

Onyx Is Back

Onyx

Yeah, aha, yeah

Onyx is back, and they can never, ever, ever be wack
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Yo, America is under attack, yo Onyx is back
Took a team out the hood, the whole crew got phat
A lot of hate 'cause I took Hollywood on my back
Keep it cruelly, grimy, no positive rap

You can tell by the way I got out the projects
You still here, your thuggin with the best
Don't worry if I got nines I blast text
You should worry if ya got shine I snatch next

War for real you don't want war for real
If it's real make ya Timbs up step up and feel
'Cause real killas do real things, but not you
You americé nigga who wanna play nigga?

Take a stray nigga, get out ma way nigga
The ballheads back nobody worse then them
I'm a mad face nigga in a worsta grim
I'm a maceface nigga I'm n a [unverified]

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Who that, sonee, hell yeah
Bangin' Brooklyn to Brussels to bell air
Shortys poppin' their brands
Hoppin' out cars, got rappers nervous

Scared of dropping their bars
Take ya though, break you, break ya ho
Nigga ain't a greater flow
I make ya new, money better play it low

Take it slow, make the foo, keep ya face ain't a moo
I'm like mixin' liquor, I'm bound to come up on niggaz
And highjack the bank abduct ya ditches
Can't fly, got a nice plan tuck to fit ya
I'll be lost a fare kid paid bucks to bitch ya

So, no, wer stopping wer trempin' yo scene
I'm mixin', yellow with blue, I gotta get green
Either yo' with us, or not, not in between
You will show us the money when I show you the bean

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Well, it's the S T crocked I C K Y
Got ma [unverified] doin' for sticks back in B, K and Y
I'm livin' all in 5 barrels, so I'm rappin' wild
The thuggest thug in the club, who else plays high?

Been in the game for years, it made me a criminal
Your small time, ma rims is just as big as you
I've never had a 9 to 5, I had a 9 that hit people that got off there 5
From those shiny things, that cut trough glass

Don't even speak to me, this is about sex and cash
I like ma cars, girls and clothes only for ma models
I beat you between yo head with thousand dollar arms bottle
Can't even with ice, I carry to much heat

The combination always leaves somebody wetting the street
I'm start sellin' hope trough ma arms of weed
'Cause I'm broke only got three hundred gram on the bank
We back, bringing you that filth from filth
Let me stop talking before I criminate myself

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