

Onyx, Shut 'Em Down

(feat. DMX)

Straight up nigga
Motherfuckin Southside nigga (word up)
[SF] Brooklyn what!
We gonna do it just like this man
Straight to your whole area (word up word up)
YEAH, YEAH
You know what we fin' to do
Shut 'em down, shut 'em down
YEAH, yo.. word up, yo
[SF] It's time to take over the world!

[Chorus: x4]

Shut 'em down - shut 'em down, shut 'em down

[Onyx 1]

Official Nast', I'm tired of these.. yo, yo, yo
Shut 'em down start the violence we whylin whylin
Slain rapper's body found washed up, on Coney Island
When I rolled up, this nigga heart slowed up, that killa froze up
When I pulled up, jumped out with the pump-pump 32 shots and ducked out
Then I broke out, left that cat for dead his body smoked out
Cause when I fall out, y'all killas got kill me kid I'm goin all out
Life's a bitch, fuck it! Got a gun, bust it!
The gameplay, gotta play by the rules of your own cannot be trusted
Don't try to test, abide your chest, put five inside your vest
Have you layin where the dead rest
Shoulda known when you was lookin in the eyes of Death
Asked the Lord for forgiveness
When I did this, there was not no witness
But he should understand -- cause even God got a shit list

[Sonsee]

Yo it's beatdowns anonymous, I spits like a shiny silver nine'll bust
Niggaz fine to bust, we the kind that rush
Those that, hold back, taking your whole stack
Grimy street cats, niggaz baldhead, like Kojak
Go gat for gat, quote that, in fact, you can smoke that
Uncut black dust, making your whole, fucking skull crack
Better know me, one-three, one and only
Could be never phony in any ceremony, I'll tear you homey
(Shut 'em down!) Sonsee's taking your time, making your mind
Baddest nigga on the low defecatin with rhymes
Breakin your spine, got you movin from the flurry time to worry
I'ma bury the bullshit, feel my full clip!

[Chorus]

[DMX]

Uhh.. uhh, uhh
Aiiyo I bet you this motherfuckin double barrel'll blast his face
Be on the lookout - for a basketcase
Niggaz pumped you up to watch you get beat
Had you thinkin shit is sweet
Now you up shit's creek, cause your shit's weak
How much is your life worth to someone important, cause I be extortin
Kidnappin for ransom is some shit that you don't want to get caught in
From back in the days of Gordon, niggaz 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, ?? your own doom?
Fill them graveyards, til there's no room?

Fuck you know about a pine box? Money goin out with nine glocks
On top between that same nigga, when they pull out spray nine shots
Feel like killin for your crew? I ain't gon' rest
It don't take a whole lot to fill up your vest
then watch your lungs as they spill out your chest
You best get on some, act your age shit
You a little kid, that run for faces
More niggas get killed like that than a little bit

[Sticky Fingaz]

Ayy man Sticky

F-I-N-G-A-Z the crazy cajun blazin bullets for days and days
and grazin amazin I'm the guy that's lacin
Purple Hazin, hard to be pahsin LORD all this hell that I'm raisin
God of the Underground, I'm gunnin em down with a thunder pound
We gonna (SHUT 'EM DOWN!) We turn shit dumb quick when the gun click
Lyin incubine pursed and lyin on your dick
In the morgue admit it dogs I'm the Rottweiler my glock holla
Fuck cocaine killa I sniff gunpowder
So all you real Willies throw your Roley's in the sky
Now all my crooks, rob them players outside!
I'm so hype, I'll take yo' life, better have my dough right
And FUCK FIVE MICS, I DON'T NEED NO MIC!!!!
[trashes the shit, speaker feedback ensures]
WHAT?!?!?! BRING IT!!!! SHUT 'EM DOWN!

[Chorus x2]

[Sticky Fingaz]

WHAT?? BRING IT!

OFFICIAL NAST' SHUT 'EM DOWN!

Word up boy, bout to shut down the whole industry

Official Nast', DMX, we wreckin ERY'THING!

So shut up! Or you get SHUT DOWN! LIKE THE REST OF THEM!

Pussy!