

Onyx, Thingz Changed

[Onyx - all talking]

Official Nast! Word is bond
Yeah - yeah yeah - you know the real deal boy
Word up, Official, Official, Official, Official
Word up, check me, I'm the Official, Nastee
It's like that, yeah it's like this
Son hold up, what up what up
We gonna rhyme right now, word is bond
Give it all we got, c'mon yo, c'mon..

[Fredro Starr]

A lot of things have changed since I grown up
Half my brothers got locked, half got blown UP!
From playin "two hand touch" and the games in the street
But the games ain't the same, now we playin with heat
SEE THERE'S DANGER, in my buildin, they rollin dice there
Ain't nuttin nice there, who dare with ice-stare?!
My hallway is like Rahway, to the thugs in the doorway
Peace, kid I'm out, NO DOUBT!
We just hangin on the corner, puffin trees just
tryin to stay warm, sippin ?Easy? Jesus!
Problems after problem, it keeps revolv
They got us starvin, that's why we out robbin (knahtsayin?)
There's days I can't remember like the 6th of December
I think it was September nah, maybe it was November (what?!)
This kid got rocked, just for steppin on some sneakers
Heard from Tamika, he's gettin buried in a speaker
cause his mom's was on that *inhaling*, gettin laced
She not SMOKIN IT! She took one bad hit

Chorus: repeat 2X

Aiyyo (YO!) can't escape the ghetto
Hell no, it's everywhere you go!
Aiyyo (YO!) can't escape the ghetto
Hell no, it's everywhere you go!

[Sonsee]

I'm not your role model, I'll drink the whole bottle
Don't follow, nobody cause you never know tomorrow
Just look around, EVERYWHERE, it's despair
It ain't no care here, and good times is rare
or seldom last long, they always fadin
when my fam is dyin over money and gettin incarcerated (yeah)
Just to be a statistic, it's sadistic
Too realistic, we goin this QUICK!
The other night kids got bad (Word, T-N-T ran out?)
Got them kids Bill and Ted, they called the law news spread
Last week they was blazin on the corner, bullets ricochet
Hit somebody's baby, and they kid may be dead
Resultin from the ill {shit}, to say the least
Livin in the ghetto... rest in peace!

[Onyx]

Yo.. HEY!
cause where I'm from, the good die young
The sky is grey, we never see the sun
The ghetto life, is live and let live
on the day to day..

[Sticky Fingaz]

It all began when Shorty Rock took the law in his own hand
Sick of seein his moms gettin beat up by his old man
So he did what any kid woulda done

Went into the closet, got his pop's gun
Who need enemy when you got family?
It's hard to get a job when you look like me (WORD UP!)
See people don't just rob cause they on unemployment
Some do it for the pure satisfaction enjoyment
Brrrr, it's cold, this world is freezin
Folks gettin murdered over no apparent reason (NO!)
Packin they bags, talkin bout they leavin
But where you gonna go? You can't escape THE GHETTO!
You see more when you HIGH, even less when you LOW
You can't run from your own shadow

Chorus

{*scratches "my little man, shorty doo wop";*}

[Onyx] In every ghetto, we packin heavy metal (repeat 4X)

{*ad libs and "Official Nast'!" to fade*}