

Styles Of Beyond "Subculture"

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Yo,

Everybody (c'mon)

If you're with it (c'mon)

If you're ready (c'mon)

If you want it (c'mon)

Bring it on (c'mon)

Come along (c'mon)

S-T-Y-L-E-S Beyond

Yo, everybody (c'mon)

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S-T-Y-L-E-S Beyond

("Ah here it comes like a scene in Genesis")

Tak:

Yo, it's like being in the position to get yourself
mentioned

Attack with the sick-assed twelve inch, the metal blade

Serenaide, somebody tell the clique what's happenin'

This is how we took over the atlas

From the beginning of known rappers, stole the stone
cactus

What what know what the fact is

Ryu:

Galactic Arachnids coming with killer attachments

Action the words rip, quick draw fastest

Flat leather attack men are back in the wounded

Swooped down for thirty-thou for troop movements

Tak:

Brother with two units, boogie down speakin

The spankin the true music, takin a few bruises

In particular group weapon to shoot crews with

Ketchup all over your suit's blueprint, now!

Who knows the rules to the new accoustic?

Heavy on the way 'cause we're crooked

And droppin the school stupid, recoopin

Ryu:

Comin' for cash so give it up

Everybody rockin' with Ryu and Tak, say whaaat!

Tak:

With two tapes in the deck, get set to dub over

Press record and absorb the "Subculture"

("Ah here it comes like a scene in Genesis")

Ryu:

Yo, hollow points like anonymous tips

Five shots in the rock box ready for six

At the bottom of the crate you could suffer the same
fate

Make a rapper ship twelve platinum and blank tapes

Tak:

Uh up rock off to eight shapes the Great Dane

(Gamma ray) able to bake brains

You might as well shelve it

Huh! Still spinnin with twelve helmets

Somethin that they punish themselves' with, uh they
felt it

Ryu:

Purple velvet melt metal itself quick tell

Everybody in the clique to get down with the Celtic

With the felt-tip attack raps around sounds

So bounce now, you ain't got the fingers to count styles

There it is (what?) that, ambiguous cat

Gritty kitty my rikky-raw rhetoric rap

Takin' back my style rip r-rebirth (gimme that!)

'Cause I don't give a kcuF like the "f-word" reversed!

("Ah here it comes like a scene in Genesis...")

Tak:

Get ready for the ride where nobody else has been

Check the code locks and strap yourself in

Beware to hold on loose the roller coaster

Alcanola what? Same as it ever was

Ryu:

Get ready for the ride where nobody else has been

Check the code locks and strap yourself in

Beware to hold on loose the roller coaster

Alcanola what? Same as it ever was

Tak:

Yo beats, (what?) rhymes (what?) style (what?) wicked!

... All depends on how we kick this!

Breakers sneakers, all the night freakers

Boniqua sleepers those who might peep us

Crash in the cascade, deem a catch-phrase

Last miss of peace in this puzzle of rap fame

The world in a twist lost for who to blame

Make a wish, light a flame, and toss, the boomerang

Ryu:

Yo number one through the rank came the rule of pain

Through the vein of the lunar slang thinkin of sure things

People are strange, they got me wonderin' why

You want fame make a record that somebody actually buys

The clique nobody rips, nobody gets

Not even a half a second to block my rock karate-kicks!

Chop suey, duck phooey, sharpen my chop sticks

And when you get trouble and they double as lock-picks!

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