

Slam

Carman

Slam, da duh duh, da duh duh
Let the boys be boys
Slam, da duh duh, da duh duh
Make noise b-boys

Well it's another one, in the gutter one, ghetto running em
Troublesome, extra double dumb, I come to beat em
Defeat em and mistreat em, so what if that I'm cheating
Now everybody wanna sound grimey (yeah I know)
I'ma show ya how, come on, all in together now
Yeah oh yeah yeah that's how it gotta be
So stop trying to be loud as me cause you can't do that
Think about it; playing Russian roulette with an automatic
I bet my ass against the line the last bullet's first on line
Stab and step and repping and run, packing a weapon is wild
Peace to the brother's on Rikers Isle
Tough enough and trembling, blend in like a chameleon
Buck, bye tough guy, oh my god I'm so high
Cause they say I rhyme, they say I look like a gremlin
But what does it take to make a kid make a million children SLAM

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I'm the nitty, nasty, gritty smashing, never slow gassing
Strictly swift blast of the raspy-rasp fashion
That I provide, I abide the U.S.G
Besides the ghetto vibe, make me flip like Jekyll and Hyde
Of course, I come across with the pure for sure unadulterated uncut raw
Disgusted, busted, you wanna touch it, too hot
You forgot, you're not ready, your head could get ruptured
Hit between the eyes, I plan to vandalize
I supply the static, I run with the bad guys
The villains, crooks, highlighters and the fighters
See the big black picture if you look inside of my mind
It's graphic, expressed it drastic
So kill the copycat act kid, it's all mastered
Directed it, when y'all least expected it
And thought it was safe, Onyx hit you in the face so SLAM

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I'm a b-boy, standing in my b-boy stance
Hurry up and give me the microphone before I bust in my pants

The mad author of anguish, my language polluted
Onyx is heavyweight and still undisputed
You took the words right out my mouth now walk a mile in my shoes
I paid so many dues, I feel used and abused and I'm so confused
Excuse me, for example I'm an inspiration of a whole generation
And unless you got ten sticky fingers it's an imitation
A figment of your imagination
Bu-bu-bu-but wait it gets worse
I'm not watered down so I'm dying of thirst
Coming through with a scam, foolproof plan
B-boys make some noise, and just, just SLAM

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