

## Mr. Brown

## Styles of Beyond

Shout out my name, you bitch

Oh, yeah, who wanna rip with Styles?  
The whole place on the lookout for Mr. Brown  
We've got, plenty of clues and forensic files  
Plus, envious crews, so we trip for miles  
It's (Mister Brown!)  
Yeah, you know the drill  
Never holdin' 'em still  
Roll 'em over the hill  
Just glide, close your mouth and open the blinds  
Took the wings off a bird and let it float to the side  
Say (What?) to hear me callin  
Shoutin out my name and playin' this in the Walkman

Aiyo, crash the gates  
Aiyo, pack the place up  
Break stuff, takin' all the paper  
I'mma stay laced up  
Keep a shank tucked, take a pay cut  
Even let you keep the dang paste up (really?)  
Say somethin, punk, what, put away the blank gun  
Fakes wanna talk about bank but they make none  
Live from the sweatbox, sucking on the Pop some, lookin' for the foxhunt, pe  
ace

Yo, the joke's over, slap the bloke sober  
Catch a .40 caliber case of glaucoma  
Riders like Johnny Depp rollin' with Winona  
Big trunk fulla shit, blow the globe up  
So what? nobody knows us, got no love  
Pop 6, Ryu and Tak, cops know what it does  
Hot shit by the bungalow, drop the bloody glove  
Won't get caught killin' today, baby, cause I'm a thug

Bottles of beer from the land of five horses  
Man who wasn't there like Billy Bob Thornton  
Crush-crew landin in, steppin' into the scene  
Fertilize new lawns, a Requiem for a Dream  
It's (Mister Brown!), legendary assignment  
Searchlights hover, but can't seem to find him  
Track down whatever you can in the mist  
In this case, it's strictly the hand of a fist  
So (What?), keep your eyes peeled, post and look fresh  
Like, Mammoth and Ideal (???), hope to hook checks

Aiyo, what's up, ticket the blows  
Plus, jack whoever wanted with us, get slapped up, (UH) let it be known  
Mr. Brown got somethin' to bust  
The blue steel touchin' his nuts  
The pump got a sick mind of it's own  
Oh, crackin' the globe like the edible egg  
A nuclear rap bazooka with incredible aim  
Who can you blame? I'm a troop cooped in a cage  
And it's a thin line between a chipped tooth and a fang, come on

Yo, it's just one of those things

Where you wanna ride but it just won't swing  
Wanna kick a rhyme, but it just don't bang  
Oh, you've got that new shit that still sounds played  
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