

# All We Got Iz Us (Evil Streets)

Onyx

Nigga you heartless  
you ain't heartless  
you dont want no part in this  
you ain't got it in ya  
I'm born to be a sinner  
as I move through these evil New York streets  
like grease  
and some kids get caught up  
all up in the crime rate  
couldn't hold your nine straight when you was bustin  
your whole clip and hittin nothing  
your whole block on him, only two niggaz got him  
came down fast  
with the cash and the product  
caught you pants down with ya clothes off

a nigga never knows...a nigga never knows

you got your ryhmes niggas?  
bring em-we start that  
its concrete combat-where I'm at  
a crime covered city  
where theres no time for pity  
we comin from the village  
of the unprivledged  
blood soaked bills through murder actions  
transactions all illegal  
I smell the cheeb like a beagle  
evil stalks and lurks  
dominate and do worse in my dwelling  
niggaz filling shells and compelling to bust melons  
(we just) bring to these fellas

These evil streets iz rough  
ain't no one we can trust  
either roll with the rush or get rushed  
cause all we got iz us

these evil streets...

Seen the world through the eyes of a nigga on the brink  
drugs got my brain fried making it hard to think  
I'm trapped in these evil streets  
drivin some scuffed up ragged down beat up past tims  
some kid pulls up with chrome dimple guided rims  
now I'm thinking its 3 in the a.m.  
I'm walking and he in a BM  
drop top 3-he dont even see me  
would you believe, he saw my gun in 3D  
10 blocks later trying to work the cd  
spotted 15 on the BQE  
cause ain't no way them pigs is baggin me  
and up a Sonsee we official nasty

For niggas that force the issue  
my man'll toss the pistol  
and of course I hit you

let that loss be with you  
the more L's the higher  
streets are fire  
make ice hearts in men  
for worldly desire  
its the black attack  
born on the corner  
nigga grew up fast to get that looter ready to shoot 'er  
and he do anything to achieve it (better believe it)  
grew up in a band of theives  
who retrieves the goods  
stacking stacks  
and pushing niggas shit back like they should  
while we was gone  
some shit undeveloped  
now parlay, sit back  
and watch armys swell up  
yeah....punk niggaz

As we move through these evil streets...

Only nigga that can kill me is the nigga in the mirror  
but when I cup the mic and make my fighting words clearer  
a nigga without a gun is like something is missing  
that was my employer-when I ain't have a pot to piss in  
(so listen) keep a gun, even if its not needed  
better that than to have none and to be in deep shit  
We mold on niggaz like Bacteria grows  
fools they lucky if they walk away with a black eye and a broken nose  
nigga, we kill niggaz  
for Polo and Hilfigers  
its all for real ill niggaz  
and steel figures  
ain't nothin over here  
wont be soft  
shit be jumping off  
on the rag  
don't beat me in the head with that  
go head with that  
I think back me in my mans rover  
rip out sombodys grandmother  
pulled out, the bitch ran for cover  
keep niggaz guessin with our face without expressions  
for niggaz stressin  
I leave a lifetime impression  
it shines like aggression when the flame comes out  
saw the bout, what you got, when your gang runs out  
shits hot, you could get burned with heat  
we take turns to sleep  
you better learn the street  
knowledge  
damn, you could get shot for 5 dollars  
its live wires  
with no signs of survivors...

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