

# 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 timps 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  
lv 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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