

## Easy Back It Up

### Styles of Beyond

It was 11:33, just wakin up to write  
Got plans to meet my man at the jam tonight  
Got a call from Tiger Chan, he said, "Whassup Tak'?"  
Yo my car broke down, meet me at the bus stop  
"What time?" About five, I'll be ready when I'm done  
4:22, turn twenty-one, so you know  
Threw on my shades to block the rays from the sun  
I stepped out the door and now my day's begun  
So I'm walkin down the block, think about that girl Britney  
Knowin that I'm goin to the club to get tipsy  
If I step out of line, would she soon forget me  
I don't know - I'm Dazed and Confused like a hippie  
Waitin on the corner for the four-door Honda  
Picked me up, with the switch seat recliner  
Yo I hear the horn blowin from these girls behind us  
I turned around to look and they got all obnoxious  
They recognize the face, "Can we get your autograph?"  
Yo I turned back to Ryu and we started to laugh  
"We got a show to do tonight," that's what I yelled out the window  
They pulled up on the side, with a pen and pad for info  
One had pretty eyes, with the buttermilk complexion  
So I ran it down the line with the directions, yo..

Everytime we got a jam to make  
we make sure the beat knocks, we dig up in the crate  
Once the vibe is straight, we packin the place  
It's the S.O.B., put the needle on the plate  
(What what what what?)  
Put the needle on the plate  
(uhh.. uhh..)  
Put the needle on the plate  
(yeah UH)

"Wait back it up, hup, easy back it up"

Steppin out in style, three dimensional light beams  
Knight Queens and Club Kings swingin hype cling  
Trippin over bottles of Moet on my way to the dancefloor  
Pan-thers, freakin my folklore  
My bloody roar buddy deplore cunning game to transform  
and trap a dame flat in nine seconds we take aim  
Change to battle beast, that'll cease, any attempt  
in petty offensive diss to my click  
We move quick, you might not even recognize my presence  
Thirty second assassination sedation weapon  
Step into the club, all these thugs wanna shoot me  
Because I'm well known at the spot, they call me roofies  
Hittin hard rocks when I travel through veins  
and wake up in three days not remeberin thangs  
The reign of the poetry prince of darkness the martian  
Stompin, from California to Boston, Lost in Space  
so take caution, face the facts, harken  
Eagle talon attack, pack it up often  
Audio abortion, distortion offense  
Corporate, decapitated three-headed horsemen  
Shredded portions of serial murder endorsement  
Course across clubs and fold my armed forces

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