

The Worst

Onyx

wu-tang, wu-tang, onyx, onyx (x3)

eh, yo
staircases to stage now, major waves tanktop
nautica, flippin your daughter 30 ways
yeah, who want mine, bent outta shape one time
play em all starin at your beautiful sunshine
watch my shit shit, niggaz in the back, wigs lit
you know the stats god, niggaz in the back, backs lit
war drug raps, thug hats and mobb hats
spit on that cat, this yellow love, nigga fuckin with a rich cat
my shit now 5 feet 6, with a crisp hat
plus this throwin now on 30 bricks, niggaz is with that
yo, fedrados rock my man, yo
300 thousand dollars in a bottle, bitch mad as hollow
my technique, roller in the road, gold league
you know the code read, suitcase money, stole heat
rock madby's stole 100 dollar bags, though
that nigga grabbed me, gamin himself like milton bradley

yo, this semi-automatic, glock this and lock this
heat spots can knock it, it's so hot chicks is topless
rims are spotless, chrome rims spin obnoxious
you knock this, bust a shot
don't miss, you better knock this
(x-1 while out and watch this
til your eyes turn red with blotches
eatin scraps out the garbage
unload a cartridge and bust a cap
x could never trust a cat, onyx is as hot as it gets
bitches fuckin for free, is outta the quest
blow blood outta your flesh, your body outta your vest)
i cross the heat from across the street
fly you up off your feet, you die leaving short but sweet
street crime, time is money, nigga don't waist mine
dispose my 9, throwin your shine, your froze in time
lookin to death, holdin your breath, laided out
on the dance floor, blood and moet, i'm blowin your set
trick 20 g's, don't sweat, your goin to death
i'm goin for broke, i'm blowin out smoke, your catchin strokes
(wu-tang and bald head, swis foreheads, leavin you all red
x million, fully be on illest, your realest form, bringin the storm
for seein you gone, nothin keepin my calm, but heat in my palm
sleepin i'm gone, you see what i'm on
keepin outta the dark, scatter your parts
from here to battery parts)

first things first man, your fuckin with the worst (x3)
You can't slam, so let me get fooled on a man

still master graph, after cash graphed, get staffed
splash your class, mash your staff
what, nigga get smacked, you ain't worth a punch
hurt your bunch, get mercked your front
in the wrong certain punk, mack clever niggaz
def wrecker, catch on a delo with mecca and etcha-sketcha

shakin, erase, vacatin your space, breakin your face
twist you, and won't miss you, official master killer bee
full blast, get off, smash, pull fast
for your stash, long as the war last, put up in your ass
tryin to count more math, bringin the hardcore rap

we be the mainstream, supreme rhyme, top of the line
cuisine feens, #1 love for thugs queens sceamin on cream
my whole team love e-cup bras and mobb cars
killa sin known for makin niggaz reach for the stars
this terrorist, lyricist in the mist of the abyss
canibus, evangelist, i impulse with metal fists
wu build like construction and bang like precusion
on the planet battery, backs combustin, malfunction, what

(holy shit, who the fuck is that)
it's john, john (sticky fingaz, kid, you got my back)
i got your back cousin (i got the mac cousin)
and when them niggaz start jumpin, bust back cousin
(because it's the new year, time for some new shit
nowadays rappers dyin over music)
dead on arrival, we raised in the ghetto singin songs
for survival, duckin homicidal, you rival
(yeah, onyx, wu-tang on tracks we gang bang, chiti bang bang)
chiti chiti bang bang, hot nicks spit flame
lava pump through my vains, caught in the zone
home on the range
(eh, yo you ready for the ferocious, atrocious
we go that supercalfragilisticexbealli...) dose shit
(8-ball in the corner pocket)
we snatch wallets off the white college
the big apple forever rotten
now when it comes to hard target hot nicks
(so what the bullet clot)
pop shit, we due to knowledge, to sharp niggas, once bitten
major swingers, heavy hittin, poly your kitten, throw up your mitten
stop bitchin, no slippin, no pot to piss in
them meltin pots boilin hot now in mel's kitchen
(yo, sticky fingaz, one of the illest mother fuckers
my moms don't raise no suckers, i slap rappers
turn em in to singers, touch something of mine and you'll have 9 fingers)
enough said, let's make whole fuckin town read
(and rip their whole crew to a shread
i got cold blood) hold your club (i hold blood) show no love
(so bug) shoot your whole club (and shoot up the whole club)
we throw slugs (you ain't no thug
i earn every god damn penny that i got
son, i roll with a shotgun in the convertible
i wish a nigga with wood, would try to fuckin
jack me, i'll murder you)

wu-tang, wu-tang, onyx, onyx (x2)