

## Subculture

## Styles of Beyond

Yo,  
Everybody (c'mon)  
If you're with it (c'mon)  
If you're ready (c'mon)  
If you want it (c'mon)  
Bring it on (c'mon)  
Come along (c'mon)  
S-T-Y-L-E-S Beyond  
Yo, everybody (c'mon)  
If you're with it (c'mon)  
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S-T-Y-L-E-S Beyond

("Ah here it comes like a scene in Genesis")

Yo, it's like being in the position to get yourself lynched  
Attack with the sick-assed twelve inch, the metal blade  
Serenade, somebody tell the clique what's happenin'  
This is how we took over the atlas  
From the beginning of known rappers, stole the stone cactus  
What what know what the fact is

Galactic Arachnids coming with killer venom attachments  
Action the words rip, quick draw fastest  
Flash leather attack medivac'n the wounded  
Swoop down from thirty-thou for troop movements

Brother with two units, boogie down speakin'  
Us bangin' the true music, takin a few bruises  
In particular group weapon to shoot crews with  
Ketchup all over your suit's blueprint, now!  
Who knows the rules to the new acoustic?  
Heavy on the way 'cause we're crooked  
and droppin the school stupid, recoopin'  
Comin' for cash so give it up  
Everybody rockin' with Ryu and Tak, say what?

With two tapes in the deck, get set to dub over  
Press record and absorb the "Subculture"

("Ah here it comes like a scene in Genesis")

Yo, hollow points with anonymous tips  
Five shots in the pine box ready for six  
At the bottom of the crate, you could suffer the same fate  
Make a rapper ship twelve platinum and blank tapes

Uh up rock morph to eight shapes the Great Dane  
(Gamma ray) able to bake brains  
You might as well shelve it  
Huh! Still spinnin with twelve helmets  
Somethin' that they punish themselves' with, uh they felt it

Purple velvet melt metal itself quick tell

Everybody in the clique to get down with the Celtic  
with the felt-tip attack raps around sounds  
Find More lyrics at [www.sweetslyrics.com](http://www.sweetslyrics.com)  
So bounce now, you ain't got the fingers to count styles  
There it is (what?) that, ambiguous cat  
Gritty kitty my rikky-raw rhetoric rap  
Piggyback my style rip r-rebirth (gimme that!)  
'cause I don't give a kcuif like the "f-word" reversed!

("Ah here it comes like a scene in Genesis...")

Get ready for the ride where no one else has been  
Check the code locks and strap yourself in  
Beware to hold on loose the roller coaster  
Alcanola what? Same as it ever was

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Yo beats, (what?) rhymes (what?) style (what?) wicked!  
...All depends on how we kick this!  
Breakers sneakers, all the night freakers  
Boniqua sleepers those who might peep us  
Crash in the cascade, deem a catch-phrase  
Last missing piece in this puzzle of rap fame  
The world in a twist lost for who to blame  
Make a wish, light a flame, and toss the boomerang

Yo number one crew to reign king the rule of pain  
Through the vein of the lunar slang fiendin with sharp fangs  
People are strange, they got me wonderin' why  
You want fame make a record that someone actually buys  
The clique nobody rips, nobody gets  
not even a half a second to block my raw karate-kicks!  
Chop suey, duck phooey, sharpen my chop sticks  
action look for trouble and they double as lock-picks!

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Thanks to Frost for these lyrics  
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