

Erick Onasis "Hostility"

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Yo, yo, yo...

Ow! Motherfucker, sneakin in your backyard ??

Wit your daughter, naked, ha ha

What you know about it, what you know about it

[Redman]

Yo, why you buggin?

I stick a 16 shot slug in your ear

Put it to my dick so you hear me comin

I.C.U. critical, up on a stretcher

The 45 undresser, put on the pressure

You need a bulletproof overall suit to protect your neck

up

You dealin then shuffle the deck up

Fuck the IRS, I'm the NRS

Nigga Revenue Service, talico inserter

Murder, a six letter word to convert a

Beef you better off flippin beef at Fat Burger

Yo Keith, pull out the burner

(he won't move any further)

Yeah, tannin your body more than white boy surfers

I carry tools like Sears Surplus

So when I spit you catch heart murmurs

Word, you sweeter than cupcakes

I concentrate to blow blocks where your crew pump

weight

Each generation, rules the nation

Rock more spots than a hundred one dalmations

I'm not a hog I'm a big dog wit big balls

Lock it down like pit jaws to Crenshaw

Then y'all be like

He's jiggy like fat bitches wit cellulite

Chicken might dine like cops

First of the month these thugs

Will leave your bones in harmony from the slug

I beat pussy down when I'm smokin the la

Bitches leave the room screamin "Oh na na Oh na na"

[Erick Onassis]

E dog the mic demolitioner

The black superhero Def Squad's the clique, we rock

shit

'cause we flossiest
No thug cats show us often this
We the boss in this
Why think of double crossin this
Your first joint so wack it made me confused, forget
who I be
I'll catch you eye then, ya heard
I live the life that's quite chill
On the hill wit a glass of water and 20 mil
Believe you me, E
I got a fresh flow I keep it blazed like dat fo' sho'
Some cats are sheisty, so I pack toast
My name aint Next and, y'all Too Close
The rap emperor, scorchin hot
Be the temperature, let's see, think I'm funny
I make you laugh goodfella
I smack you down in front of your fans
Then watch the show, in the stands, nigga
Don't fuck around that's what I mean yo
Def Squad comin through again, El Nino

[Keith Murray]

And why should we listen to you, anyway
You's a sucker MC wit a sucker DJ
I hit you with the all in the hammer
Cocksucker, niggas in DC say bammer
Master thrasher, on a binge for revenge
Make a hardcore nigga cry when I kill all his friends
And force destruction wit my coalition
Bang a nigga in the chest for frontin when he should be
listenin
I comes through too true
Like a half pit, half man, HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO!
Shut the fuck up, fuck you part two
I kill a rock and put a brick in the hospital

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