

## Styles Of Beyond

### "Bleach"

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[Verse 1: Takbir]

Yo, swing the sword for the classic year  
Bring the noise with your hands up, slash and tear  
Who can, fathom asthma, dash for air  
Spittin' on the baby bib in the plastic chair  
What's up stupid?  
(Shoot this)  
1-5-1 in the shot glass

(Hot flash)

Bangin' on the drum, huh  
We cause havoc down in Las Vegas  
Paper trails racing Pelican Brief-cases  
We outrageous, name the streets gave us  
Yeah, we got fame, but now we heat blazers  
I let 'em all fly, 10 in the clip, 1 in the chamber  
Thumbs up! Another banger  
Untuck the flamer, dumbfuck  
It's like gettin' with a dumptruck  
Brains and guts  
Maim, cut, aim, duck, same, stuff  
Get you cracked up like cocaine, heat 'em up  
OK, I'll let a sucka's fly once  
Face down, found him in his Cap'n Crunch  
Uh, malpractice - a bang-all jam  
I joust rappers and track in the radar scans  
Flip beats for the crew like fleets and platoons  
Reach for the moon like Reese Witherspoon, uh  
Don't stop the sure-shot, the (???) anthem  
Blast the gold box, cock back the cannon  
What's up partna, I got ya (what, what)  
Hope that (spoken gunshots) crack the piata  
Slap, box, mouth of backwash  
Teeth mashed up on the asphalt, ya dig?  
Set the pace like a mustang, mashin'  
Up the stakes, who wanna cut the cake, I take cash  
Dropped on a blood-stained mattress  
Stop, you ain't got access, watch  
I'mma change my asset, Ryu and Tak  
You little cunts in the game, you can suck my cum

And lay flat on the ground, don't make 'em peep  
If you want the stains out now, get the bleach

Guess who's got the rubber gloves and the bleach?  
Guess who's rockin every club, that's me  
Get so hot, you feel the buzz in

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