

## Az Yet

# "Style Wars"

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See, what you gotta do is ( ? ) at stations I'm gracin  
Contest, start the process of elimination  
Make a manoeuvre, you move too fast to see  
Who's next up? Let's see who's ( ? ) decree  
My strike is fatal, you feel the wrath, you're doomed  
Today is gonna be dog day's afternoon  
Rappers, I torture, teach em what naughty means  
Pick em like coffee beans and show em what 'off me'  
means  
They go against, they never win, they get dock-seated  
Lyrics hit you so hard you think you had a shock  
treatment  
Rappers, I pass flash by em like a thunderclap  
My mic is a axe, so call me a rappin lumberjack  
A terrorizin terror makin no errors  
You're a duck, so I'ma pluck all of your feathers  
My voice remounts, it's full like a fountain  
MC's, I caught em, manslaughter em while I'm countin  
They mullah, then I look in they crew's eye  
Watch em take a deep breath, then step from the set  
Cause my killer instincts will show in deadly ways  
Look around, can you count all the heads I laid?  
Lak Shabazz, a menace, a real trouble maker  
Let it be known that I'm hard, I love to take a  
Weak wack rapper and make him ( ? ) me  
Because he looks like Bozo the Clown to me  
Everything is serious, nothin to smile for  
You gotta brace yourself for the style wars

(Ready to go to war - now)

(We are ready to go to war - now)

Well, I'm back to attack, clash of a mic and a titan  
I'm fully equipped to rip and totally enlighten  
Lyrics are swift and smooth, hit you real, see  
When you hear em, you forget all about the beat  
Lak's the name, not a game like double dare  
MC's get scared or beware because trouble's here  
You wanna battle me? Hey look, go for it  
Your lyrics are old school, prehistoric  
Ancient, corroded and busted

Greasy and dirty and full of combustion  
What a ( ? ), what a pity, what a waste of time  
You want def rhymes? Here's a taste of mine  
Lyrics I write contain a hard, def style  
Yours are soft and moist, made out of textile  
( ? ), put em in the double x file  
Of wack rappers, they gotta exile  
Call me an undertaker, I use my mic like a guillotine  
Take 10 seconds to find out what killer mean  
There's always a sucker in the crowd that'll spill the  
beans  
So just bodybag him and ship him to the Philippines  
Mission accomplished like I promised  
You're on a wack staff, I got the last laugh  
I'm cold serious, nothin to smile for  
You gotta brace yourself for the style wars

Cause these are the style wars  
DJ Cee Just

(We are ready to go to war - now)

Ah yeah, Flavor Unit in effect  
1990, small things behind me  
Righteous Force Productions in effect  
You know what I'm sayin  
Cold rippin off necks

And I'm outta here  
We in effect, y'all  
Peace

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