

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)
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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
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 kcuf 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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