

Onyx, Evil Streetz !

Intro: Method Man

Spark that shit up
and lets fly
Oh my people
Heyyy Ohhhh
Ahhhh Hooooo
Eiiii Heyyy

Verse One: Sticky Fingaz

I'm a hoodlum
A dick in the dirt is what i'm holding
Sporting mad Polo but only if its stolen
I got no morals my mind is in the gutter
KId I'll open up your face with my orange box cutter
Soak you when you least expect it
Before I met Russel I only had a jail record
Plus nothing ever hurt me when I was at home
These Evil Streets got a mind of their own
My Pops left me for dead with just the clothes on my back
I grew up selling crack
And learning to drive a car jack
I got street smarts and I use intuition
I can spot an undercover with my x-ray vision
And if anybody test me out there
They gonna make me kill them and throw away my carear
I'm my Mothers first born, Her last bad seed

Verse Two: Fredro Star a.k.a. Never

Its all about the next caper
The cocaine, props and acres
For the sake ah
Snatchin the green paper
Me and my crew roll in the zone of the twilight
The news highlight
When the next shit don't go right
Its so tight its blazing
A nigga squeezed hayz in
got 'em geezing for a runner
Then the plot thickens
On point like Rod Strickland
Clocks ticking
Makes the hardest niggas clicks stop ticking
Hitting they stash
And murdering like and expert
Cover ya tracks
And conceal that dirty shit

Chorus: Method Man

This is for the gun slingers
noise bringers
this is for the crack slingers
bell ringers
this is for the bootleggers
and everyday beggers
And all my hood hustlers who know where we headin'

repeat 2X

Verse Three: Sonsee

Its all about the \$50,000 cars
Dice games and ice chains
We out of the average niggas price range
Rings and Remy mixed with Henny
Chicks with Fendi sucking disk in the Infinity
This nigga had mad deco
Fucking petro the nickel metro Blow
All you heard was the gun echo
On a dead nbight I get my head right
Running red lights no headlights
Pumping Buddah in a black Benz
Pulling out Mac 10's
Its just the smell of fucking cigarettes
Broke niggas with assed out
Took 2 puffs and passed out
Woke him up with 21 shots of penicillin
amped him up
I guess thought it was hempacillin
Yo chill kid lamp kid, chill kid you livin'
Aye yo JB hit me one time

Verse Four: Method Man

Its the Blaze that be Johnny
Not many shots can do that ass raunchy
Lyric to the muzak we rolling
Watch out for the niggas that be holding
Raunchy fucking up your colon
Of course its Tical
Verbal assault
We can walk these dogs through all 5 boroughs of New York
Some talk
While other individuals walk
In my square tryin' to hide thoughts
Spreading lies in my ears
Got me questioning my peers
That be show and prove they don't belong here
I be the Chef in Hells Kitchen
Pop in the clip and hit the DJ if the records skipping
My competition gotta keep me at arms distance
I know myself onion head niggas don't listen
I shoot the what
Got no time for that wiz bitchin'
I'm about to blow in 5 seconds
The clocks ticking consider this another mission
impossible as he gets hostile
Uncut blowing up your nostril
We There
Come on take another if you dare
The reason why its so raw cause its real
I swear by the hairs on my Chin Chiggy Chin
To the day I die I represent the Grimy niggas
The ones who can't afford Tommy Hillfigger
The down and dirty Johnny fill Niggas

Yeah

Chorus 2X