

Styles Of Beyond (Style Warz)

Styles of Beyond

Styles, styles, styles, styles, styles... Beyond...

Tribal-style ritual
We dance around the totem
In a golden ring of fire
Bangin' on a war drum
Anthem of a shaman dominatin'
Peyote trance
Hopscotch the planet
Barefoot on the hot sand
I'm knee-deep in history
Mystery builds
Tryin' to find a
Style of Beyond secret to steal
But when the doors of perception are cleansed
Only then
Will the truth be revealed
Through an infrared lens
It's the same then as it is now
As it will be
I still be
The touch-tone number three
Letters on your flip-phone
D-E-F to my death
In the flesh
Vocal vacuum
Takin' your breath
Rest assured
When I get busy
There'll be nothin' left
Like a paycheck after taxes
Relay my message
Decay modems and faxes
Internet death
Go to battle swingin' my axes
Cut you in step
Escapin' through secret hatches
Tunnel rats rummage through the ashes
Of what rap was
Before you trapped it
Locked in a box 'bout as big as this room
But you can't keep hip-hop captive
Uh-uh

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Hey, yo-ring of fire ritual
Bellydance swing
Cyberspace visual
Galactic Apache
Salman evaded
While you groovin' at the disco
See what's really crackin' like Nabisco
Powwow
Festival of flows
By the S.o.B. assassins
Rain-tribe

Thunderclouds crashin'
Cosmic
Tomahawks dawn
For my tribal renaissance
And ceremony that's catered to the art
The origin of underground sounds
Bein' brought up to the surface
Auditory preachers of a serpent
Cathedral
Draws from Milan
Around a golden-arc steeple
For days
Givin' praise
To the people
Caught up in a circle for the trance
We detour
Where the is
And now they go and dose
Insomniac sleeper
Injectin' my syringe
Directly through the speaker

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Hi
It's like a rhymin' time machine
Move through melodies
Lightfoot
Rhythmic MCs
So let it be
Crossbow
Triggered the lost low
A Cherokee on a quest
Against archrival
Nemesis

Ceremonial headdress
Got you wide open like the dentist
Say "Aaahhh"
My sentence got you punks
Jumpin' fences
Ha-without a weapon
You're defenseless
Comin' out the trenches
With hatchets and
Musical monkey wrenches

Yeah
Yo, all we wanna do
Is make your neck snap
Takbir and Ryu
With Rhettmatic on the track
Energetic act
To keep the club packed
Just havin' fun
When we rappin'

Flow another optic explosion
Amplified junkie of a
Breakbeat chosen
Monkey pumpin' style
Out for justice
Competition frozen

Lash out in a
Motion sickness
Ocean of a school of
Vicious fishes
Half-staff flag for your caviar
Wishes on a
Straight from the starship
2000 prophets
Drop it
Hot topic flow for discussion

Man, you all ain't knowin'
How we bustin'
Reignin' on the average everyday chump
Crushin'
Year 2000
2000

Say what?

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