

# Onyx, Rob And Vic

\*two gun shots\*

It's a story about two brothers, Rob and Vic  
Grew up in the world alone  
God forgot about them, hmm  
Forced to fend for themselves  
In the Rotten Apples of New York City  
This story takes place, in 1993

How many nigs did we get so far?  
I couldn't care to count  
Just snatch em up quick  
If he scream, I'ma put him out  
I put the heat to his face to SHUT HIM UP  
so I can dig him out  
Went in his pockets and got the cash in some big amounts  
I looked him dead cold in his eyes, \*blast\* without carin  
If money speak, that explain the voices I've been hearin  
You ain't really have to kill him  
Yo God he moved -- but I lied  
Damn, there's our sick stick-up turned homicide  
So? That's the way our momma died  
Is you with me I'ma slide

[both]

So we slid, had to get our gameplan together  
Cause this little bit of stickup loot ain't lastin us forever  
Desperate, on the edge with no place to go  
We can't go back to the hood we stuck up everyone we know

Chorus: \*sung\*

For the love of money, people will rob from each other  
For the love of money, people will steal from their mother  
For the love of money, people will kill their own brother..

Now everytime I hear a f\*\*kin siren, my heart skip a beat  
I'm paranoid, every face I see I think he after me  
Supposedly  
we was supposed to be gettin work from this large cat  
But since we know where he rest at -- we goin Bogart!  
Son frontin so hard  
Heard he had a hundred G's alone on his Gold Card  
His crab wife showed me mad cash in her blouse  
She said he the mad stash at the house  
Couldn't pass up a jooks like this anyday  
Anyway  
on our way there, I'm feelin bad vibes  
Yo kid don't say that  
That's when we bumped heads  
with vicks that we stuck from way back, up on Atlantic  
The way them niggaz lookin God they drivin mad frantic  
Yo don't panic, trust me  
What?  
I jump back and bust em  
Shots through they windshield, they ain't wearin shield  
Hit the kid behind the steering wheel \*car horn\* it's the way I feel  
In a state to kill I wanna watch him DIE  
Wait and chill  
We got bigger fish to fry, two L's later  
in a Bed-Stuy elevator, got off the fifth floor  
Water hit the skull, ready KICK THE DOOR  
off the hinges  
Bust shots right

Only thing I saw was a nigga four-four  
His gun jammed  
He tried to run and, reach for a knife  
Shot him in the leg  
So think about your life  
and tell me where the loot's at  
He said, "I'll tell you just don't shoot black!"  
With the sight of fear, dragged him down six flight of stairs  
to the basement, and in someway, he had a trap door in the pavement  
Smacked him with the gun, kicked him out the way  
Had to be at least 500 K  
Now hear come the bitch, talkin bout her share of the wealth  
So we put her and the husband out  
and we went for self

### Chorus

Yo, we f\*\*kin came off!  
Word  
The plan was splendid  
'Cept we got all this money, and can't even spend it  
Shh, let's disappear  
Yea yea  
And be outta this place  
So much dirt and shit we did it's hard to show our face  
So we bounced out of town and went down to Miami  
Cause most those cats we crabbed was like family  
Now me and you beefin, nah it can't be true  
It all started when all we had was just me and you  
Now a whole different person is what I'm startin to see in you  
'Member when we had the new Lex  
with the two Techs, rollin to the duplex, drinkin Stout  
Thinkin bout, what we gonna do next, we used to work tight  
Half-assed cars, down to dirt bikes  
Hopin everything will go right, with the snow white  
and in number spots that flow all night  
Up to this day it was all tight  
Man, F\*\*K THAT!  
You my little brother and we came out the same pussy  
but I'ma kill you, you dummy, you F\*\*KED UP MY MONEY!  
Nah, the money f\*\*ked YOU up  
Tryin to say the money changed me?  
What you think, I'm your brother, you got a gun in my face see  
What??!  
How can one tiny mistake, make you wannaerase me  
F\*\*k that! You cut a side deal, that's why they raided the block  
Now how the f\*\*k I'm 'sposed to know the undercover was a cop  
Son you been f\*\*kin with them niggaz!  
Look just put down the gun and let this bullshit slide  
Nigga I ain't puttin down SHIT  
I'm tellin you let's just chill man  
F\*\*K THAT NIGGA!  
It don't gotta be this way man  
WHAT NIGGA? IT GOTTA BE THIS WAY!  
IT DON'T GOTTA BE LIKE THIS MAN!  
IT GOTTA BE NIGGA!  
THEN GO AHEAD AND PULL THE TRIGGER!!  
THINK I WON'T? F\*\*K YOU!  
YOU KNOW YOU AIN'T GON' DO IT!  
F\*\*K YOU! \*gun blasts\*

Chorus cont. with - Don't let money change you.. - before fade