

Styles Of Beyond f/ Divine Styler

"Killer Instinct *"

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* This album was pre-censored before its initial release; only the radio edit exists
* Sample taken from the ACTUAL Nintendo/Midway/Rare arcade release "Killer Instinct"

[Verse 1: Takbir]

Severe case in our delivery
Any man inside my radius is ripped to smithierines
Jump over guillotines
Tracks like safari
My persona mines
By the time we finish sparring
Moving target victim
Back 'em in the corner, let Sabrewulf sick 'em
With a Ultra Combo hit
97 megabit
Then I strangle with the cord joystick genesis
Territory sabotage, here comes the killer rhyme clique,
now
To the last hour
Infrared lead scope
The view from my tower
To swoop in my preying source
Into clam chowder
Evaporate opponents
And turn 'em into powder, this is Styles Of Beyond
Traces from the swamp, footsteps in the gravel
Broken necks and backs remain from the battle
Splittin' water creaks over warrior's drum beats
Slice the swiss cheese, devour the raw meat
All hail to the king, place a toast (What)
Champagne glass with the blood from his throat (Hah)
Supreme victory, mission is now complete, yeah
X-Files summary, killer instinct (Killer instinct)

[Audio Ski-Two]

{*scratching*}

"Let us suckers slide once"

"Then I break his neck"

"I-I control your body" --> Parrish Smith

"Killer Instinct" --> Video Game Sample

"Let us suckers slide once"
"Then I break his neck"
"I control your body"
"Killer-Killer Instinct"
"Let us suckers slide once"
"Then I break his neck"
"I control your body"
"Killer Instinct"
"Let us suckers slide once"
"Then I break his-then I break his neck"
"I control your body"

[Verse 2: Divine Styler]

Who ran from the lesson and tried to penetrate the
order
Lightning portal, a direct combat
Rapundel ran from the lesson and become a lesser son
Only one per universe, two revolver run
Who wants to settle like the scam and adds
Killer Instinct's black thoughts a virtual den
In the vision of my dome, but now I'm a shine chrome
My points measure my cubic
[{*Shit's*}] ain't zirconic
My math is brick, brainstorm and build
Mean scientific, profile insane
Killer Instinct's jewel, represents the red
Smokin' murder dialect, digital my distance
I works the virtual verse to motion
Sheet hit my shadow and shook my crown
My blave undercross sweater, jeans and blouse
I rips the frame, might of town I reflect
Subconnect
Supreme advance
Motivate in advanced
Techinque advance
Sent freaks to profess
I burn a rhyme circuit
With the face and manifest
And the rest shield thoughts
Real wall galatics
In a crime case
Of time and space, I made
Royal lit from my lesson
Keep it real laced
Hotter than a gates, some spots to guard first
Work more [{*niggas*}] than realness and burst
Meal more, couldn't blast
The physical graph like Jesus and ask
The discipline twelve
Interject, resurrects
Killer Instict's jewel

Hook: Divine Styler

The killer pawn, kill on my grill feel will fill
With the faster phrase called, build, destroy, until
The killer pawn, kill on my grill feel will fill
With the faster phrase called, build, destroy, until

[Audio Ski-Two]

{*scratching*}

"I control your body"

"Killer-Killer Instinct"

"Let us suckers slide once"

"Then I break his body"

"I control your body"

{*scratching*}

"Let us suckers slide once"

"Then I break his neck"

[Verse 3: Ryu]

I'm gonna hit 'em with Deadly Venom phenomenal
fangs

The forked tongue, the shogun with the irrational slang

Tactical, techniques and killer instincts, erratic

Body shots, nobody blocks, the ill thoughts I think

Styles Of Beyond and all affiliated techs

Nintendo business like Sinatra and his mafia
connection

No questions

I'm buggin'

Like Proof Ladi Texan

Go bananas in Muslim to keep you [{*niggas*}]
guessin'

Big circle, little circle, question mark, dot

Bitin' off the bad apple like commercial crops

Fool, you can't see me

Go find someone to spy on

Cause I'm so fly, I take bats and malathion

Spray me all day, but I come back for more

Strapped like a Palestinian rebel ready for war

Never no more

Will I be [{*fucked*}] with

When it comes to

Killing with the words, I'm on some cocky-back-and-
buck [{*shit*}]

Tak and Shinryu, you know that kid that go for dolo

Love lies, angles and rhymes like Marco Polo

Oh no, the kid with that ill lyrical gift

Natural instincts to kill

Play at your own risk

[Divine Styler]

Yo
What's with this right here?
Styles Of Beyond
Right?
What's all that?
This fly [{*nigga shit*}]
This fly [{*niggas*}], what y'all know about?
Tak
Ryu
Divine Style
Audio Ski Two, what's up
Yo
These [{*niggas*}] ain't knowin'
These [{*niggas*}] ain't knowin', son
Chill
We're out, alright?

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