

# 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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