

Everlast F/ Merry Clayton**"Style is Ill"**

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[Chorus](4X)

Aiyyo they gots to like the style
YEAH, CAUSE THE STYLE IS ILL

[Verse 1: D-Flow]

I stomp a fool out till he's done completely
And scream his whole crew out, none of y'all clowns
can see me
I'm like the shadow when you room at night you
doomed and aahaight
Plus I'm high like a kite, cause the booms are right
I'm one o' them g's that be creepin' a fellow never
sleepin
You wanna be tough then I'ma call ya bluff and leave
ya leakin
See I been tested by a lot emcees WHUT MAN WHUT
Keep your mouth shut and put up some G'z
Please, I'm all about gettin cash son
Come on I do my thing, that first swing was ya last one
I got snuffed and you got rushed that nigga try to
come off
And he's soft like Afro Pops
Nuff respect due to the +Good Fellas+ crew
Watch me come through with the check one, two
I mention dudes that put dips and food
On the mic I hold my own and I'm known for legend
crews
I'm mobb dee and off a pound of smoke
Niggaz that clown and joke get a three pound down
they throat

[Verse 2: Party Arty]

I get hyped when I hear a bassline through the
grapevine
I don't waste time to write a great rhyme
So mess around with the Uptown Nina Brown
I waste rounds and I leave niggaz face down
You better act like you know, when the flavor's good
And wear a vest, when you step to my neighborhood
Cause I'ma show you who's the boss, son
When it comes to a battle "yo Party Arty never lost one"

So bring ya crew cause it's not a fair fight
If you didn't hear right my shh is butter like Greg Nice

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Party Arty]

Name: Party Arty aka Arthur Sheridan

Fear no man with the hands I'm like +Conan The
Barbarian+

I smack clowns and act wild I put ya rapstyle and crack
vows

To make you put the mic back down, BACK UP

Cause rugged styles is what I come with

Niggaz talk hardcore but you far from it

You want it, I gots to give it to ya whoo-yaah

Shadow nigga ya hurt man

Shot you seven times with the German Lug-aah

Pass the bugga, I wants to get high kid "Why kid"

I can't stop smokin till I die kid

But I'm still that fly kid that everybody knew

From around the block, representin with my crew

So don't be shocked cause now you see me comin
through

It's the GHETTO DWELLAS and Good Fellas is the crew

[Verse 4: D-Flow]

I'm catchin bodies on this track like in Vi-etnam

Chumps keep come I'm showin emcees how to make
the bomb

Freestylin you clowns be wildin watch 'em get whipped

While I set trip like I'm on the Island

Spittin wayes in niggaz faces I'm never frontin

My rugged ain't nothin but murdercases

[Verse 5: (Party Arty) D-Flow]

(You can't face this)

I'm near this

(You should entangle)

Keep thinkin I'm jokin and get bust open from every
angle

Party what up?

(Tell me what you want D-Flow)

It's time to get buck

(So why you up that blunt D-Flow)

You know clown, how we go down in real drama, chill

Cause I'ma take another pull from this scama

Word to mama my rugged flavor is too much for ya

Your style is rare and you square nigga touch for ya

Best kept secret, watch me freak it

Flow is on the move Ghetto Dwellas, fool, now peep it

The Style Is Ill so chill and feel that high

This is the real deal so hum and get done sty

[Chorus]

And to my son baby Flow, you know ya style is ill
And to Lil' ?Main? and Bro, you know ya style is ill
And to the Diggin In The Crates, you know ya style is ill
To the Good Fella crew, you know ya style is ill
And to the brother (?), you know ya style is ill
To my brother MTV, you know ya style is ill
To the nigga A.G., you style is ill
And to the Zulu Nation, you style is ill
Like that y'all
Ghetto Dwellin sickness
Style is ill
Word life

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