

Bang 2 Dis

Onyx

Aiyo, what the fuck? Y'all thought this was a game?
Y'all better "back the fuck up/bacdafucup"
Onyx is coming through
They the ones that started that ol' wild, thugged out
grimey, go hard, gully, get your ass beat on and off stage shit
Nigga what?

It's the O-N-Y-X
Where my niggas? Get rowdy, throw up your techs
You wanna bang then bang, nigga throw your set
Onyx reppin' for the hood, every project
That's right it's the O-N-Y-X
Where my niggas? Get rowdy, throw up your techs
You wanna bang then bang, nigga throw your set
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You wanna bang nigga bang, fucking bang your set
Wanna play gun rap, I'll arrange ya death
My tech disconnect
Arms, legs, necks from chest
Shots split you
Rip through tissue
Raps most dangerous, ravenous
I'll leave the booth covered with remains of shit
Put the four-five blitz on the dot six range
Ice your frame and hang ya banger by his chain
This is Crip talk, Blood New York
Blow ya brains in your hand, nigga hold that thought
From outta the dark
Niggas get money from gat dealin'
Dead rappers body get found in back of buildings
We started this shit
We the heart of this shit
Onyx motherfucker, hard as it get
We at war so wha-what
Get your arms up
Nigga front, get your whole projects barked up

I got a million niggas, cockin nines
You don't know us kid, you better hide your shine
And if you see a nigga with jewels on his neck
Stick em up, Stick em up, Stick em up
Back on the scene, gun with the beam
All you see is white, turn you red for the green
Niggas better move, Onyx coming through
Every track I'm on I turn black and blue
I can't, come from the head, I come from the heart
I shit hip-hop, nigga wipe my ass with the source
Ain't no nigga dead or alive fuckin with this
Need a second opinion? Ask your bitch
Walk through NYC to CPT
We 'bout blow up again like WTC
I changed the Benz sign to a crucifix
Onyx pull up with three 6's like six, six, six

BLAOW! Techs up cause we bust rowd'
Shoot through your door

Watch bodies lift off the floor
Runnin' up the steps with a 100 shots gunnin'
Murder scene left so gross you can't stomach
My team built strong like steal bars in prison
twenty five to life, my brothers in hell biddin'
We bang on the charts, send flames to the top
Niggas move on your spot, take blocks
Bang to this
I blaze shit like an arsonist
It sprays the mist, to stack up your carcasses
What bitch nigga you get blast apart
Reppin O-P-M, till the casket drop