peril, just scream if you hear me

[MURS]

COME LIKE I HERE'SAY

Ain't nobody comin' this fed
Could've went, got some sleep, but got keyed instead
So the organs that I use to breed are now bred
Cigarettes to the head, chillin' on the balcony
With some fly shit on hand like I practice foul degree
I'm out to be, one of the best, you know
MURS plus a mic, fuck the summit of rest
Now a gun and a vest? Might protect you from takin' one in the chest
But it can't protect you from this legendary crew that's runnin' the west
I make you want to invest in the shit that we made
I give a damn what you made fuckin' with E-Trade
Cuz when the beat's laid, the hardcore becomes priceless
The righteous Doctor T put the walk in concrete
The stop on Wall Street, the knock on the beat
You couldn't run a close second with some clocks on your feet
Not jocked in the street but respected at the bank
Unsigned and hella broke, think it is when it ain't, bitch

[EI-P]

Uh, baby, the other OTHER white meat...
Whose radio reacts with the version of a perfect attack
Hi my name is Jamie Maleny, you might recognize me
From such magazines as white inches
And such films as kick the perpetrator new jack in his talk box
And bounce from the set like time bandits
Dwell in the cracks of the asphalt to design famine
If I combine the dirty works of the content in a bent drum pattern
Where each snare you hear is a snapshot of a broken city children
Building jails out of commotion and metal legos, c'mon man!
And that's a kick-drum for the homeless, a gunshot for the system
Position on the totem is low
And Fahrenheits(?) today to sweat bullets
The cops will sodomize you like Jim Jay Bullet
And lick Billy Blanks at ya ass on some bullshit (Get 'em up Billy!)
Humanity makes the pellets that swim like the blade through gut jelly
So what the fuck can you tell me?
So what on God's earth do you think you can sell me?

[Mr. Len scratches "I got some good shit to tell you tonight
Brothers and sisters, brothers and sisters"]

[Eligh]

Syncopated to the third degree, highest motion felt by man
Dropping through the bars from the fingers in the back of the brain day
Linger, maintain with the most devotion, scientific and vocal portion
Full-position dynamite, couldn't have rocked on a finer night
Universe in a fire fight, me against the world tonight
Woes, negative, positive balance and flows
Holds, like in an upper color's wallowing pride
From the first time that I tried might have been the first time that I died
Cuz I know now that I'm a mad scientist
Eyeing formations from the top of skyscrapers that dwells within my craters
Now it's dark and I'm in the park with a marker and a telescope
In hopes to find the universe I fit in
Bidding on good riddance, forever after
Chuckling, your human science gives me laughter
Knees buckling, under the pressure of these energy masters
Smothering you bastards, acts is so plastic

[BMS]

Drop this shit from the head, ten-low, chemo
Emcees hope we won't
Co-Flow, Living Leg' collaboration
We keep the world spinnin' like innovation
All shall awaken, nigga I don't move or hover
Maybe you've got something to prove
But anything you've got, covered
Couldn't picture this within a limbus
Infamous, stylus I'm epic
BMS damn right you said it
Damn right when it comes to the mic
Audio flows and any motherfucker can get it
MURS, Scarub and Eligh
Mr. Len, Mr. Lif, El-P and I
Please don't attempt to adjust the vibe
We like to fuck with what you reset
What you just said, there's no ways to protect
Two disconnections formed this step to intervention
Wherever we from, whatever we've done
However we some emcees
Wherever we from, whatever we've done
However we some emcees we from

[Mr. Len does some more scratching]

[Scarub]

My time is slim, it ripples like tight skin over rib cages
Where I'm from, the powers that be got us livin' like dogs
Chasing our tails three-hundred and sixty degrees
Going nowhere, blinded by the glare of the green
Not talking weed I'm talkin' dollars
They're taping your every move on this planet
It's a life-long race from start to finish
A competition where many win and many more get deminished
A selected few cross through, a checkered flag for the first of 'em
Those who come in first place just had more thirst in 'em
A little bit more burst in 'em, but keep out the catch
We're all living in this poll-position
Some are just more focused to win and acquire the things that glisten
While others get left in the dust, miles away
Placed in the opposite position, pissing their lives away
So my time is slim, my time is slim, my time is slim...

[Mr. Len cuts and scratches until outro]