

Onyx "All We Got Is Us * Evil St'Z *"

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Nigga you heartless
you ain't heartless
you dont want no part in this
you ain't got it in ya
I'm born to be a sinner
as I move through these evil New York streets
like grease
and some kids get caught up
all up in the crime rate
couldn't hold your nine straight when you was bustin
your whole clip and hittin nothing
your whole block on him, only two niggaz got him
came down fast
with the cash and the product
caught you pants down with ya clothes off

a nigga never knows...a nigga never knows

you got your ryhmes niggas?
bring em-we start that
its concrete combat-where I'm at
a crime covered city
where theres no time for pity
we comin from the village
of the unprivledged
blood soaked bills through murder actions
transactions all illegal
I smell the cheeb like a beagle
evil stalks and lurks
dominate and do worse in my dwelling
niggaz filling shells and compelling to bust melons
(we just) bring to these fellas

[chorus 2X]

These evil streets iz rough
ain't no one we can trust
either roll with the rush or get rushed
cause all we got iz us

these evil streets...

Verse 2:

Seen the world through the eyes of a nigga on the brink
drugs got my brain fried making it hard to think
I'm trapped in these evil streets
drivin some scuffed up ragged down beat up past tims
some kid pulls up with chrome dimple guided rims
now I'm thinking its 3 in the a.m.
I'm walking and he in a BM
drop top 3-he dont even see me
would you believe, he saw my gun in 3D
10 blocks later trying to work the cd
spotted 15 on the BQE
cause ain't no way them pigs is baggin me
and up a Sonsee we official nasty

For niggas that force the issue
my man'll toss the pistol
and of course I hit you
let that loss be with you
the more L's the higher
streets are fire
make ice hearts in men
for worldly desire
its the black attack
born on the corner
nigga grew up fast to get that looter ready to shoot 'er
and he do anything to achieve it (better believe it)
grew up in a band of thieves
who retrieves the goods
stacking stacks
and pushing niggas shit back like they should
while we was gone
some shit undeveloped
now parlay, sit back
and watch armys swell up
yeah....punk niggaz

[chorus x4]

As we move through these evil streets...

Verse 3:

Only nigga that can kill me is the nigga in the mirror
but when I cup the mic and make my fighting words
clearer
a nigga without a gun is like something is missing
that was my employer-when I aint have a pot to piss in
(so listen) keep a gun, even if its not needed
better that than to have none and to be in deep shit
We mold on niggaz like Bacteria grows
fools they lucky if they walk away with a black eye and
a broken nose

nigga, we kill niggaz
for Polo and Hilfigers
its all for real ill niggaz
and steel figures
ain't nothin over here
wont be soft
shit be jumping off
on the rag
dont beat me in the head with that
go head with that
I think back me in my mans rover
rip out sombodys grandmother
pulled out, the bitch ran for cover
keep niggaz guessin with our face without expressions
for niggaz stressin
I leave a lifetime impression
it shines like aggression when the flame comes out
saw the bout, what you got, when your gang runs out
shits hot, you could get burned with heat
we take turns to sleep
you better learn the street
knowledge
damn, you could get shot for 5 dollars
its live wires
with no signs of survivors...

[chorus]

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