

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