

Elvis Pants

Chorus- Walking around in my BBoy stance
Acting crazy is how I reach the fans
Coming out the underground like a troop of ants
Styles is keeping the game tighter than Elvis Pants

Verse 01

- Styles MC is at it again
Clocking time like Big Ben
Causing trouble will it ever end
Still standing will he ever bend
Breaking out will it ever mend
Still writing will it ever send
Cashing up will it ever tend
Mashing up will it ever end
- Depends on the fees, depends on the knees
I want keys, they want trees
They want nice, I say please
But I still don't see no cease
I think I'll keep rolling on
How long do we have to mourn
Before we get to see Styles reborn
- It's like the third world war
We're about to start a brawl
Watch BSE up the score
Hardcore is another world tour
This game is getting lame
This bullshit's all the same
This isn't bout Styles' tame
This is about Styles' name

Chorus- x 2

Verse 02

- Styles is all about the music
It's a skill so I might as well use it
Abuse it, until I lose it
Tell me that you wouldn't choose it
It hurts so please excuse it
Pick any song it's cool shit
It's all about the quick wit
It's like my affidavit
- Check how I rock the mic
Bust any flow you like
That how I keep it tight
Everything's gonna be alright
Watch how I take it there
Anywhere man I don't care

Just trying to keep it fair
I'll take on any dare
- No MCs can compare
These rhymes are something rare
It's how I built my lair
There is no other heir
This is like what I do
Who knew Styles would get through
Who knew Styles could draw
Draw, I think we need an encore

Chorus- x 2

Verse 03

- Let see you nod your head
Let's put this game to bed
Time for Styles to burn some lead
So I can do some films instead
It's all about the face
Let's start another case
Clowning with Styles on bass
We're on another race
- This time I'm here to win
You know I've got to sin
This joint is pushing tin
Styles MC's got to bin
That's how I'm getting out
That's what I'm all about
D'you know another route
That's how I up my clout
- This brew's a heavy stout
Selling like ticket touts
It's bound to flush a lout
Uncomfortable like gout
It's the flow no doubt
It's time to start a bout
Rocking in my BBoy stance
It's all about the Elvis Pants

Chorus- x 2 (then til the end)