

Styles

"Styles Of Beyond"

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(Break)

Styles, styles, styles, styles... Beyond...

(Ryu)

Tribal-style ritual

We dance around the totem

In a golden ring of fire

Bangin' on a war drum

Anthem of a shaman dominatin'

Peyote trance

Hopscotch the planet

Barefoot on the hot sand

I'm knee-deep in history

Mystery builds

Tryin' to find a

Style of Beyond secret to steal

But when the doors of perception are cleansed

Only then

Will the truth be revealed

Through an infrared lens

It's the same then as it is now

As it will be

I still be

The touch-tone number three

Letters on your flip-phone

D-E-F to my death

In the flesh

Vocal vacuum

Takin' your breath

Rest assured

When I get busy

There'll be nothin' left

Like a paycheck after taxes

Relay my message

Decay modems and faxes

Internet death

Go to battle swingin' my axes

Cut you in step

Escapin' through secret hatches

Tunnel rats rummage through the ashes

Of what rap was

Before you trapped it
Locked in a box 'bout as big as this room
But you can't keep hip-hop captive
Uh-uh

(Break)
Styles, styles, styles, styles, styles... Beyond...

(Takbir)
Hey, yo--ring of fire ritual
Bellydance swing
Cyberspace visual
Galactic Apache
Salman evaded
While you groovin' at the disco
See what's really crackin' like Nabisco
Powwow
Festival of flows
By the S.o.B. assassins
Rain-tribe
Thunderclouds crashin'
Cosmic
Tomahawks dawn
For my tribal renaissance
And ceremony that's catered to the art
The origin of underground sounds
Bein' brought up to the surface
Auditory preachers of a serpent
Cathedral
Draws from Milan
Around a golden-arc steeple
For days
Givin' praise
To the people
Caught up in a circle for the trance
We detour
Where the is
And now they go and dose
Insomniac sleeper
Injectin' my syringe
Directly through the speaker

(Break)
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(Takbir)
Hi
It's like a rhymin' time machine
Move through melodies
Lightfoot
Rhythmic MCs

So let it be
Crossbow
Triggered the lost low
A Cherokee on a quest
Against archrival
Nemesis

(Ryu)
Ceremonial headdress
Got you wide open like the dentist
Say "Aaahhh"
My sentence got you punks
Jumpin' fences
Ha--without a weapon
You're defenseless
Comin' out the trenches
With hatchets and
Musical monkey wrenches

(Takbir)
Yeah
Yo, all we wanna do
Is make your neck snap
Takbir and Ryu
With Rhettmatic on the track
Energetic act
To keep the club packed
Just havin' fun
When we rappin'

(Ryu)
Flow another optic explosion
Amplified junkie of a
Breakbeat chosen
Monkey pumpin' style
Out for justice
Competition frozen
Lash out in a
Motion sickness
Ocean of a school of
Vicious fishes
Half-staff flag for your caviar
Wishes on a
Straight from the starship
2000 prophets
Drop it
Hot topic flow for discussion

(Takbir)
Man, you all ain't knowin'
How we bustin'

Reignin' on the average everyday chump
Crushin'
Year 2000
2000

(Ryu)
Say what?

(Break)
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