

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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