

2000 Fold

Styles of Beyond

Welcome...
It's time unravel the plot
Unlock the safe,
searchlight, binocular spot,
commposite sketch phase
Tryin to apprehend the suspect
Beyond typical flow
Black and white cam, elevator
Surveillance photo
Freeze frame
Still shot that skill spot
Ryu in the post office
????????????
No charge penning for
climbing the see????? wall
I'm the communist, monuments
On the conquest to crawl
Through the barbed wire fences
And motion censor detectors
Code within my sentence
That cracks foreign defenses
Mention my name to no one
Let's keep it top secret
Classify my digital mind
So you can peep it
It's a mystery unable to explain
But strange
How we connect from
Two complete diffe-rent sides of
The terrain (hah)
2000 Fold
Sean Connery code name
No mysterious chemistry overcame
So while the beat bangs
Everybody's doin' the same
Spittin out repetitious
Bull crap
That you thought wouldn't change
Retracin' my tracks back to my birthplace
A hollogram, seein' things never there
In the first place
Chase my image like a figment
And fantasy, What you tellin' me?
Evertime I rhyme I chalk up another felony
The last action hero on the planet
Evidently, when they ask who's Tiger Chan
Act like you never met me
This ain't your average everyday rap song
We ain't the average group cause our 'styles beyond'
So, how we keep this chosen mystery unsolved
Nobody knows, 2000 (2000) Fold...x2
Ayo, 2000 fold, everybody's still searchin'
Lookin' for that voice that they never heard in person
Radio in-tennas and television screens
Attractin' this signal that's universally received
Styles of Beyond, the normal type of flow
The ones that discover the way to hype the show

With the uh ah (haha) Oh my god the real came back
Two of the most incredible ever on the same track
Code red operation
That we're takin' back hip hop
Dead or alive behind enemy lines
Hear the pen drop
The album 2000 aftermath
Rock the ?????
Wearin' a meat necklace
Two steps from hungry jaguars
Wreck a track faster than nascars
In black, snatchin' hip hop tonight
And you ain't takin' it back
Thought you had it stashed
Like a nine milli financial weapon
Now it's time for the S-O-be
And nine thousand is steppin'
Travelin' slowly through every channel
And laboratory samples
Now a national geographical panoramic anthem
Exposed as one of the seven gases
No evidence 'shown' but now the 'globe'
Is full of ashes
We just some auditory creatures
Creepin' out your speakers
Delinquents usually understand it's frequent
+The Mighty Bostone+ relatin the mor-se code
Exchangin the body suits of our clones
yeah...
Welcome...
Yo, you gotta mic
But your time won't last
Cause when we in the ring
Everything moves fast
And we takin' care of biz
In this hip hop show
If you in the front row
Then you might just know
So what's the crew? S-O-be
That's the click I'm from
Bottom line either get down
Or get done...ugh
Ayo, this just in, at five foot ten, mysterious african
Slight build, ????? with nice skills
Over by the ledge, breif case, twistin his dreds
Developin' a way to repel against the ????? asshole
All in the favor of the S-O-be
Get yo ass to the store, purchase the CD
As we close the first chapter
In the book of mystery
All that's left is a three minute
And changed legacy
Subconsciously stained styles on your memory
Releasin' all the primal first century
Tendencies on my enemies
Got you on candid camera
Through my gamma vision glasses
Starin' at drops quick as clocks tick
Time passes, tide rips
One wrecks the other destroys
Now the two deadliest warheads
Have been employed