

Holograms

Styles of Beyond

Chasin me - follow a visual mist
Imprint's a tiger fist, fly swift, attackin Kodak
So get your camera ready if you plan to catch a 'hollo-
-grammar' dope lyrical nut so suck and swallow
Borrow, a pencil and a sack of common sense
so you can take notes on how to flow dope and represent
Occupants in my space, bring it on, try to harm me
I grab a gun and start to unload like Finnish laundry
(BLAOW! BLAOW!) Terminology rips, like full clips through {bullshit}
Funk flips off the tongue, Ryu's on some pool {shit}
Bellyflops and whatnot, low audio sonar
Tractor beams pullin all dreams into the polar
Symetic solar systematically scramble thoughts
like eggs on Sunday morning, OJ and acid drops *drip drip drip*
Randomly rippin spots, spittin dope like freebasin
like an open invitation to come and kick it with Satan yo

"You could never ever begin to apprehend a hologram" - Pharoahe Monch (2X)
(from the song "Releasing Hypnotical Gases")

I'll rip the mask off the body - settin it off, commencin surgery
Perjury's a crime, and now you must, pay the penalty
I inject a deadly poison that sucks calcium out your teeth
Dryin out your bones, killin the fake - indentivity

I, come! out of my shell, breaks loose the truth
Exploiting chemical reaction making contact with the youth
You are now left in front of a million sides claimin the truth
Choose your destiny but beware being guided by the fools
Youth will be dropped in front of you, many of you got shook
Two-timed topped for Tommy Hil', gettin played by Captain Hook
Look behind the books, and see the red eyes of demon
like semen travellin lost, searchin for the egg
Givin birth to an indentivity, no heart and no brain
Travellin through a maze but never passed the third grade
Rolled the dice get a seven, now you move to next phase
Pressure's gettin kinda thick as you fall, into a fade
Breakin out in sweat, but the water evaporates
Rubbin your eyes not believin, what I demonstrate
Visual effects as well as comprehensional soundwaves
Blinded by the fact that you are now official contract slaves
Seein the light, you may be able to escape the grave
but the dice are in your hand, I be that invisible man
holdin back the Guardian Angel that's tryin to help you stand
as you collapse you roll a two, that sends you two steps back
Blood drips out the guillotine as mental slaves are whacked
The last words you ever hear would be the knowledge that you lack..
(knowledge that you lack..)

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"The mind tricks the body, body thinks the mind is crazy" - Buckshot

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"Making fools.. understand" (2X)

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Yo, tap the bottle twist the cap, drink it down to the Main Source
so watch how many people "Fake the Funk"
Categorized in the majority of punks who can't avoid
the false bash you get trapped in a slump
A fool's paradise, rockin mics, livin large
Cruisin through illusions, now peep the mirage
Imagin in the plaque the made of platinum when he's rappin
But he don't know the facts in the game, now what happened
Identify the master of fraud, the unknown confess
Hittin holograms shown watch the mirror reflect
the Style of Beyond seal of official respect
The one.. two.. mic.. check..
The rhythm black hole, grapplin the souls of artificial
flows that decompose, cause it ain't really real
Reveal what's concealed, pop balloon headed egos
Syringe deflates the mindstate below zero
Scales gettin tipped with overweight hot {shit}
Invisible em-bl-em shinin bright from my wrath
So open up the door and feel the blast
cause too many rhyme, too many slide, too many pass..

"You could never ever begin to apprehend a hologram" - Pharoahe Monch (4X)