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Styles Of Beyond "Radio Clash"

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Verse 1 (Tak)

I don't gotta tell em who I'm reppin

Cause they know the fellas always get the credit when it's due

I went from independant to the biggest sellin record Ch-ch-check it, ha ha, now I'm movin on to level 2 The R-churra-I-churra-B-K-A-ura-T, yes, let me see my ladies in capris

I'm talkin to Malaysians, Puertorecians, and my darker shade of browns,

But I'll settle for anything in between.

That's right, I'm a Taurus, never mind the bull Spend my life recordin, keep my eye on the moon See my crew's legit, you still lookin for clout, Carryin tools A SPIT, and put ya foot in ya mouth Come on, come on, sucka...

Picture my producer's beat, it's like a hippo bein strapped in a booster seat

So for all of you left stranded, feelin hollow again, I got something for trend-setters, and Serato to spin Come on!

CHORUS (Tak)

This, has been another Radio Clash
This, has been another Radio Clash
This, has been another Radio Clash
Anything to get it, cause they know they want it so bad...

scratches

Here it comes, here it-here it-here it comes Here it comes, here it comes, all you hear is a click Here it-here it comes, here it-here it comes, here it comes

Here it-here it comes-comes, all you hear is a click

Verse 2 (Ryu)

Now

This, has been another motherfuckin, incredible clash

of rap-radio classic Backpack n' tap the bottle, and twist the cap and, Get ya cap twisted, you frickin faggot! Pistol-whip peagant, panache you bastard, (Bitch!) I put the 'crack' in cracker, The x-factor, yes! I am the best rapper, fresh like shasta, Tech-nine blaster, let's go ac-a-pella, When you read my sixteens, it's like goin and seein the Sistine Chapel Ready for battle, bag full of green apples, Pull the pin out, wait, and duck from the shrapnel Baffle the public, pirate, Irish, thug-shit, the giants, You walk among us So I don't play games with geeks, I just crush em, So dope, my crew gotta sneak through customs... Uh!

CHORUS (Tak)

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