

## 8 Steps To Perfection

### Company Flow

Rugged like Rwanda, don't wind up far or get chopped up  
Quick to rush the spot like baby urine get mopped up  
Tags that spray your hall with rap aerosol  
Organized graffiti lectures in can control

Or level with the devil racing uptown first to Fort Apache  
I'm much too much for any demon style to master me  
From the thought's next bridge to the hell's gate, lyrically detonating  
Sparking M-80's and bottle rockets it's a nigga chaser

Downtown graffiti deface a heroin debaser  
Open up your eyes and clean out your nature  
Wide open like the grand canyon  
Emcees couldn't hang if they was lynched by the Grand Dragon

Searching for my style like Job-Corps  
Coming home on work release shoplifting at the rap store  
But sabotaging me ain't easy  
I'm crooked like Nathan Wind starring as Cochise

With a big baseball bat you get robbed like DeNiro  
A sandwich still ain't nothing but a hero  
Just a small sample of the abstract  
When the rhyme gets crazy hot and lyrics don't know how to act

Whether shooting joints or wax  
I go all out and attack crabs and herbs that's crazy wack  
We all can't be pimps, and we all can't rap  
You got to get your dollars on cause it's on like that

Here's what I want you to do  
Niggas with the green Axe and burgundy Forerunner  
Inhuman like Blade Runner  
When I'm rhyming all summer just listen to the drummer

Transistor blister feedback freak the impeters  
Funk flow we expose frequencies in sequence  
Napalm gets dropped long range like fiber optics  
Check the rhyme activity your skills is microscopic

Peace to my crew and my nigga El-P  
Who's here to spark it causing all these crabs to flee

Check it and I inflict it quattro nine fifty lungs misty  
Color me Maxmillian 'cause I'm that crazy robot  
Teetering on the edge of outer space  
Spitting buckshots till black holes surround me, you found me

As far as I'm concerned, I've got your ashes in an urn  
Big up, the temperamental hold none barred kid  
What's your confunction? Tracks is type dusty  
Drinking water out the well of life and I'ma piss it back rusty

Flesh and phonics, you're god damned right  
I'm on 'em like aorta pacemakers hooked up to clappers  
Clap off, welcome to my free form jubilee, look at me  
The witness to the shit you wanna be

DBA lyrical P known as a simp and I'm a sycophant  
Feeding on fats passed and dipped  
In and out of my invisible state  
Forerunner rep tyrannical

Wrecks like techs bust mechanical  
Rusty goner weasel painting beats on an easel  
Shoot a head up  
What bitch you're boxing shadows

Look out my way you pull your breath out to battle  
Breaking your double helix, and now the shit is single  
Not mono, I burn the needle out your vinyl  
El-P the third gunner on the grassy knoll

Stroll, keep the seventh seal of heaven in my pocket  
You're faggot like sprockets, motherf\*\*k the Houston Rockets  
I'm so sick of recycled metaphors  
Bet but I'd f\*\*k Laura Ingalls only when she's done with her chores

Got rappers tip toeing on a Highway to Heaven  
Got manners like Bruce Banner when he's stressed  
I'm sick of your corny beats and your crowd-involved hooks  
'Cause I'm a thinker, evil anus letting off stinkers

8 steps to perfection  
The sum of each part forms an octagon  
Let rhyme styles get sparked

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The sum of each part forms an octagon  
Where rhyme styles get sparked

The holy terror, last moves you never won't win  
Playing taps on a violin  
You can never comprehend the rhyme origin  
I rate one like a Chinese, Jamaican like a chin

Hot rocking corduroy, Bally's that's so fitted  
Niggas came and assed out my tracks and left 'em shitted  
Fuck the movement, lubricate the smooth shit  
Just to letcha know, never do I use it

Strictly the blueprint for the ghetto music in my cipher  
Shorty the sniper Jeep like Cherokee  
When I take aim handling wall to wall emcees  
Mr. Madman attract lyrics like magnets

They f\*\*k up speaking cavernous when I'm stabbing it  
Like the Juice, then go Bronco busting loose  
That's my word, you couldn't shoot or try to compute the math  
To kick any type sport like the vandal

I manhandle, emcees get murdered like Tennessee  
Or trapped in the bedroom with the 'Texas Chainsaw Massacre'  
One two three, 'The Taking of Pelham'  
Eastwick underground New York be the dwelling

I keep telling 'em the state of the mind be the mentals  
If you murder up in the ghetto you murder in a temple