

# Onyx, Ghetto starz

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo

I'm a rapper turned rock star

Word up, what I wanna know

Yo, I'm a rapper turned rock star

What, what, what, what

I'm a rapper turned rock star

Yo, yo, yo

[Fredro Starr]

I'm a rapper turned rock star, in a hot car

What y'all? The black prop with the crowbar

No plates off the lot it costs a lot

You forced to watch hands take they hand off the glock

Money don't stop long as I stay hot

Cook it up, chop it up, put it on the block

Bust a bullet on the chart till we hit the top

Nigga not too thick, the fold, I'm dipped in gold

You half a gram niggas, can never slam niggas

What part you don't understand? I'm the man nigga

[Chorus: (?)] X 2

Why not?

Makin moves and gettin money with my team

We them ghetto starz

This here is far from a dream

Official Nas, here to get up in that ass

Word up, pour some liquor in my cup and pass

[?]

Yo, word up kid, there's mad money in this

Grab the mic, handle your business

This here is for Official niggas only, no beginners

About my heavy metal, run the ghetto, where my sinners?

You feel me in my crazy world, I only deal with sinners

Hearin local reports from out the vocal laws up in the game

You violate nigga, I swear I tear you out the frame

Y'all niggas know the name, we represent the burrough Queens

With the same routines run with y'all gats to smithereens

[?]

Official Nas, and L-B fam

Bringin you the jam from the Queen-shy to get green-shy

Rob with us, shorty it's all live, peep the vibe

As we keep you wired, so up the stakes, cut the cake

Regulate, we delegate and dead they take

That's a rapper that it's official, track for track

I back slap you, with my other platinum plaques

You whack rap hopefuls, have you noddin like the dope do

Any member of my crew'll roze you

Number one spot, took that

Onyx show, book that

Got a bet, better know where to put that

[Chorus] X 2

[Sonsee]

I smoke weed in cars that cost more than your house

I got a fly chick with gats, hold coke in her blouse

I'm talkin about a hundred g's, show sold out

So you see that, you better shut your mouth

I used to scheme on niggas that had more than me

Now I'm that nigga and niggas scheme on me

I got a ghetto mentality

If a nigga front, I'm gattin 'em

I never had nothin, now my rolex is platinum

I be the same man, rich or poor

Wildin out at the club, time to hit the floor

Outside I got the infa, in the Ferrari cockpit

Fuck partyin with y'all, we already got shit

You rockless, nina you ain't got no props

Let me see you at the awards this years, I blow your spot  
Even at a rich event, you can still get shot  
Fuck that, as of now Onyx back in the mack  
We guaranteed to start fights everytime we rap  
Yo, who got next? Who got first?  
I'm God Son, the illest nigga on this earth, what?  
[Chorus] X 4