

## **Fatman Scoop**

### **"Onslaught 2"**

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Yeah, I said, "Once upon a time in a city that's mine"  
There was a nigga named Nickel that spit like Big in his  
prime  
He got a 52 box, original tick in the mind  
Listenin' to 'Pac and them drop with a prestigious  
design  
My niggaz is dimes, my bitches is dimes

I came up behind Eminem in '99 and I took the baton  
I been runnin' shit ever since then, slaughtered MC's  
Sit and watchin' my green grow like I'm waterin' seeds  
The problem with me is I'm the heart of the streets

Niggaz callin' for peace, they can't even call the police  
If I ain't better than you I'm harder to beat  
Probably 'cause I live by the art of for keeps  
I get indicted after my product's released

We a different form, a different centrifugal force  
Every line is like grippin' on a stick shift in a Porsche  
My niggaz asked for direction to go on this track  
I said, "Fuck a direction, spaz out, get 'em up high"

Crooked and for them wack songs that you made  
I want you to throw your pin, but hold the grenade  
Explode to your grave and go straight to hell  
When your soul is en-flamed for the road that you  
paved

The role that played, in fuckin' up hip-hop  
You owe so you paid, the fo'-fo' close to your brain  
Closer than the close shave of a low fuckin' fade  
Don't fuck with me, don't fuck with J O E

With Nickel we gon' make more cheese  
Heavy hitter, call me Joell David Ortiz  
I point a burner at the plaque on your teeth  
On some leftover shit, it's a wrap on the beef

I'm one in a mil', comin' to kill  
It's like you wanting a pill, my gun put your back on the

streets  
Spine on the concrete lookin' at the sun  
Eyelids heavy, "Why did Crooked have to come?"

He was full of 'gnac and rum, like a bully actin' dumb  
Fully automatic umm, that's Crooked havin' fun  
Listen, don't make a nigga find your dame  
And make the dime give me brains 'til my mind is drained

Listen, don't make me grab a 9 and aim  
And how your dime did me, do yo' mind the same  
But different, the West Coast king Crooked I  
I'm a kamikaze pilot, I stay fly 'til I die, get 'em up high

Joell, here we go again, you know I'm him, Mr. Ortiz  
Soon as I hold a pen I co-defend the sickest MC's  
Pick a disease we got it, I vomit sniffle and sneeze  
Lyrics squeeze, listen please, Lord, help get rid of this fever

I'm like 150 degrees  
16's used to be sweet, now they're a bit of a tease  
A nigga need a infinite instrumental just to be pleased  
Used to dream about livin' now I'm livin' my dreams

The bitches fiend, made my dick a machine  
Maybe I'm wrong, maybe I am just as fuckin' big as I seem  
When I'm spittin' this mean, me and government intervene  
A couple presidents, literally live in my jeans

I give 'em residence, they just let me pick anything  
When I'm in the mall, they show me the latest kicks on the scene  
And I get 'em all, I ball like the nigga I am  
Niggaz hate, bitches cheer like Norm, Cliff and Diane

I'm in a state, of mind that should be the fifty verse  
I run radio but I don't use them itty bitty words  
I ain't shabby with the nouns, I ain't shitty with the verb  
When I reach heaven I want the nigga Biggie to be like word

City slicker, New York delivery when I swerve  
Hold that mic like the Statue of Liberty, I deserve  
A shot at the title, spitter of the year, every year, let's be clear  
Put some fingers in the air and hold 'em up high

Joey, work on your half-court shot, I'm money from far  
Get 'em mad, see a ape on your monkey bars  
And that's rate, gettin' hate from the wannabe stars  
And that's great, mean he feel it and know he numb

See that bullet comin' from around the corner  
Like a shot from Angelina Jolie's gun, think Joey the one  
I'm a fake, ain't your run of the mill?  
I'm from where they kill you for one of your bills

For me it's fun, your man think we evenly skilled  
He Mel Gibson, all that shit he believe, gon' get his son  
killed  
Play with a match, fuck what you take it as  
No good straight jacket, all I did break the match

They say he talk tough with his fake ass  
Four pounds put me in another weight class  
Great Escape the pad  
Took the jumpsuit off my naked ass and ate the mask

You diss me, you wanna be a great that fast?  
Take a fully automatic and spray at gas  
Me? Body a whole shit with a verse probably atrocious  
In your whole camp, nobody focused

They say you the Ultimate Warrior, I agree  
You die and come back , won't nobody know this  
Drive by, screamin' it's a new crew reppin'  
Hangin' out the window, like it's 227, get 'em up high

Get 'em up high, get 'em up high  
Get 'em up high, get 'em up high  
Get 'em up high in the sky

Put 'em up high, put 'em up high  
Put 'em up high, fingers in the sky  
Put 'em up, Slaughterhouse, Slaughterhouse

Ohh, ohh, Fatman Scoop, Slaughterhouse  
Fatman Scoop, Slaughterhouse  
Put 'em high, woo, ohh

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