

Aiyyo, first things first
It's time to shake ground in the eighth round
Box battle and break down
For the beak in the rhyme tone
jump in the cyclone
S-T-Y-L-E-S, yes I know
Give the rap phene vaccine
packed red beam
Put 'em up, what the fuck
You plucked a bad seed
Off the wall, spittin' the guerilla tag team
What's up now, duck down stuff that can't breathe

Yo- you know the routine, the demon effect
Please, don't step, you wanna be one of my pet peeves
The more beef the better; sound gay
But you all wanna sleep together, ok
In the club we gon' sneak berrettas
Why not? We got so much street credit, the fuckin' police let us
Now that's bullshit, cause we don't pack heat
So come and get your head crackin' up at me

Kick it- movin' it's on now
Making it punk loud
Shaking the buck wild
Rapin' the punk style
Fakin' the funk pal
Dunk watch the punk
What now? Watch your battleship get sunk down
Click (click) pow (pow) knocked (knocked) out (out)
What? Just what I thought, what's up now?
Hu- Hu- bugs out through the speaker
dap-dap dabbin' the track with both hands
I'm like Hu-hu- bugs out through the speaker
dap-dap dabbin' the track with both hands

Hold it down, never give in
Styles ever get limbs
Or whether you want it to end
Dirty seringe, I murder 'em again
97 serving them sins
Uh 30 your friends get knocked out, turbulent wind
Hopped out, what you want, big verb in the gin

I'm a fish; you can tell by the flippers or fins
C'mon

Yo- I got a rock style
Pivot the offspring and joke with 'em
With a distorted gist off string
Who am i? Rushin' what leg? who and Tak?
Pushin' your bed hotter than Quebec in July
Area 51, stereo, rive gun live
Here we go, S-O-B drop some
For the kids in the hall with the new block tape
Blast from both angles like boom dock saint
So get up get up and let the sound hit ya

Snap it's already ya style picture
(Lot electrical)

Who the hell wear splittin' the belly up on a selfish
Shinnin' in your style playin' the fell blitz
Drillin' your brain, like rap and video games
Feel the seringe for the styles that stickin' in your brain

Yo- what kind of shit is he on
Really is styles, really be on
C'mon punk fuck off; You really gotta be gone
Ripped out of your brain
Pissed covered in shit to diss this S-O-B game
Son of a bitch
I'ma start killin' for kicks
There ain't an air force 1 inn the globe I can't fig, get it?
I'm sick with it, when I spit the venom
And it drip's up in 'em
And it get's the women in a
Quick dilemma; We can settle it now
And I don't know who did it but they said it was styles

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