## Onyx, Whut Em Down Remix Yo

Chorus: This is it now, You get shut down Official Naz got the whole game locked down Noreaga, Big Pun holdin' it~ down, This is it now, You get shut down

[Verse 1: Noreaga] Yo, aiyyo I smoke weed from housin pa, Phillies is hot one Niggaz betta stop dunn, or catch a hot one I'm like the Top Gun, Mohawk Shit Rock my hat back, as long you don't fuck with Onyx Then You safe in Iraq, I like to dubba(??) All of my niggaz, we tear the cover up From Irag to Bal-ti-more We do a song keep the shit fuckin ghetto like a hood see-saw So what what, fuckin dick, what's the recall for? Yo, every other week you got a brand new law Yo them crackheads not, knowin what to do wit they time That's why they really wanna focus on Iraq crime So what what, fuck you nigga yo we takin shine [Verse 2] Shut 'em down second wave desert Bx style We rep wow Up(??) hoes be ya mom's dead child Fucked up Like blowin fed trial Its set now Get blown down

You sped Blow, Exile My cartel drop shells Burn a 100 L's You frail We raise hell You Niggaz get blazed well You get closed now Hosed down Verbal semi mad a cap With a Henny habit Amurk any static Like a madman. Goin Postal, Postal Touch Mics Froze you fuck it Son I Gosu(??)

[Verse 3] Word Up, Im not a killa I just bust a lot Run in the spot, With a rusted glock Then I bust a shot Its not a game Don't be in it for life Shit is hot son Send em to Christ Surrender ya ice Criminal life is dangerous ill Trained to kill in the stainless steel You're brain spilled The game is real You playin wit death Got grimy niggas that'll label you West And lay you to rest South(??) Suicide wake the dead Hate is spread ?? Spread three eights and let it raise ya head Jail bound eternally hell bound 22 shots of shell round rock ya head in the ground

Noreaga: So what what

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[Verse 4: Big Pun] Yo I'm the livest nigga alive, watch me show you I'll blow your head of your shoulders your own mother won't know you My squad is supernatural Don't make me blast you with a rubic(??) capsule My crew will capture you and trap you inside of Koopa's Castle I turn va soon to statue like Medusa's lookin at you Produce the future raps Or subtract you like dudes in math do I'm always moving past you even when I use the bathroom Wipe my asshole with pages straight out the book of Matthew Im lookin at you with my third optical vision I hop out of prison and find me a hot little tropical woman Now I'm locked in position ready to rock with convictio chewbaca's descendants blasting you with cosmical weapons You might as well listen cuz you out of suggestions Tied up submission of you can't stand the heat get out of the kitchen Peace to Onyx I miss them for they knowledge and wisdom Pay homage and listen to hip-hop's newest and most volatle addition -Breaks In [Verse 5: Sticky Fingaz] NOW Sticky Fingaz, I'm still alive that mean the greatest rapper of all time ain't never died I'm underground Too hard for the radio MTV won't even play my video They scared to death motha fuckas tryin to ban me I'm the one who told OI' Dirty to shut down the Grammys You think they thinkin kid well me Stick I burn all o' ya I don't care if Puffy do ya remix! I'm crazy, runnin up in Def Jam with a handgun Fuck a royalty I'm a hold Russell for Ransom I'll make you sleep where the worms do I couldn't care less if you ate shit and died and turned blue Niggaz like us gonna bring the game back There's so many wack rappers out here I don't know where to aim at I swear to God ain't nobody touchin me Next time you see me gonna be the last thing you ever see Word Up

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