

Onyx, Onyx Is Back

Onyx - Onyx is back

Yeah, aha, yah

Chorus:

Onyx is back, and they can never, ever, ever be wack (4x)

[Fredro Starr]

Yo America is under attack, yo Onyx is back
Took a team out the hood, the whole crew got phat
Allot of hate cos I took Hollywood on my back
Keep it crully, grimy, no positive rap
You can tell by the way I got out the projects
You still here, your thuggin with the best
Don't worry if I got nines I blast text
You should worry if ya got shine I snatch next
War for real you don't want war for real
If its real make ya tims up step up and feel
Cos real killas do real things, but not you
You americ nigga who wanna play nigga?
Take a stray nigga, get out ma way nigga
The ballheads back nobody wurse then them
Im a madface nigga in a worstagrim
Im a maceface nigga im n a ?? ??

Chorus

[Sonee]

Who that, sonee, hell yeah!
Bangin Brooklyn to Brussels to bell air
Shortys poppin their brands
hoppin out cars, got rappers nervous,
scared of dropping their bars
take ya though, break you, break ya ho
nigga aint a greater flow
I make ya new, Money better play it low
Take it slow, Make the foo
Keep ya face aint a moo
Im like mixin liquor
Im bound to come up on niggaz
And highjack the bank abduct ya ditches
Cant fly, got a nice plan tuck to fit ya
I'll be lost a fare kid paid bucks to bitch ya
So, no, wer stopping wer trempin yo scene
Im mixin, yellow with blue, I gotta get green
Either yo with us, or not, not in between
You will show us the money when I show you the bean

Chorus

[Sticky Fingaz]

Well it's the S-T crocked I-C-K-Y
Got ma ?? ?? doin for sticks back in B, K and Y
Im livin all in 5 barrels, so im rappin wild
The thuggest thug in the club, who else plays high?
Been in the game for years, it made me a criminal
Your small time, ma rims is just as big as you
Iv never had a 9 to 5, I had a 9 that hit people that got off there 5
From thosele shiny things, that cut trough glass
Don't even speak to me, this is about sex and cash
I like ma cars, girls and clothes only for ma models
I beat you between yo head with thousand dollar arms bottle
Cant even with ice, I carry to much heat
The combination always leaves somebody wetting the street

Im start sellin hope trough ma arms of weed
Cos im broke only got threehundred gram on the bank
We back, bringing you that filth from filth
Let me stop talking before I criminate myself

Chorus

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