

## Superstars

## Styles of Beyond

Aiyyo, first things first  
It's time to shake ground in the eighth round  
Box battle and break down  
For the beak in the rhyme tone  
jump in the cyclone  
S-T-Y-L-E-S, yes I know  
Give the rap phene vaccine  
packed red beam  
Put 'em up, what the fuck  
You plucked a bad seed  
Off the wall, spittin' the guerilla tag team  
What's up now, duck down stuff that can't breathe

Yo- you know the routine, the demon effect  
Please, don't step, you wanna be one of my pet peeves  
The more beef the better; sound gay  
But you all wanna sleep together, ok  
In the club we gon' sneak berrettas  
Why not? We got so much street credit, the fuckin' police let us  
Now that's bullshit, cause we don't pack heat  
So come and get your head crackin' up at me

Kick it- movin' it's on now  
Making it punk loud  
Shaking the buck wild  
Rapin' the punk style  
Fakin' the funk pal  
Dunk watch the punk  
What now? Watch your battleship get sunk down  
Click (click) pow (pow) knocked (knocked) out (out)  
What? Just what I thought, what's up now?  
Hu- Hu- bugs out through the speaker  
dap-dap dabbin' the track with both hands  
I'm like Hu-hu- bugs out through the speaker  
dap-dap dabbin' the track with both hands

Hold it down, never give in  
Styles ever get limbs  
Or whether you want it to end  
Dirty seringe, I murder 'em again  
97 serving them sins  
Uh 30 your friends get knocked out, turbulent wind  
Hopped out, what you want, big verb in the gin

I'm a fish; you can tell by the flippers or fins  
C'mon

Yo- I got a rock style  
Pivot the offspring and joke with 'em  
With a distorted gist off string  
Who am i? Rushin' what leg? who and Tak?  
Pushin' your bed hotter than Quebec in July  
Area 51, stereo, rive gun live  
Here we go, S-O-B drop some  
For the kids in the hall with the new block tape  
Blast from both angles like boom dock saint  
So get up get up and let the sound hit ya

Snap it's already ya style picture  
(Lot electrical)

Who the hell wear splittin' the belly up on a selfish  
Shinnin' in your style playin' the fell blitz  
Drillin' your brain, like rap and video games  
Feel the seringe for the styles that stickin' in your brain

Yo- what kind of shit is he on  
Really is styles, really be on  
C'mon punk fuck off; You really gotta be gone  
Ripped out of your brain  
Pissed covered in shit to diss this S-O-B game  
Son of a bitch  
I'ma start killin' for kicks  
There ain't an air force 1 inn the globe I can't fig, get it?  
I'm sick with it, when I spit the venom  
And it drip's up in 'em  
And it get's the women in a  
Quick dilemma; We can settle it now  
And I don't know who did it but they said it was styles

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