

# Onyx, The Worst

(feat. Killa Sin, Method Man, Raekwon the Chef, X-1)

Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang - ONYX!!

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[Raekwon]

Aiyyo, staircase to stage now, major waves  
Tanktop Nautica, flippin your daughter thirty ways  
Yeah who want mine? Bent outta shape, one time  
Play the mall, starin at your beautiful, sunshine  
Watch my shit shift, niggaz in the back, wigs lift  
You know the stats God, don't even ask pah, back slit  
Raw drug raps, thug hats and mob hats, spit on that cat  
This yellow love nigga fuckin with a rich cat  
My shit now, 5 feet 6, with a crisp hat plush  
Throwin down on thirty bricks, niggaz is with that  
Though, federados locked my man yo, hit lotto  
Three-hundred thousand dollars in the bottle, bitch math is how  
my technique, rover in the robe, gold link  
You know the code read, suitcase money, stow heat  
Rock Navi's though, hundred dollar bags valet  
That nigga crabbed me, gamin himself, like Milton Bradley

[Fredro Starr]

Yo the semi-automatic glock this, unlock this  
The weed spots get knocked, it's so hot chicks is topless  
Whips are spotless, chrome rims spin obnoxious  
You can't knock this, bust a shot you better not miss

[X-1]

X-1 wild out, and make you watch this  
'til your eyes turn red with blotches, eatin scraps out the garbage  
Unload a cartridge, and bust a cap  
X could never trust a cat, Onyx is as hot as it gets  
Bitches fuckin for free, is outta the quest'  
Blow blood outta your flesh, your body outta your vest

[Fredro Starr]

I draws the heat from across the street  
Fly you up off your feet, you die livin short but sweet  
Street crime, time is money, nigga don't waste mine  
Dispose my 9, throwin your shine, your froze in time  
Lookin at death, holdin your breath, laid out  
On the dance floor, blood and Moet, I'm blowin your set  
Trick twenty G's, no sweat, your goin in debt  
I'm goin for broke, I'm blowin out smoke, you catch a stroke

[X-1]

Wu-Tang and Baldhedz, Swiss foreheads, leave you all red  
X-Milli-on, fully armed, illest beyond your realest form  
Bringin the storm, forseein you warned  
Nuttin keepin me calm but heat in my palm  
Sleep and you gone, you see what I'm on? Creepin outta the dark  
Scatter your parts from here to Battery Park

[Chorus: ODB samples from "Protect Ya Neck (Radio Edit)"]

First things first man, you're {fuckin} with the worst  
First things first man, you're {fuckin} with the worst  
First things first man, you're {fuckin} with the worst  
You can't slam, don't let me get fool on him man!

[Suave]

Steal master grab half the cash fast and bash  
and splash yo' class, mash your staff, WHAT?!

Nigga get smacked, you ain't worth a punch, hurt your bunch  
Get merked in front, in the wrong circle punk!  
Mack clever niggaz dat regga'  
Catch you on the d-lo in Mecca and Etch-a-Sketch ya  
Shake and erase, vacatin your space, breakin your face  
Straighten your waist, twist you, and won't miss you  
Official Nast and Killa Bee, full blast, get off smash  
Pull fast for your stash  
Long as the war last, foot up in your ass  
Tryin to count more math, bring in the hardcore rap

[Killa Sin]

Yo; we be the mainstream  
supreme rhyme top of the line cuisine fiends  
Number one love for thugs queens schemin on cream  
My whole team love, the E-cup bras and mobb cars  
Killa Sin known for makin niggaz reach for the stars  
This terrorist, lyricist in the midst of the abyss  
We cannabis evangelists, iron palms with metal fists  
Wu build, like construction and bang, like percussion  
All the Planet Battery packs combust and malfunction, what kid?

[Chorus x2]

[Sticky] Holy shit!! Who the fuck is dat?

[Method] It's John John

[Sticky] Sticky Fingaz kid, you got my back?

[Method] I got your back cousin

[Sticky] I got the mack-dozen

[Method] And when them niggaz start jumpin, bust back cousin

[Sticky] Cause it's a new year, time for some new shit

[Sticky] Nowadays rappers dyin over music

[Method] Dead on arrival

[Method] We raised in the ghetto singin songs called survival

[Method] Duckin homicidal, you rivals

[Sticky] Yeah yeah, Onyx/Wu-Tang, on tracks we gangbang

[Sticky] Chitty-bang-bang

[Method] Chitty-chitty-bang-bang

[Method] Hot Nix' spit flame, lava pump through my veins

[Method] Caught in the zone, home on the range

[Sticky] Aiyyo you rang for ferocious, atrocious

[Sticky] We got that supercalifragalisticexpiala-

[Method] - dope shit!

[Sticky] Eight ball in the corner pocket

[Method] We snatch wallets off the white collared

[Method] The Big Apple forever rotted

[Method] Narcotics hunt the hard target, Hot Nix'

[Sticky] SO WHAT THE BUMBA CLAAT?!

[Method Man]

Pop shit, we do the knowledge

To shark niggaz, once bitten

Major swingers heavy hittin

Poly your kitten, throw up your mittens

Stop bitchin, no slippin, no pot to piss in

The meltin pot's boilin hot now in Hell's Kitchen

[Sticky Fingaz]

Yo, yo, Sticky Fingaz, one of the illest motherfuckers

BELIEVE DAT!! My moms don't raise no suckers

I slap rappers, turn 'em into singers

Touch somethin of mine and you'll have NINE fingaz!

[Method] Enough said, let's paint this whole fuckin town red

[Sticky] And RIP .. they whole crew to a shred!

[Sticky] I got cold blood  
[Method] I pull yo' plug  
[Sticky] I hold, bust  
[Method] Show no love  
[Sticky] I'm so bugged  
[Method] Shoot yo' home up  
[Sticky] And shoot up the whole club  
[Method] We throw slugs

[Sticky Fingaz]  
You ain't no thug!  
I earned every God damn penny that I got  
Son I'm rollin shotgun in the convertible  
I wish a nigga WOULD WHAT?  
Try to fuckin jack me, I'll MURDER YOU!!!

[Chorus]

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