

# 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'll 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