

## Spies Like Us

## Styles of Beyond

Yo.. yeah..

So I slid behind the van, ran down the hill quick  
Knight Rider episode callin KITT  
Talkin telecom through a channel on my wrist  
S.O.S. bein sent, {fuck} the superhero {shit}  
In and out of phone booths, kryptonite  
Whistle for a taxi beneath the street light  
Pick me up, drop me off two blocks from the site  
And make sure nobody knows about the secret uh-ahh uh-ahh  
Beware the spy brought binoculars  
Got a strange feelin cause I know somebody's watchin us  
They're comin for my music  
But they can't hack it, so I'm jettin through the streets  
attractive, with the key in the black book of matches  
Floatin past pedestrians, cross over the bridge  
Got, major with new flavor and brought it to North Ridge  
But, everybody wraps like a toga  
So I took the subway to the city of Kinnoga  
Build a foundation to resist the mainstream  
S.O.B., three lethal weapons all on the same team  
Spread it rapidly like a sonic gangrene  
Hangin portraits of the pitiful, so punk say cheese {click}  
Pack the briefcase with explosives  
Walkie-talkie signal causin all types of commotion  
I'm still bein followed  
No choice but to rocket like the 13th Apollo  
and dissapear into the smoke, inside a genie bottle  
Got me caught up with Dr. Jekyll lookin for Mr. Rhymer  
True, radios green for the spies

Spies like us see everything you do  
Every move you make, every last clue  
All the mistakes and all the check one two's  
Locked in a briefcase of the S.O.B. crew  
(2x)

You know me by my alias, Tiger Trenchcoat Chan  
Mr. Incognito with the microphone can  
Place and date of birth unknown, tappin phonedlines  
Plantin bugs in your stereo box when you ain't home  
Trackin my assailants with my high tech surveillance  
Night vision goggles with the poison dart impalements  
Secret artist sabotage cause train derailments  
Styles of Beyond recon, with deadly ailments  
Yo - even my wife don't know my double life  
Double low on the mic, out of mind, out of sight  
Usin night as a cloak cause I walk my dog dope  
Peepin you, like a naked {bitch} on my telescope  
Runnin through the thick smoke, slipped and broke your back  
on the oil slick ?? lay just like a nympho  
Collectin clues and info, keep tabs on crews who choose  
to pose and rock dues in Range Rover rentals  
Manipulate your pad and pencil  
to instigate a cold war over instrumentals  
Evacuate, ID their bodies by their dental - let the record show  
the victim died by deadly flows afflicted to the mental  
Depicted in the scene, it's the undercover team

Kickin fools like Kung-Fu, Jeru, and Carradine

All up my sleeves in my rhymin fatigues, the party starts  
with a magnifying glass scope and chop the body parts  
Who's responsible?  
Disguisin y'all constable  
Drape the yellow tape around the body, front page, 2nd article  
Obituaries filled with suckers with no skill  
In the line of duty hitmen for hire, yo what's the deal?  
For real, gag his throat, slap him if he squeals  
9-1-3-0-6 information gets revealed  
Bloody Mary holiday, flashback, remember this evidence  
clearly show you trespass the premises  
Spies on the case  
You heard my name but you can't match the face  
From out the shadows ha ha nobody's safe ha ha  
Kill em all ha ha without a trace, cash double-oh

Fourth and inches off the benches in comes the crowd favorite  
Jaded, 007 the special agent  
Radiant, triple X flexin with heat  
Break necks of those who sweat thou and try to compete  
Elite, for this moment in time, I steal the sunshine  
and spit flames at any MC who try to take mine  
The eighth sign apocalyptic, lyrically gifted  
The final move you make is made against the mystic  
The swiftest, always prevail, the human 3rd rail  
I exhale the smoke from molotov cocktails  
Propel the power conduct, uhh, I bring the ruck  
What the {fuck}? Ten seconds, this track self destructs