

Bleach

Styles of Beyond

Yo, swing the sword for the classic year
Bring the noise with your hands up, slash and tear
Who can, fathom asthma, dash for air
Spittin' on the baby bib in the plastic chair
What's up stupid?
(Shoot this)
1-5-1 in the shot glass
(Hot flash)
Bangin' on the drum, huh
We cause havoc down in Las Vegas
Paper trails racing Pelican Brief-cases
We outrageous, name the streets gave us
Yeah, we got fame, but now we heat blazers
I let 'em all fly, 10 in the clip, 1 in the chamber
Thumbs up! Another banger
Untuck the flamer, dumbfuck
It's like gettin' with a dumptruck
Brains and guts
Maim, cut, aim, duck, same, stuff
Get you cracked up like cocaine, heat 'em up
OK, I'll let a sucka's fly once
Face down, found him in his Cap'n Crunch
Uh, malpractice - a bang-all jam
I joust rappers and track in the radar scans
Flip beats for the crew like fleets and platoons
Reach for the moon like Reese Witherspoon, uh
Don't stop the sure-shot, the anthem
Blast the gold box, cock back the cannon
What's up partna, I got ya (what, what)
Hope that crack the piñata
Slap, box, mouth of backwash
Teeth mashed up on the asphalt, ya dig?
Set the pace like a mustang, mashin'
Up the stakes, who wanna cut the cake, I take cash
Dropped on a blood-stained mattress
Stop, you ain't got access, watch
I'mma change my asset, Ryu and Tak
You little cunts in the game, you can suck my cum
And lay flat on the ground, don't make 'em peep
If you want the stains out now, get the bleach

Guess who's got the rubber gloves and the bleach?
Guess who's rockin every club, that's me
Get so hot, you feel the buzz in the streets
Keeping it knockin', Jay drop that beat
Guess who got the group name on top?
S.o.B. (Styles of Beyond) got the rap thing locked
Who want what, when, why, and what not
Who got next up, Ryu and Tak

Yeah, here it comes, all you hear is a click
Bloody brains on the sand was like Miracle Whip
While the blood keeps gushin', relish and pink mustard, huh
I'mma slam till I tear it to bits
Till the bell for the recess rang
On the defense game
You feeling like P.F. Changs

Hopscotch on the corpse till I drop the torch
And burn crews for their views that would rock with force
Sayin, don't stop the sure-shot, the anthem
Blast the gold box, cock back the cannon
What's up y'all, we don't stall
Come one, come all till we drop the ball like

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