

## Styles Of Beyond "Superstars Remix"

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### Verse 1:

Hey yo first things first  
It's time to shake ground in the eighth round  
Box battle & break down  
From the beat & the wild tone, jump in the cyclone  
S t y l e s, yes I know  
Red beam, maxime  
Pack red beam  
Put 'em up,  
You plucked a bad seed  
Off the wall spitting, in the gorilla tag-team  
What's up now? jump down, stuff they can't breathe  
Yo! you kno the routine, the demon effect  
Please, don't 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 foolish, cuz we don't 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(click), pow(pow), nine(nine) thou(thou), what?  
Just what I thought, what's up now? huh(2nd time)

### 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  
Hoped'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  
Taking the offspring & joke with 'em  
The distorted guitar stream  
Who am I? russian roulette, komoti  
Cruising your bed, how to make qubec in july  
Area 51, stereo, vibe, gun live  
Here we go, s o b, drop some  
We're the kids in the hall, with the new lactate  
Blast from both angles, a boondock saint  
So, get up get up & let the sound hit ya  
Snap this audio-style picture uh!  
(Repeat chorus)

Verse 3:

Who the hell is splitting the belly of a shellfish  
In any your style playing the fell blitz  
Drilling your brain, like rap & video-games  
But it's a \*\*\*\* the styles get'n into your face  
Yo! what kind of stuff is he drawn  
Really it's styles, c'mon punk shove off  
You really gotta be gone, ripped out of your brain  
Triped over your lip to dispossess your b game  
What's with this chilling eating kibbles'n bits  
There aint enoughf street talking 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  
Click, pow, nine thou, what? just what I thought what's  
up now?hu

Click, pow nine thou, what? just what I thought what's  
up now? hu (x2)

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