

Outta Control

Styles of Beyond

Yo...takin' the game back, point blank, aim gats
We both dope from the same cocaine sack
Laugh with no pain, never go glitzy
Pop thug, my necklace dangle my M-60 (Uh!)
Outta control now, half of the globe
Raps and wreaks of wackness, cover your nose
So take your weeks of practice
Back, you freakin' flow in a geeky accent, "Callin' all freaks!"
That's what you get, get got it? Good
Yo Cheap, we got a smash hit, knock on wood
That's it, put your hands up (Uh!) They can't stand us
Dig a big pit the size of the Grand Canyon
Push 'em over the cliff, you nutty as squirrel shit
Thinkin' you're so sick, but I carry the cure, bitch
Lots of sleep, plenty of pills and blow
Now who want it with the S.O.B.? Let's go!

Stand up! C'mon, and if ya like it say ("Uhhh...")
Ya like it, say ("Well...")
Ya love it, say ("Yeahhh")
So get up! And if it's hype, say ("Uh!")
Ryu and Tak, what's up now? We outta control!

Hands up! C'mon, and if ya like it, say ("Ha!")
Ya like it, say ("Whoa")
Ya love it, say ("Awwesome!")
So get up! And if it's hype, say ("Oh my God!")
Ryu and Tak, what's up now? We outta control!

Yo...wakin' up early, goin' to work is a joke
So deep, with no sleep, it hurts when you're dope
So I, picked up a pen and squirt a couple of quotes
While I dream and hurdle over your hoax
Blowin' steam like, it's all murder, incite the right words to
Fight, I might serve ya mic, and vice-versa
Spillin' my ink on a piece of paper
Slowly I sink, I think I'm a freak of nature
So I, step it up now, outta control, about to explode
I'm in the house, countin' my dough
Bounce and I roll, pick up a half ounce of the 'dro, psyche
You don't even smoke punk, you're stuck in the strobelight
Back to the beginning, with scar tissue and celibate thoughts
I'm in the dark with artificial intelligence
Never before seen, it's the untold legacy
Rippin' it, tearin' the mics up, stash the weaponry

Stand up! C'mon, and if ya like it say ("Ahhh")
Ya like it, say ("Uh!")
Ya love it, say ("Yeahhh")
So get up! And if it's hype, say ("Well...")
Ryu and Tak, what's up now? We outta control!

Hands up! C'mon, and if ya like it, say ("Yeahhh")
Ya like it, say ("Ahhh")
Ya love it, say ("Ummm")
So get up! And if it's hype, say ("Oh!")
Ryu and Tak, what's up now? We outta control!

Yo...I still fade 'em, rep L.A.
West up 'till death, but I'm a New York native
818 rock outta control, we so fresh, you know
No one except us, runs the west coast
You're best to, mind your biz and stay useless
I'ma take a swing at your brain and Babe Ruth it
Ruthless gangsta, definition of sick
Is Ryu and Tak together, we the weapon and clip

Yo...pop it and cork it, a wild horse
I like the way it flows, mix a little with Style Warz
Cabernet and Merlot, I'm sayin' it's got me, swingin' fo' sho
Speakin'...language in prose so my name'll get known
It's like...makin' a record, you gotta chase it or catch it
I keep spittin' this image with no escapin' the method
While I'm sittin' on the wall in between two women
And I can't even decide, I'm in the pool swimmin' like...

Stand up! C'mon, and if ya like it say ("Yeah")
Ya like it, say ("Umm...")
Ya love it, say ("Eeep")
So get up! And if it's hype, say ("Uh!")
Ryu and Tak, what's up now? We outta control!

Hands up! C'mon, and if ya like it, say ("Oooh")
Ya like it, say ("Okay then")
Ya love it, say ("Umm...")
So get up! And if it's hype, say ("Ahhh!")
Ryu and Tak, what's up now? We outta control!

Yo...Cheapshot's always outta control, uh!
Vin Skully, gettin' outta control
You know my man double-O gettin' outta control, uh!
Lexicon, always outta control, yeah!
4-Zone's always outta control
And ya know Trev Dog gettin' outta control, uh!
Sandman, gettin' outta control
Ya know Spytech Records always outta control, uh!
And that's it...2003, S.O.B....uh!

"That...was...awwwesome! Hahahaha...that sucks."