

Styles

"Nine Thou"

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Verse 1:

Hey yo first things first
It's time to shake ground in the eighth round
Box battle & break down
From the beat & the wild tone, jump in the cyclone
S tyles, yes yes I know
Red beam, maxine
Pack red beam
Put 'em up,
You plucked a bad seed
Off the wall spitting, in the gorilla tag-team
What's up now? duck down, stuff they can't breathe
Yo! you kno the routine, the demon effect
Please, don't step, you wanna be one of my pet peeve's
The more beef the better, sound strange but you all
wanna creep together
Ok? in the club what a cheesy sweater
What not, we got so much street credit, the rookie
police let us
Now that's foolish, cuz we don't act sweet
Cuz I can run 10 laps in a track meet

Chorus:

Keep it moving it's on now
Making it punk rile
Shaking the funk rile
Rip it apart style
Fakin' the funk pal
Dunk watch the punk
What, watch your battleship get sunk down
Click(click), pow(pow), nine(nine) thou(thou), what?
Just what I thought, what's up now? huh(2nd time)

Verse 2:

Hold it down, never give in
Styles having your limbs
Or weather you want it to end
Dirty m'again, I burn him again
05 serving them sins
Or 30 your friends get knocked out, turbulent wind
Hoped'd out, what you want, take a look at my grin

I'm a fish you can tell by the flippers & fin's
C'mon, yo! I got a wack style
Pivot the offspring & joke with 'em
The distorted guitar stream
Who am I? russian roulette, komoti
Cruising your bed, hotter than qubec in july
Area 51, stereo, vibe, gun live
Here we go, s o b, drop some
Were the kids in the hall, with the new lactate
Blast from both angles, a boondock saint
So, get up get up & let the sound hit ya
Snap this audio-style picture uh!
(Repeat chorus)

Verse 3:

Who the hell is splitting the belly of a shellfish
Chilling your style playing the fell blitz
Drilling your brain, like rap & video-games
But it's a **** the styles get'n into your face
Yo! what kind of stuff is he drawn
Really it's styles, c'mon punk shove off
You really gotta be gone, ripped out of your brain
Triped over your lip to dispossess o b game
What's with this chilling eating kibbles'n bits
There aint enough street talking the globe, I can't fix
Get it? I'm sick with it, when I spit the venom
& it drip's up in 'em & it get's the women in a quick
dilemma
We can settle it now, & I don't kno who did it but they
said it was styles
Click, pow, nine thou, what? just what I thought what's
up now?hu

Click, pow nine thou, what? just what I thought what's
up now? hu (x2)

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