

## Winnetka Exit

Styles of Beyond

Ayo, I got no cash, no money, funds, no dividends  
How come all these people got so much money to spend  
While I'm cruisin inside of my broken down Honda Accord  
Wishin I had a dollar bill to throw in the tank  
but obvioulsy ridin' on 'E's' a deadly thing  
So I step to Willy Big, lookin for pocket change  
He pulled out some champagne, so happy to celebrate  
I was like, nah man, I need chips, let's get it straight  
So right before I jettted he slapped me a couple bucks  
I knew where I was headed, for gasoline that's unleaded  
Would the derelect regret it or is that the way they thought though?  
I don't know, I'm cheap so I slid up into the Arco  
2 dollars and 56 cents on 23  
Exit off of Winnetka to enter Canoga P  
Now everybody be bumpin and whippin the steering wheel  
To something that's undiscovered but waitin to be revealed  
While we rockin, beats that's knockin, yea,  
Ryu and Tak and, turn on the radio, the Wake Up Show, what,  
Ninety-two, ugh, we hype when we . . . true  
Yo, we are, from a, what, Style of Beyond and  
We, would, like, to rock, for you and you,

Rockin our radio station here, in the San Fernando Valley  
(S-O-B), at least thirty fatalaties, rockin our, San Fernando Valley

Sippin half a cup of decaf, coffee with milk  
Overlookin the Valley smog like I'm walkin on stilts  
In the basement of the Los Angeles basin ragin war  
The weapons are chasin full scale invasions, hit the floor  
When the Saticoy and Roscoe block proximity mines  
Explode into a rhyme and out the numeric time code  
Now let me flip back into fly mode (chill)  
Dollar dollar bill, more like 99 cents  
For Schlitz malt liquor 40 ounce over the hill  
Kickin freestyles, stumblin words have you wonderin  
I rock your mics, til your spotlights are tan underin  
Van Nuys, Canoga, Northridge, Reseda renegade,  
Centerstage steppin with the missile engaged  
It's simple and plain, take away the gangs and all that mess,  
What's left is hiphop at it's best,  
But in the west it's the S-O-B  
818, yes that be, from out the derelict barracks  
Redefining the MC

Let the phonograph spin (let it spin, let it spin)  
Where it stops, nobody knows (nobody knows)  
The code, but if it flows (let it flow) let it flow  
If it does, then it won't stop, hah

Ayo, Vin Scully comin with the sick type juice  
Headphones, adjust the mic, let loose  
Wicked patterns of flowin when I'm zonin (zonin)  
Move into a soothin poetic lunatic frenzy  
Ricocheting inside a studio with the session,  
Me and Ryu, a combination with the others pure impressed  
And while they lookin school-faced, got niggas on the cue-base  
You know they got their talk just packed up in a little suitcase

what you expected?

101 ventura, 818 - Winnetka exit

The Golden State line, where fake guys get bit by the snake eyes

Spittin venemous, sudden death with surprise

By malicious Scully tracks crushing all production wishes

Underground aquatics swimming with exotic fishes

We raisin up the flag without a question or discussion

So take Winnetka Exit for some fine-tuning adjustment

'Cause just when you thought that everything was thorough

We came back to represent the Los Angeles borough