Onyx, Slam Harda

[Intro: music from "Welcome Back Kotter"]
Who'da thought we'd need ya? (Who'da thought we'd need ya?)
Back there where we need ya? (Back there where we need ya?)
Yeah we tease him a lot, cause we got him on the spot
Welcome back.. welcome back, welcome back, welcome back..

[Onyx]
What! What! What! What!
Yeah! (What!) Yeah! (What!) Yeah! (What!) Yeah! (C'mon)
What! What! What! What!
Yeah! (What!) Yeah! (What!) Yeah! (What!) Yeah! (C'mon)

[Chorus: repeat 2X]
Aiyyo, who slam harder? Onyx, or Vince Carter? (ONYX!)
All my thugs gettin dollars (Uh-Oh! Uh-Oh!)
All my ladies just holla (Uh-Oh! Uh-Oh! Uh-Oh!)
Slam Harder!

[Onyx]
What! What! What! What!
Yeah! (What!) Yeah! (What!) Yeah! (What!) Yeah! (C'mon)

[Fredro Starr]
Aiyyo we back in the e-zay
The game is over, it's a rap
It's a ree-zay, straight like dat
It's a good look, we put, hardcore on the map
Ten years to be exact, still throwin up gats
See a thug on the TV, and chicks dig that
But we rap for them streets where them thugs play at
So "Bacdafucup," comin' through, comin through, get ya "SLAM" on
Y'all the hardest niggas in rap, ya dead wrong
Y'all the niggas sittin on 20's with no gas money
Y'all niggas think you shinin like Puff, who got money?
Like you really pop shots in the club
You only pop bottles of bub'
Y'all ain't got no real street love
To the death, to the ghetto, my kids with heavy metal
On the everyday hustle, never ready to settle, uh
Back together, with the, classic terror
Onyx, back forever, bustin', gats together, WHAT!

[Onyx]
What! What! What! What!
Yeah! (What!) Yeah! (What!) Yeah! (What!) Yeah! (C'mon)

[Chorus]

[Onyx]
What! What! What! What!
Yeah! (What!) Yeah! (What!) Yeah! (What!) Yeah! (C'mon)

[Sonsee]
Bigger than the streets' anthems, you stealin' the flow
Reppin' other people's money and we takin' ya dough
My killas the grimiest, we keep it the gulliest
We leave you the bloodiest, cause we be the hungriest
(GRRRRRRR) Hear that? Hunger pains
That's the things that'll numb your brain, run ya change
It's not a threat, it's a promise
I even got my St. Louis niggas SLAMMIN haters offa Onyx

[Onyx]
What! What! What! What!

Yeah! (What!) Yeah! (What!) Yeah! (What!) Yeah! (C'mon)

[Chorus]

[Onyx]
What! What! What! What!
Yeah! (What!) Yeah! (What!) Yeah! (What!) Yeah! (C'mon)

[Sticky Fingaz]
You wanna know the truth? Take a look in my eye
I'm like B.I.G.'s first album, I'm "Ready to Die"
It's Sticky Fingaz, if you didn't already know who I am
The minute I reached out and touched the whole hood with no hands
Cause in the streets I live through it, it's more than music
Whatever I'm spittin' on, I put my life into it
Got a reputation on the streets of keepin' it rough
There's just too many of us, you get rushed, you get bust - what!
Big trucks, chrome rims spinnin'
The mad faced niggas got money so now we grinnin'
Pull your sticks out, we the group you listen to, kid!
Niggas told me my music helped em' through they bid
I'm the voice of the ghetto, the heart of New York
A fiend will give his last hit, just to hear me talk
Niggas paid for their mistakes, death is the price
That's right motherfucka, Onyx for life!

[Onyx]
What! What! What! What!
Yeah! (What!) Yeah! (What!) Yeah! (What!) Yeah! (C'mon)

[Chorus]

[Onyx]
What! What! What! What!
Yeah! (What!) Yeah! (What!) Yeah! (What!) Yeah! (C'mon)
What! What! What! What!
Yeah! (What!) Yeah! (What!) Yeah! (What!) Yeah! (C'mon)