Styles

"Spies Like Us"

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[Takbir]
Yo.. yeah..
So I slid behind the van, ran down the hill quick
Knight Rider episode callin KITT
Talkin telecom through a channel on my wrist
S.O.S. bein sent, {fuck} the superhero {shit}
In and out of phone booths, kryptonite
Whistle for a taxi beneath the street light
Pick me up, drop me off two blocks from the site
And make sure nobody knows about the secret uh-ahh
uh-ahh
Beware the spy brought binoculars
Got a strange feelin cause I know somebody's watchin
us
They're comin for my music
But they can't hack it, so I'm jettin through the streets
attractive, with the key in the black book of matches
Floatin past pedestrians, cross over the bridge
Got, major with new flavor and brought it to North
Ridge
But, everybody wraps like a toga
So I took the subway to the city of Kinnoga
Build a foundation to resist the mainstream
S.O.B., three lethal weapons all on the same team
Spread it rapidly like a sonic gangrene
Hangin portraits of the pitiful, so punk say cheese
{click}
Pack the briefcase with explosives
Walkie-talkie signal causin all types of commotion
I'm still bein followed
No choice but to rocket like the 13th Apollo
and dissapear into the smoke, inside a genie bottle
Got me caught up with Dr. Jekyll lookin for Mr. Rhymer
True, radios green for the spies

Spies like us see everything you do
Every move you make, every last clue
All the mistakes and all the check one two's
Locked in a briefcase of the S.O.B. crew
(repeat 2X)

[Ryu]
You know me by my alias, Tiger Trenchcoat Chan
Mr. Incognito with the microphone can
Place and date of birth unknown, tappin phonelines
Plantin bugs in your stereo box when you ain't home
Trackin my assailants with my high tech surveillance
Night vision goggles with the poison dart impalements
Secret artist sabotage cause train derailments
Styles of Beyond recon, with deadly ailments
Yo - even my wife don't know my double life
Double low on the mic, out of mind, out of sight
Usin night as a cloak cause I walk my dog dope
Peepin you, like a naked {bitch} on my telescope
Runnin through the thick smoke, slipped and broke
your back
on the oil slick ?? lay just like a nympho
Collectin clues and info, keep tabs on crews who
choose
to pose and rock dues in Range Rover rentals
Manipulate your pad and pencil
to instigate a cold war over instrumentals
Evacuate, ID their bodies by their dental - let the record
show
the victim died by deadly flows afflicted to the mental
Depicted in the scene, it's the undercover team
Kickin fools like Kung-Fu, Jeru, and Carradine

[Styles of Beyond]
All up my sleeves in my rhymin fatigues, the party
starts
with a magnifying glass scope and chop the body parts
Who's responsible?
Disguisin y'all constable
Drape the yellow tape around the body, front page, 2nd
article
Obituaries filled with suckers with no skill
In the line of duty hitmen for hire, yo what's the deal?
For real, gag his throat, slap him if he squeals
9-1-3-0-6 information gets revealed
Bloody Mary holiday, flashback, remember this
evidence
clearly show you trespass the premises
Spies on the case
You heard my name but you can't match the face
From out the shadows ha ha nobody's safe ha ha
Kill em all ha ha without a trace, cash double-oh

[Emcee 007]
Fourth and inches off the benches in comes the crowd
favorite
Jaded, 007 the special agent

Radiant, triple X flexin with heat
Break necks of those who sweat thou and try to
compete
Elite, for this moment in time, I steal the sunshine
and spit flames at any MC who try to take mine
The eighth sign apocalyptic, lyrically gifted
The final move you make is made against the mystic
The swiftest, always prevail, the human 3rd rail
I exhale the smoke from molotov cocktails
Propel the power conduct, uhh, I bring the ruck
What the {fuck}? Ten seconds, this track self destructs