

## Playing With Fire

## Styles of Beyond

Stand back, put the picture my frame  
The handcraft of a master, the flicker, the flame  
That sell three madman Megadef LP  
Monster mash, prop for what? From S.O.B.  
Shout to Honeycomb...what would I be without wax?  
Just another empty battery shell in the pack  
String on the puppet, laughin', claimin' I'm all of that  
When I know in fact, everything you claim is all crap

Yo, got the fuse lit, keepin' it movin', so  
Freakin' abusive, people are pukin', so  
Sick of the music, suckin' the fumes in  
So don't get it confused, I'm not you, stupid  
Hundred-proof booze in the back, all tipsy  
Bring two clips, I'm clappin' all sixty  
Swing through quick and bust if one's empty  
Your chances of leavin' the club: fifty/fifty

Wanna fuck around with Hell's recruits?  
I'll stomp Satan in his face 'till it melts my boots  
I'll use the sun for my throne, universe as my home  
And your skull as a crown to adorn my dome  
Watch porn with your girl, slip a mickey in her Beck's  
Put a hickey on her neck, then the titties I caress  
Under match of ??? set's, I'm the one the chickies sweat  
Make 'em suck it 'till their jaw's fucked up like 50 Cent's  
Most of you faggots stay postin' that jacked shit  
But when we retaliate, it's never some rap shit  
Swing on your mandible and bring out mechanical  
Devices that splices flesh from the intangible  
I spark fire like electrical shocks  
And ready the glocks, to clash with Connecticut cops  
Who on some Brad Pitt shit, so you better go watch  
The movie Seven, 'cause you'll find your wife's head in a box

Rush you bustas, get touched with nunchucks  
You tough tough, askin' to really get fucked up  
Who cares what you been through? I'm goin' against you, so  
Sharpen your skills while I sharpen my Ginsu  
Gas and ashes, and medical kits, but see  
That's what happens when chemicals mix  
The birth of a strange creature, umbilical split  
But for now, the main feature, you said it was sick

The word on the streets is that I'm hellbound, 'cause I bully Christians  
But I stay up in the armory, developin' pulley systems  
For launchin' grenades strategically, onstage with heaters illegally  
Got the sound man shook at my vocal frequency  
Back at the crib, bitch better strap on a bib  
'Cause when I'm bustin' off, it's drippin' off the tip of her chin  
Chickens and hens, you know I keep 'em bendin' over for me  
With my chef hat, stuffin' poultry on the upholstery  
Celph Titled's known as a gangsta to some  
I got the powers of the godz, acclimated to one  
All these young cats with glocks, tryin' to clear the floor  
I'm old school, when I'm pullin' out my Fearless Four  
Hear the sound of the clap? Bury your face

'Cause the mag that I pack needs a carryin' case  
I'm not from the Aryan race, but I'll still persecute you  
Ride around in the trunk with a little hole to shoot through

I'm "Word Perfect," back in the circuit  
Been...top ten since you were snatchin' purses  
Golf club thug, a nickel and dime hustler  
All them mob flicks are makin' you rhyme tougher  
When the nine clicks, you freeze  
Two sick emcees, get cool quick when I'm shootin' the breeze  
Who's this? Ryu and Tak, with Ap and Celph  
Spittin' heat 'till the plastic melt, watch it

Claim you wanna stay, but you have to go  
Grab the gun powder, blast the calico  
Time to saddle up, this ain't a talent show  
You wanna battle what? Bullets that travel slow

Talk, but keep steppin'  
Discrete, false perception  
Talk, but keep steppin'  
Spark with heat weapons