

## Onyx "Betta Off Dead"

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Onyxxx.....

They tried to poison the fetus

We gonna check it out like this

All hell

The high exalted

Yo

My mother fucking name is fredro starr

You know what I'm saying?

I'm up here with my man sonee the money the muther  
fucking greasiest

And my mother fucking nigga sticky the fucking fingaz

You know what I'm saying?

Yo sonee

Step to your mother fucking business nigga...word up

Verse 1:

I'm not the type to be flabbergasted

But all my doubters mastered

It ain't a matter bastard

Rule my hazard

Niggaz get blasted

Soon as I bring what I got in store for the new order

Who want it?

We got what your looking for

Fuck you gonna do now, money

Cause this the sonee

Seeds of mister droppin wisdom like a blister

I get downright deprived on them niggaz

We rob z's

Gimme all these, y'all niggaz

Puss!

Whats the matter? I rush

Bum rush you better rise

And assault and catapult

Like a bullet I shot shit

The figure hurter

Word to murder

Rippin the master

Will make you back up from them further

Hold up the press

Heres comes the mess

Worship the best  
Or die like the rest  
You have the right to remain violent  
Aaauuggghh  
Anything you say can and will be use against you to kill!  
I'm a tyrant  
Strinking like a viking  
A knight in shining armor  
Jumping for the sauna  
The rough rhymer  
Suicidal like nirvana  
The end of your world is just beginning  
Theres no winning in my inning  
The dead things cannot effect the living  
So I trip into the wind  
Of the ghetto bad weather  
I'm lost in the desert, but the storm blows me on  
Never talk to a stranger  
Everybodys in grave danger  
Me and my people just shot ya anger!  
Fuck dat...ya better off dead!

Considered less than a god, but more than a man  
I can knock down a mule like conan the barbarian  
With my mental powers and my sixth sense  
That can raise a dead crowd into a live audience  
(so get the fuck out the way)  
Ooh, and get your ass cut  
Cause if you go to jail they probably make a pussy out  
ya butt  
(no doubt)  
Heres the clip witches know it's a black stone  
Its a matter that shatter your track bone  
Score to get to life  
I'm concise  
Niggaz get done up precise  
Cut up fine  
And fucked up real nice  
We made up mean jamaica  
And die like the lakers  
Faking jack was mackin backwards  
With the front in black got tactics  
Straight from the desert-(queens)  
Where niggaz is desperate  
So I'm takin mines from the entrance to the exit  
(get a life)  
Fuck dat ya betta off dead!  
(get a life)  
Fuck dat ya betta off dead!

Verse 3:

Cover me, I'm going in  
Move em in take em out  
The time when niggaz seem to always fight and lose a  
battle  
Its too late to pray I'm selling one way tickets to hell  
No one tell is what you punk niggaz yell  
Like-wah wah!  
Thats the sound of your bitch ass hurtin  
Black start attackin back-i'm still hurtin  
Sticky come on come on well...

So all let up on the fact  
That I'm a nigga that can just beat your mother fucking  
ass  
To hurt your feelings  
Cause your shit is trash  
Too many people like me  
Cause they're not worthy  
Destruct my coalition  
Its a demolition derby  
Through all that spit you talk  
And make the mic smell like saliva  
Yick! you need to retire  
Resign  
I'm ahead of my time  
In my prime  
One of a kind  
And out of my mind!  
And ain't nothin in this world free so me i'ma kick a pay  
style  
I don't got no smile I was abused as a child  
My moms gave birth to a crazy ass wilder  
Bust out her pussy with a mother fuckin gun  
Started talking slang  
Even joined a gang  
The suicide scums  
I sold jums to the bums  
I was the hand to hand man pullin in clubs  
Then I started dealin  
Robbin and stealin  
If not for killing then I'm known as a villain  
If you want problems I'm ready and willing  
And I'll get up in your mouth like a fucking filling

Fuck dat we betta off dead  
Please somebody kill me before I put two in my own  
head...

