

Onyx

"BROKE WILLIES Album 'Shut 'Em Down'"

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Chorus]

To all you rappers out there
With money and fame
Rock you in a farm car
Anything brand name
Broke Willies with no money
Keep runnin' ya game
Can't forget all our thugs that's locked in chains

[Fredro Starr]

We ain't have shit growin' up now we blowin' up
Hundred G's is show price low enough
Ghetto struck layin' in da cut with the metal mack 11
WHAT?! No cup sippin' on my reddle 7 up
The wet life, shit is liquid, my wife trippin'
My whole clique, I shit da wippin' last switchin'

[X - 1, (Fredro Starr)]

Benz to Benz skippin', supastar hittin'
Your whole world is ice rippin', you like sniffin'
Ya like shittin', tricks trickin', rollie with da inscription
Watch a rich nigga clickin'
(From New York to L.A.) same shit, different day, mad
cash to play
(When I walk my chains swing) I drew swing heavenly ill
(From Beverly Hills)
I pay 20 G's (Damn son, it betta be real) We holy your
deals, it's 70 mills
(Eaten mills of Beverly pills) Now watch how to bubble
these mills

[Chorus] (2x)

[Sticky Fingaz, (Sonsee)]

I grew up in the PJ's and wore the same gear for 3 days
Sit to get a blunk out I wanna blew a mill in the month
From a low life, the one I go shopping,

I'm not worried about no price, I wear the same clothes
TWICE!

Fuck da POLICE!

(It's hydro stuff L's, six plus sells)

Stones heavy on the scales themselves, EXCEL!

Straight G's, moneys and propories

Black F-G 15's, weighin' trees and O.C.'s)

We O.G.'s always O.T.-ing on a low-key

Spit more game than Goldie, ya bitch choose me

(Suppose WE most-LY, do 'em slow-LY

We play 'em close-LY, stayed on city cakes, they get
erase them!)

A sucker for a pretty face, with a twenty ways

Who's Benz I hit two twins in a blue Vince

(And we're in destroy deals, a house flow for reals)

Cause like colour crimes, nigga dolla' dolla' sign!

[Chorus]

[Fredro Starr, X-1, Sonsee, Sticky Fingaz]

Yo, we've went from rags to riches and get pitches

With mad bitches, Yo, you can get a autograph

Or one shot, from the semi-auto pass

Rap niggaz flippin' more then halves

Livin' it up, takin' all the cash, GIVIN' IT UP!

We set it up, on a low til it up

In the black quest, pass sex to the extress

From out the blackness, straight on the boulevard

Lookin' for somethin' to get my hands in

A stripper's dancin' in the mansion

Word up, that's how we operate (UNCUT RAW)

Da players copping, fake cokies stepped on TWICE!

Put your money on the street niggaz under the light

And hold your money tight

Kids to die (RAZE 'EM UP) And roll 'em twice

Egal rich niggaz ass better so trife

Well gamble mo' of yo' life, too I couldn't see well

Flip my P-12, Rover key to da e-mail

Wish a hundred tell, G-bell, I walk the hog, I beat jail

Yo, gotta each 12, kick back, relax, word up

Nigga laid up, bills paid up

Shit is all sunny when he pulled up in a 4-20

We throw these cats on the sideline, lookin' all funny

Gettin' no money, cause they every day clownin'

We play around with thousands, a hundred G's where
we countin'

A hundred G's is show, here we're out kid (Word, word
up)

[Chorus] (2x

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