

Onyx, Bettah Off Dead

Onyxxx.....

They tried to poison the fetus
We gonna check it out like this
All hell
the high exalted

yo

my mother fucking name is Fredro Starr

you know what I'm saying?

I'm up here with my man Sonee the money the muther fucking greasiest

and my mother fucking nigga Sticky the fucking fingaz

you know what I'm saying?

Yo Sonee

Step to your mother fucking business nigga...word up

Verse 1:

I'm not the type to be flabbergasted

but all my doubters mastered

it ain't a matter bastard

rule my hazard

niggaz get blasted

soon as I bring what I got in store for the new order

who want it?

we got what your looking for

fuck you gonna do now, money

cause this the Sonee

seeds of mister droppin wisdom like a blister

I get downright deprived on them niggaz

We rob Z's

Gimme all these, ya'll niggaz

PUSS!

Whats the matter? I rush

bum rush you better rise

and assault and catapult

like a bullet I shot shit

the figure hurter

word to murder

rippin the master

will make you back up from them further

Hold up the press

heres comes the mess

worship the best

or die like the rest

you have the right to remain violent

aaauuuggghh

anything you say can and will be use against you to kill!

I'm a tyrant

strinking like a viking

a knight in shining armor

jumping for the sauna

the rough rhymers

suicidal like Nirvana

the end of your world is just beginning

theres no winning in my inning

the dead things cannot effect the living

so I trip into the wind

of the ghetto bad weather

I'm lost in the desert, but the storm blows me on

never talk to a stranger

everybodys in grave danger

me and my people just shot ya anger!

FUCK DAT...YA BETTER OFF DEAD!

Considered less than a god, but more than a man

I can knock down a mule like conan the barbarian
with my mental powers and my sixth sense
that can raise a dead crowd into a live audience
(so get the fuck out the way)
ooh, and get your ass cut
cause if you go to jail they probably make a pussy out ya butt
(no doubt)
Heres the clip witches know its a black stone
its a matter that shatter your track bone
score to get to life
I'm concise
niggaz get done up precise
cut up fine
and fucked up real nice
we made up mean Jamaica
and die like the Lakers
faking jack was mackin backwards
with the front in black got tactics
straight from the desert-(queens)
where niggaz is desperate
so I'm takin mines from the entrance to the exit
(get a life)
fuck dat ya betta off dead!
(get a life)
fuck dat ya betta off dead!

Verse 3:

Cover me, I'm going in
move em in take em out
the time when niggaz seem to always fight and lose a battle
its too late to pray I'm selling one way tickets to hell
no one tell is what you punk niggaz yell
like-wah wah!
thats the sound of your bitch ass hurtin
black start attackin back-I'm still hurtin
Sticky come on come on well...

So all let up on the fact
that I'm a nigga that can just beat your mother fucking ass
to hurt your feelings
cause your shit is trash
too many people like me
cause they're not worthy
destruct my coalition
its a demolition derby
through all that spit you talk
and make the mic smell like saliva
yick! you need to retire
resign
I'm ahead of my time
in my prime
one of a kind
and out of my mind!
and ain't nothin in this world free so me I'ma kick a pay style
I don't got no smile I was abused as a child
my moms gave birth to a crazy ass wilder
bust out her pussy with a mother fuckin gun
started talking slang
even joined a gang
the suicide scums
I sold jums to the bums
I was the hand to hand man pullin in clubs
then I started dealin
robbin and stealin

if not for killing then I'm known as a villain
if you want problems I'm ready and willing
and I'll get up in your mouth like a fucking filling

FUCK DAT WE BETTA OFF DEAD
Please somebody kill me before I put two in my own head...