

# Face Down

Onyx

Yo fuck that word up man  
Who you runnin' wit?  
Fuck that, who you runnin' wit?

Yo, I'm goin' straight for your head to leave you headless  
Eyes of redness, I spray rap cats to burn the lead tips  
Point blank range, I take aim, blow your brain out the frame  
Eight shots'll touch ya, spit ya physical structure

Motherfucker this is lyrical destruction  
Path of disaster face Nast, comin' at cha full blast  
And capture grabs your last, breath like the asthma  
Couldn't care less, you approachin' near death  
My hollow tips, rip into your vest politic, with the fearless

The devil himself, a rebel in himself trapped in America  
Assassinate your character, slaughter ya  
Twenty more holes, in your Nautica, fuck all of ya  
What? Bringin' MCs, yeah, callin' ya

Livin' like a nigga with six months to live  
On the edge of life, wouldn't think twice, to make a sacrifice  
Do a heist, ya niggaz ain't true to life, my whole crew is trife  
So bring your wildest nigga reppin' for your team

Tear his ass to his spleen, this is Suicide Queens  
Where gats bust, cutthroat, cross collateral  
Gat'll shatter you, feel the pain, it's unimaginable  
Self shit, straight from the hood, the dirty black shit

Rap shit, get your back ripped, plus the gat spit  
Load it and cock it bag, on thirty-two tracks  
Murder you in raps, let my wild dogs bust the cats  
Styles leave the best dead, I stay breast-fed  
And when I die, be handcuffed, to my deathbed

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Sticky Fingaz sneak up, when you least expect it  
I never fuck pussy that's yeast infected  
Fuck a brain fry, make me think irrational  
If I even think you schemin', you know I'm blastin' you

I'm too raw, what is you out you gourd?  
I cut through any challenger, top notch or amateur  
You'd rather be in the projects butt-ass with a hundred G's cash  
And no gun, than to fuck with Sticky, Fredro 'n Son

You lookin' at one desperate nigga, you shouldn't mess with  
I had a doctor scared to remove a bullet from yo' intestine  
'Member when I tested, this nigga manhood  
To see if he was a true nigga, so I pulled out my gun

Gave some dramatic ass speech then, pulled the trigger

Ha ha, barrel empty, joke on you Jack  
He cold pissed his pants, blew his cover, he a New Jack  
You know where I'm comin' from, most my niggaz pump 'n jump

And when it's time to dump and run  
I never jump the gun or get cold feet, I hold heat  
Y'a niggaz don't know me in six hours I made up four years  
Got high shit for your ears  
Sorry somethin' that I never felt yo fingertips made of Velcro

You talkin' shit like it's a little game  
That's now how we get down Beef is my middle name  
So don't die over nonsense, I ain't got no conscience  
Come out your face you gettin' shot, everything I'm spittin' hot

I need fame without the bread like I need a hole in the head  
Add insult to injury, you can't fuck with me  
Guess that's not your cup of tea I'm every star I meet  
If you are what you eat, fuck the rookies  
Rejects, plainclothes and detects

I had a hard life, grew up too quick  
But kept it tight with my true click, startin' a new flip  
Fuck you frontin' for? I seen your bag with your tail between your leg  
Afficial Nast in the house that mean you dead

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You takin' a ride in the ambulance, you catch mad damages  
Cock the hammer shit, leave you Lost like Angeles  
You ain't brick or stucco or paper machete  
Whatever you got, get taken away, you're bakin' today

Trust that, it's time to crush cats, when I bust raps  
I rush tracks and oft' act, buck wild  
Army comin' through here nigga, truck style  
Fuck you fuck the judge fuck trial

I'm givin' niggaz shattered egos, I keep foes  
Or a pet bet they small threat, make 'em eat those  
Deep goes my depth, sleep hoes get wet  
If that ain't enough, we come through and hose your shit

Hit you with the fireworks, you see the stars bangin'  
I really bang you and prepare you for God's Angels  
It's not on humble but some shit you can't come through  
Nigga try to blow he gotta go and now you know

Experience from the furious, eeriest  
Dead serious, hysterias, fillin' ya, interior  
With nervousness, for your services  
We cuttin' off your circulation and deaden ya purposes

We them niggaz you can't fuck with, rain or shine  
All mics I slain yo' kind, changed the mind  
Of those thinkin' of playin' theyrself, next  
Is etched, in stone, you motherfuckers gettin' blown

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