

Styles Of Beyond

"Nine Thou"

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Verse 1:

Hey yo first things first
It's time to shake ground in the eighth round
Bax better & break down
From the beat & the wild tone, jump in the cyclone
Styles, yes i know
We're the ... team, maxime....
Put 'em up, what the ****
Stuff they can't breathe
Off the wall spitting, n****a we're in the tag-team
What's up now? jump down, stuff they cant breathe
Yo! you kno the routine, the demon effect
Please, dont step, you wanna be one of my pet peeve's
The more beef the better, sound strange but you all
wanna creep together
Ok? in the club what a cheesy sweater
Why not, we got so much street credit, the rookie police
let us
Now that's bull-ish, cuz we dont act sweet
Cuz i can run 10 laps in a track meet

Chorus:

Keep it moving it's on now
Making it punk rile
Shaking the funk rile
Rip it apart style
Fakin' the funk pal
Dunk watch the punk
What now, watch your battleship get sunk down
Click, pow, nine thou, what?
Just what i thought, what's up now?

Verse 2:

Hold it down, never give in
Styles having your limbs
Or weather you want it to end
Dirty m'again, i burn him again
05 serving them sins
Or 30 your friends get knocked out, turbuline wind
Punk'd out, what you want, take a look at my grin
I'm a fish you can tell by the flippers & fin's
C'mon, yo! i got a wack style
... the offspring & joke with 'em

The distort ... stream
Who am i? ... relate who & i
Cruising your bed, how to live in july
Area 51 stereo, vibe, gun live
Here we go, west soldiers, we drop some
We're the kids in the hall, with the new lactate
Blast from both angles, a bulldog saint
So, get up get up & let the sound hit ya
Snap the ... style picture uh!

(repeat chorus)

Verse 3:

Who the **** upon a shellfish
In any your style playing the ... blitz
Drilling your brain, like rap & video-games
But it's a **** the styles get any of your fame
Yo! what kind of stuff is he on
Really its styles, c'mon punk shove off
You really gotta be gone, ripped out of your brain
Script over your lip to dispossess your ... game
What's with this ... me kibbles n bits
We're in the street ... the globe i can't fix
Get it? i'm sick with it, when i spit the venom
& it drip's up in 'em & it get's the women in a quick
dilemma
We can settle it now, & i don't kno who did it but they
said it was styles
(repeat chorus)
Click, pow, nine thou, what? just what i thought what's
up now (x2)

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