

Onyx, Shut em down

Intro:

Straight up nigga
Motherfuckin' South side nigga

Brooklyn what!

Word up

yeah

Shut 'em down!

yeah

Shut 'em Down

Shut 'em Down

yeah

Onyx featuring DMX

Hook:

Shut 'em down

Shut 'em down

Shut 'em down (4x)

Verse 1:

Yo shut 'em down start the violence

We wilin' wilin' sling back his body found

Washed up on Coney Island

When I rolled up, this niggas heart slowed up

That killa froze up, when I pulled up jumped out with the pump-pump

Thirty-two shots and ducked out

So look out

Left that cat for dead his body smoked out

Cause when I fall y'all killas a kill me kid

I'm goin' all out

Lifes a bitch, fuck it, got the gun bust it

Gmae play, gotta play by the rules or your own cannot be trusted

Don't try to test, abide your chest, put five inside your vest

Have you layin' with a dead rest

Shoulda known when you was lookin' in the eyes a death

And I swore forgiveness when I did this

there was not no witness but he should understand

Cause even God got a shit list

Verse 2:

Beat downs anonymous

I spit like a shiny silver nanabus(?)

Niggas fond of us

We the kind that rush, those that hold back

Takin' your whole stack

Grimy street cats

Niggas bald head like Kojak

Go gat for gat

Coat that

You could smoke that

Or cut black dust

Makin' your whole fuckin' stove crack

Betta know me

1-3, one and only could be never phoney in any ceremony

I'l tear you homey

Shut 'em down, Shut 'em down, Shut 'em down

Shun sees takin' your time

Makin' your mind

Got this nigga on the low

defecatin' with rhymes

Breakin' your spine

Got you movin' from the flurry, time to worry

I'ma bury the bullshit

I'ma bury the bullshit

I'ma bury the bullshit

Feel my full clip

Hook

Verse 3: DMX

Aiyyo I bet you this muthafuckin' double barrel will blast his face
Be on the look out for a basket case
Niggas pumped you up to watch you get beat
Had you thinkin' shits sweet
Now you up shit's creek
Cause your shits weak
How mich is your life worth to someone important
Cause I be extortin'
Kidnap for ransom is some shit you don't want to get caught in
From back in the days of Gordon
Niggas was gettin' robbed
The guy from Rikers Height stayed on his job
with his own little mob
Was it worth goin back to the Earth so soon
Worth makin' my shit go boom
To your own doom, from the graveyards
Till there's no room
Fuck you know about a pine box
Money goin' out with nine Glocks
On top of that same nigga when they pull with they nine shots
Feel like killin' for your crew
I ain't gon' rest
It gonna take a whole lot to put up your best
Then watch your loins spill out your vest
You best get on some act your age shit
you a little kid
That run for faces
More niggas get killed like that

Verse 4: Sticky Fingaz
Mad man Sticky F-I-N-G-A-Z
The crazy cajun blazin' bullets for days and days
grazin' amazin' I'm the glazin' ason purple hazin'
Hard to be pahsin' Lord with all this hell I'm raisin'
God of the Underground, I'm gunnin' 'em down with a thunder pound
We gonna shut 'em down
We turn we gonna shut 'em down
We turn we gonna shut 'em down
We turn shit dumb quick gun click
lyin' in the vine
persed the line on your dick
In the morgue admit it dogs
I'm the Rottweiler my Glock holler
Fuck cocaine killer I sniff gun powder
So all you real willies throw your Roleys in the sky
And all the crooks rob the place outside
I'm so hype, I tkae your life, betta have my doe right
Fuck my life, I don't need no mic!
The new album
Bring it
Motherfuckin' May
Hook 2x
That's that shit
Bring me on point
About to shut down the whole industry
Official nast
DMX
We wreckin' everything
So shut up, or you get shut down like the rest of them
Pussy