

Onyx, Broke Williez

[Chorus]

To all you rappers out there
With money and fame
Rockin a foreign car
Everything brand name
Broke Willies with no money
Keep runnin yo game
Can't forget all our thugs that's locked in chains

[Fredro Starr]

we ain't have shit growin' up, now we blowin' up
hundred G's a show, price low enough
ghetto struck, layin in the cut
with the metal mack 11, what
no cup, sippin amaretto 7-up
the wet life, shit is liquid
my wife trippin' my whole clique got shit to whip it
last switchin
Benz to Benz skippin, superstar hittin
your whole world is ice rippin, you like sniffin
you like shittin, tricks trickin, roly with the inscription
watch a rich nigga clickin'
FROM NEW YORK TO L.A.
same shit, different day, mad cash to play
When I walk my chains swing
I drew swing hevily ill from Beverly Hills
I paid 20 g's
damn son it better be real
We holdin your deals, its 70 mils
eaten meals of Beverly pills
Now watch how the bubbly spills

[Chorus] (2x)

[Sticky Fingaz, (Sonsee)]

I grew up in the PJ's and wore the same gear for 3 days
sit to get a blunk out I wanna blew a mill in the month
from a low life, the one I go shopping,
im not worried bout no price, i wear the same clothes TWICE!
fuck the PO-LICE!
Its hydro stuff L's, six plus sells
stones heavy on the scales themselves, X-L
strait G's, moneys and properties
black F-G 15's, weightin trees and OC's
We old g's always O.T.-in on a low-key
spit more game than goldie, your bitch chose me
suppose WE most-LY, do em slow-LY
we play 'em close-LY, stayed on city cakes, they get erase them!
A sucker for a pretty face, with a twenty waist
whos Benz I hit two twins in a blue Ventz
and we're in destroy deals, a house flow for reals
cause white-collar crimes equal dolla' dolla' sign!

[Chorus]

[Fredro Starr, X-1, Sonsee, Sticky Fingaz]

yo we went from rags to riches and get pitches
with mad bitches, yo, you can get a autograph
or one shot, from the semi-auto pass
rap niggas flippin more then halves
livin it up, takin all the cash, GIVIN IT UP!
we set it up, on a low tilt it up

in the black quest, pass sex to the extress
from out the blackness, straight on the boulevard
lookin for somethin to get my hands in
a strippers dancin in the mansion
word up, that's how we operate
uncut n raw
the players copping, fake cokies stepped on twice
put your money on the street niggas under the lihgt
and hold your money tight
kids to die, raze em up, and roll 'em twice
even rich nigga ass better so trife
we'll gamble mo off yo life
true i couldn't see well
flip my p12, rover key to the e-mail
wish a hundred tell, g'd out, I walk the hog, I beat jail
yall gotta each tell, kick back, relax, word up
nigga laid up
bills paid up
shit is all sunny when he pulled up in a 4-20
we throw these cats on the sideline, lookin all funny
gettin no money, cause they every day clownin
we play around with thousands, a hundred g's where we countin
A hundred G's a show, here we're out kid
(word up word up)

[Chorus] (2x)