

## **Styles of Beyond f/ Celph Titled "Murderer"**

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"The evil genius!" "Green Lantern" [Tak] Yeah, I keep the head for the trophy You're newly wed steppin' to the legend of Goldy Never let it control me My etiquette slowly Slips through your defense while I'm checkin' the goalie Wow Meet the Ice Man Face mask simbilan driftin' Nice gems, an extraordinary gentleman Sweep the villa with petite guerrillas Blades on my heels slicin' like Ichi The Killer I've got 'em on now Spit on my lime and then toast and tough Rhythm and rhyme associates Aww, humble a band, watch Get soaked with either hand Tak, and we don't knock in a CD of Sedans So feel it You know the streets is with it Never reach the limit I keep kickin' through your weak position I plant a bomb in the Pentagon Masses lovin' it Count down for the Demigodz Blast the mothership Yeah A new species Your crew's feces You better get it right before I have to use these things (gun cock) (BLAM!) And I ain't messin' around The L.A. crown is mine now Reppin' for Styles c'mon [Chorus: x2] Murderer Stop frontin' cause you know you ain't a Murderer Act willie but you really ain't a Murderer Every city every town on the drilly we get down Kinda gritty so they holler out [Ryu] The animal Letigera Cheetah cause I eat 'em up Fuck off Tequila punk You see the Margarita cup? Face covered in blood Say somethin' what's up I got a pump with a full paint bucket of slugs One, two, three and to the fo' Dead broke and drunk, we snuck up in the show Security's a punk so we punched him in the nose Like we don't give a fuck Cause we're from the west coast I pray for my enemies sake we shake hands Cause I ain't got nothin' to lose but eight fans You got a few bruises, bumps and breaks man I hit him with a club like Captain Cave Man! Who wanna get up in some shit with Chan? Get your whole body sprayed like Mystic Tan I'm Saturday Night Liver than a Chris Kattan On the mic cause you'll never make the witness stand Cause I'm a [Chorus] [Celph Titled] Straight outta mosh pit Crazy motherfucker named Celph Titled Spittin' evil recitals right out of Hell's Bible Wack album on the rack, they coppin' that trash So I'm aimin' for the bull's eye I target shopping bags It'll cost some cash for y'all to get

outta this beef I heard you can't fight without readin' a  
tip sheet No You won't get a deal with Def Jam The only  
way you gettin' signed is makin' music for a deaf man  
Yes man Demigodz, thuggin' the movement At your  
photo shoot Leave your crew covered in bruises Better  
get you some make up to cover them bruises You don't  
wanna be on your album cover covered with bruises  
You beats is mad wack Where the fuck you came from?  
Makin' tracks usin' the same drums as Wang Chung My  
whole crew is insane son Real hip hop gangsters We'll  
drive by and tag graffiti with paint guns We'll launch  
missiles that'll rip through your frame And cause the  
FBI to form a search party for your fuckin' brains Stop  
frontin' bro-ham Or I'll stick a carrot in your nose like  
motherfuckin' snowman [Chorus]

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