

## Styles Of Beyond

### "Magic Doors"

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(Mike)  
Alright

Verse 1 (Mike)

They say welcome back Mike  
It's a pleasure to have you  
You da hot shit  
It's like metal to magnets  
Come round the back to the staff  
Door access  
Light up a Cuban  
Spot a pig mattress  
Autograph action  
Sneak through the door  
S.O.B. and me turnin ya peace into war  
(Peace into war)  
So turn the fuckin beat up some more  
And Step back pronto  
Reload the combo  
Mike, Ryu, and Tak  
It's like some Mo Wade and Marly Mal  
Symphony rock  
You could turn off the beat  
And couldn't get me to stop  
I could give a fat fuck  
If you with me or not  
I do not give a damn  
Got tracks on the Billboard  
But here I am  
With my man Green Lantern  
Raisin hell a-gain  
And so way past go  
Never sold my soul

Chorus  
(Never sold my soul)

(Ryu)

Verse 2 (Ryu)

You see what I've become  
(Come)  
Top gun  
Mac 1  
Knock tongue  
Baby I'm the best  
I aint got another option  
(Tion)  
Grotesek yet?  
So fresh  
Yes!  
Never lost  
Not once  
(Never)  
You see what I've become  
The last 6 months  
My lyrics went from  
"Oh shit"  
To "Oh Fuck"  
This dude is a problem  
Don't front  
The last of the west coast rappers  
That don't suck  
(Suck! )  
This isn't even fun no more  
I done killed so many people  
That my gun gets bored  
Why fight now?  
I already won this war  
Everything you think is hot  
Man I done before  
From the bloc shit  
To the rap shit  
To the rock shit  
Even did some pop shit  
Fatten up my pocket  
Profit!  
Fuckin with me?  
See nuthin is free  
It's R-Y-U from the S.O.B.  
Suck it!

Verse 3 (Tak)

Can't get a grip  
Plan sorta slips  
Stand in front of the fan  
With his hands full of shit  
Covered the face before  
The camp was a clique

Damn  
They call em a hell of a man with a lisp  
Can't escape the dark  
Or erase the thought  
His heart beats  
Quicker than a racing horse  
So he blocks his own reflection  
And ducks from sunlight  
Then both worlds collide  
And result in a gunfight  
Cuts in his chest still  
Russian roulette wheel  
Mistakes might of  
Spattered in the guts into left field  
Ooh!  
Take a deep breath for the recess  
Thangs on the brains  
To remain as a defect  
Yea  
A new born with a new curse  
Fits like a shoe horn in a blue hurst  
Then the lights for the lampshade glow  
Pull out the pen  
And let the whole damn thing blow

Chorus

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