

# Onyx, Slam

Slam! (duh duh duh, duh duh duh - Let the boys be boys!) [x2]

[Verse One]

Well, it's another (What!?) In the gutter (What!?) Ghetto runnin' 'em  
Troublesome - Extra double dum; I come to beat 'em  
Defeat 'em and mistreat 'em - so what if that I'm cheatin'?  
Now everyone wanna say I'm grimy (Yeah, I know!)  
I'm-a show ya' how; Come on! (All in together now!)  
Yeah, ooh, yeah - YEAH! - That's how it's gotta be, so  
Stop tryin' to be loud as me, 'cause you can't do that!  
Think about it! Playin' Russian roulette with an automatic,  
I put my ass against the line, the last bullet is first - on line  
Toughest step, and I rep and I run; Packin' a weapon is wild!  
Peace to the brothers on Ryker's Isle - Toughen up; A-tremble-em-ba-lin  
Like a crimin-a-million puffs I took: I - ooh, my god, I'm so high!  
Just they say, "Hey, Rodney," say, "You look like a -  
- Grem-a-lin!" A What!? Just they say to make a kid  
Make a million children slam! Slam! SLAM!

Slam! (duh duh duh, duh duh duh - Let the boys be boys!) [x4]

[Verse Two]

I'm the mean 'n nasty, greedy-smashing, ever-slow-gasser (Ooh!)  
Strictly swift blast of the raspy-rasp basher (Aah!)  
That I provide - I provide that you was cheap!  
Beside the ghetto vibe make me flip like Jeckle and Hyde (Of Course!)  
I come across with the pure, for sure  
Un-adult-a-rated, un-conformed  
Disgusted! Busted! You wanna touch it! Too hot!  
You forgot, you're not ready! Your head could get ruptured!  
Hit between the eyes; I plan to vandalize  
I supply the static (I roll with the bad guys!)  
The villians (Yup), Crooks (HA), biters and the fighters!  
See the big wreck? Could ya' if ya' look inside of  
My mind: It's graphic. Expressed it. Grasp it.  
So, kill the copy cat - I can't: It's all mastered!  
Directed it. When ya' least expected it  
And thought it was safe, ONYX hit you in the face, so SLAM!

Slam! (duh duh duh, duh duh duh - Let the boys be boys!) [x4]

[Verse Three: Sticky Fingaz]

I'm a b-boy  
Standin in my b-boy stance  
Hurry up and give me the microphone before I bust in my pants  
The mad author of anguish; my language, polluted  
Onyx is heavyweight (Sonsee: And still undisputed!!)  
He took the words right out my mouth and walked a mile in my shoes  
I've paid so many dues, I feel used and abused  
And I'm.... so confused  
umm, excuse me, for example  
I'm the inspiration, for a WHOLE generation  
And unless you got 10 SSSssticky Fingers  
Its straight imitation  
A figment, of your imagination  
But but but but wait it gets worse!!  
I'm not watered down so I'm dyin of thirst  
Comin thru wit a scam, a foolproof plan  
B-boys make some noise, and just, JUST SLAM!

Slam! (duh duh duh, duh duh duh - Let the boys be boys!) [x4]