

Throw Ya Gunz

Onyx

Take em up, take em out, bring em out dead
Shine em up, shine em up, shine a bald head
One gun, two gun, three gun, four
Your, mine, it's all about crime
Onyx

It's time to get live, live, live like a wire
I set a whole choir on fire
Well done, on the grill, shot skills kills
And no frills - they try to diss me, they getting crispy
Ha, ha hah hah, and we do it like this
In fact, you players jack Jack's
Cause they can burn in hell shit for all that I care
Beware the bald head the dread said if they dare
Stick-up's assassin, traction new reaction
These fucking niggas shoulda made the All-Madden!
Onyx is wrecking shit, slip-slide step quick
Super on it infinite that gets crashed like a rented
The shit they write is black and white; well mine's got mad color
Ain't that right, my blood brother?!
Word up, raise it up
We do it with the crew that don't give a fuck

Throw ya guns in the air
And buck buck like you just don't care

Heads up, cause we're dropping some shit
On your now shot-skills, Onyx Tec-9 for a while
Keep your eyes open in the fight, I'mma swell em
The hardcore style, rowdy-n-wild, hits I'mma sell em
To all competition slide back then listen
I'm kicking all that, shit to the doormat
Claiming this domain, cause mad pains
Blood stains, long range - cock gats!
Crazy clips, I sink ships, cutting faces like a pirate
I've never caught a flood, for the mad shit that I did
Heard, you got the word so observe
I shatter and splatter bodies that blows and bust nerds, open
I always leave my barrel smoking

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Ah, I hate your fucking guts, and I hope that you die
Sticky Fingaz, the name, and my life is a lie
Cause I'm having a bad day, so stay out of my way
And we're the pistol packing people, so you better obey
Just in the nick of time, I commit the perfect crime
Rip my heart from my chest, put it right into a rhyme
I don't feel pain cause it's all in the mind
And what's mines is mines and, yours is mine

Don't fucking blink or I'mma rob yo' ass blind
Onyx, is ripping shit, I got the Tec-9
So what the bumba clot boy buck-buck-buck-buck
It's like a catastrophe, fucking with me, G
I'm a bald head with a knife
I want your money or your life
So, so, so, so

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We the motherfuckin Onyx
And we don't give a flying motherfucking fuck
Ay yo DS man we gonna come get you out of jail man
Fuck that, yo DS we coming man, we got the bail
We got the bail, we gonna break you out man
Fuck that, yeah
We the fuck up out of this piece