

# Outta Control

## Styles of Beyond

Yo...takin' the game back, point blank, aim gats  
We both dope from the same cocaine sack  
Laugh with no pain, never go glitzy  
Pop thug, my necklace dangle my M-60 (Uh!)  
Outta control now, half of the globe  
Raps and wreaks of wackness, cover your nose  
So take your weeks of practice  
Back, you freakin' flow in a geeky accent, "Callin' all freaks!"  
That's what you get, get got it? Good  
Yo Cheap, we got a smash hit, knock on wood  
That's it, put your hands up (Uh!) They can't stand us  
Dig a big pit the size of the Grand Canyon  
Push 'em over the cliff, you nutty as squirrel shit  
Thinkin' you're so sick, but I carry the cure, bitch  
Lots of sleep, plenty of pills and blow  
Now who want it with the S.O.B.? Let's go!

Stand up! C'mon, and if ya like it say ("Uhhh...")  
Ya like it, say ("Well...")  
Ya love it, say ("Yeahhh")  
So get up! And if it's hype, say ("Uh!")  
Ryu and Tak, what's up now? We outta control!

Hands up! C'mon, and if ya like it, say ("Ha!")  
Ya like it, say ("Whoa")  
Ya love it, say ("Awwesome!")  
So get up! And if it's hype, say ("Oh my God!")  
Ryu and Tak, what's up now? We outta control!

Yo...wakin' up early, goin' to work is a joke  
So deep, with no sleep, it hurts when you're dope  
So I, picked up a pen and squirt a couple of quotes  
While I dream and hurdle over your hoax  
Blowin' steam like, it's all murder, incite the right words to  
Fight, I might serve ya mic, and vice-versa  
Spillin' my ink on a piece of paper  
Slowly I sink, I think I'm a freak of nature  
So I, step it up now, outta control, about to explode  
I'm in the house, countin' my dough  
Bounce and I roll, pick up a half ounce of the 'dro, psyche  
You don't even smoke punk, you're stuck in the strobelight  
Back to the beginning, with scar tissue and celibate thoughts  
I'm in the dark with artificial intelligence  
Never before seen, it's the untold legacy  
Rippin' it, tearin' the mics up, stash the weaponry

Stand up! C'mon, and if ya like it say ("Ahhh")  
Ya like it, say ("Uh!")  
Ya love it, say ("Yeahhh")  
So get up! And if it's hype, say ("Well...")  
Ryu and Tak, what's up now? We outta control!

Hands up! C'mon, and if ya like it, say ("Yeahhh")  
Ya like it, say ("Ahhh")  
Ya love it, say ("Ummm")  
So get up! And if it's hype, say ("Oh!")  
Ryu and Tak, what's up now? We outta control!

Yo...I still fade 'em, rep L.A.  
West up 'till death, but I'm a New York native  
818 rock outta control, we so fresh, you know  
No one except us, runs the west coast  
You're best to, mind your biz and stay useless  
I'ma take a swing at your brain and Babe Ruth it  
Ruthless gangsta, definition of sick  
Is Ryu and Tak together, we the weapon and clip

Yo...pop it and cork it, a wild horse  
I like the way it flows, mix a little with Style Warz  
Cabernet and Merlot, I'm sayin' it's got me, swingin' fo' sho  
Speakin'...language in prose so my name'll get known  
It's like...makin' a record, you gotta chase it or catch it  
I keep spittin' this image with no escapin' the method  
While I'm sittin' on the wall in between two women  
And I can't even decide, I'm in the pool swimmin' like...

Stand up! C'mon, and if ya like it say ("Yeah")  
Ya like it, say ("Umm...")  
Ya love it, say ("Eeep")  
So get up! And if it's hype, say ("Uh!")  
Ryu and Tak, what's up now? We outta control!

Hands up! C'mon, and if ya like it, say ("Oooh")  
Ya like it, say ("Okay then")  
Ya love it, say ("Umm...")  
So get up! And if it's hype, say ("Ahhh!")  
Ryu and Tak, what's up now? We outta control!

Yo...Cheapshot's always outta control, uh!  
Vin Skully, gettin' outta control  
You know my man double-O gettin' outta control, uh!  
Lexicon, always outta control, yeah!  
4-Zone's always outta control  
And ya know Trev Dog gettin' outta control, uh!  
Sandman, gettin' outta control  
Ya know Spytech Records always outta control, uh!  
And that's it...2003, S.O.B....uh!

"That...was...awwwesome! Hahahaha...that sucks."