

Styles

"Subculture"

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Yo,
Everybody (c'mon)
If you're with it (c'mon)
If you're ready (c'mon)
If you want it (c'mon)
Bring it on (c'mon)
Come along (c'mon)
S-T-Y-L-E-S Beyond
Yo, everybody (c'mon)
If you're with it (c'mon)
If you're ready (c'mon)
If you want it (c'mon)
Bring it on (c'mon)
Come along (c'mon)
S-T-Y-L-E-S Beyond

("Ah here it comes like a scene in Genesis")

Tak:

Yo, it's like being in the position to get yourself
mentioned
Attack with the sick-assed twelve inch, the metal blade
Serenaide, somebody tell the clique what's happenin'
This is how we took over the atlas
From the beginning of known rappers, stole the stone
cactus
What what know what the fact is

Ryu:

Galactic Arachnids coming with killer attachments
Action the words rip, quick draw fastest
Flat leather attack men are back in the wounded
Swooped down for thirty-thou for troop movements

Tak:

Brother with two units, boogie down speakin
The spankin the true music, takin a few bruises
In particular group weapon to shoot crews with
Ketchup all over your suit's blueprint, now!
Who knows the rules to the new accoustic?
Heavy on the way 'cause we're crooked

And droppin the school stupid, recoopin

Ryu:

Comin' for cash so give it up
Everybody rockin' with Ryu and Tak, say whaaat!

Tak:

With two tapes in the deck, get set to dub over
Press record and absorb the "Subculture"

("Ah here it comes like a scene in Genesis")

Ryu:

Yo, hollow points like anonymous tips
Five shots in the rock box ready for six
At the bottom of the crate you could suffer the same
fate
Make a rapper ship twelve platinum and blank tapes

Tak:

Uh up rock off to eight shapes the Great Dane
(Gamma ray) able to bake brains
You might as well shelve it
Huh! Still spinnin with twelve helmets
Somethin that they punish themselves' with, uh they
felt it

Ryu:

Purple velvet melt metal itself quick tell
Everybody in the clique to get down with the Celtic
With the felt-tip attack raps around sounds
So bounce now, you ain't got the fingers to count styles
There it is (what?) that, ambiguous cat
Gritty kitty my rikky-raw rhetoric rap
Takin' back my style rip r-rebirth (gimme that!)
'Cause I don't give a kcuaf like the "f-word" reversed!

("Ah here it comes like a scene in Genesis...")

Tak:

Get ready for the ride where nobody else has been
Check the code locks and strap yourself in
Beware to hold on loose the roller coaster
Alcanola what? Same as it ever was

Ryu:

Get ready for the ride where nobody else has been
Check the code locks and strap yourself in
Beware to hold on loose the roller coaster
Alcanola what? Same as it ever was

Tak:

Yo beats, (what?) rhymes (what?) style (what?) wicked!
... All depends on how we kick this!
Breakers sneakers, all the night freakers
Boniqua sleepers those who might peep us
Crash in the cascade, deem a catch-phrase
Last miss of peace in this puzzle of rap fame
The world in a twist lost for who to blame
Make a wish, light a flame, and toss, the boomerang

Ryu:

Yo number one through the rank came the rule of pain
Through the vein of the lunar slang thinkin of sure
things
People are strange, they got me wonderin' why
You want fame make a record that somebody actually
buys
The clique nobody rips, nobody gets
Not even a half a second to block my rock karate-kicks!
Chop suey, duck phooey, sharpen my chop sticks
And when you get trouble and they double as lock-
picks!

Ryu:

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