

Onyx

"FACE DOWN Album 'Shut 'Em Down'"

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Intro]

Yo Fuck that!

Word to mother yo

Who you runnin' with? AFFICIAL NAST! Fuck that!

Who you runnin' with? AFFICIAL NAST!

[Fredro Starr]

Yo I'm goin' straight for ya head to leave you headless

Eyez are redness I spray rap cats to burn a lack tips

Point like rain I take aim blow ya brain out the frame

Eight shots'll touch ya spit ya physical structure

MUTHAFUCKA this is lyrical destructure!

Path from disaster, face Nast comin' at ya

Full blast, I catch ya fragile ass, breath like ya asthma

Couldn't kill less, you approach your near death

My hollow tips, rip a kid that's politic, with da villains

The devil himself, a rebel in himself, trapped in

America

Assassinate ya charachter, slaughter ya

Twenty more holes in ya (norica?), FUCK ALL OF YA!

What?! Bringin' MC's, YEAH, callin' ya

Livin' like a nigga with six months to live

On da edge of life, wouldn't think twice, to make a

SACRIFICE!

To a hoist, ya niggaz ain't drew to life, my whole crew
is trife!

So bring ya wildest nigga rappin' for ya team

See his ass who was clean, this is Suicide Queens

Where gats bust, cut rope, cross Callahtaru

Gather shatter you, feel the pain, son imaginable

Self shit, straight from the hood, the dirty black shit

Rap shit, get ya back ripped, plus the gat spit

Blown in the cockred bag, or 32 tracks

Murder you in raps, let my wild dogs bust the CATS!

Styles leave the best dead, I stay breast-fed

And when I die, be handcuffed til my deadbag

[Chorus] *Sample from "Rampage"*

[Sticky Fingaz]

Sticky Fingaz sneak up, when you least expect it
I never fuck pussy, that seed's infected
Fuck a brain frie, make me think he rational
If I even think you sceamin', YOU KNOW I'MA BLAST
YOU
I'm too raw, what issue out your gore? I cut through any
challenger
Or top macho immature, you'd rather be in the Projects
But an ass, where's a hundred G's cash
You know gun, in the fuck with Sticky, Fredro 'n Son
You lookin' at one desperate nigga, you shouldn't've
messed with
I had a doctor scared, movin' (----)(?)
'Memba when I test it, this nigga manhood
To see if he was a true nigga, so I pulled out my gun
Gave some dramatic asspiece, and pulled the trigger
Haha! Barrel empty, joke on New Jack
He cold, pissed his pants, pulled his cover, he in New
Jack
You know where I'm comin' from, most of my niggaz
pump 'n jump
And when it's time to dump and run, I never jump the
gun
Or get cold feet, I hold heat, ya niggaz don't know me
And six hours are made of four years
Got high shit for your ears, sorry somethin' that I never
felt yo
Fingatips made 'em fell chrome, you talkin' shit like it's
a little game
That's now how we get down, 'beef' is my middlename
So don't die over nonsense, I ain't got no conscious
Come out ya face you gettin' shot, everything was
spittin' hot
I need fame without the bread, like I need a hole in the
head
And insult the injury, you can't fuck with me, guess
that's not ya capuchi
I'm every star me, if you haul what you eat, fuck the
rookies rejects
Play close and detects, I had a hard life, grew up too
quik
But kept it tight with my true clique, I start in a new flip
Fuck you're frontin' for? I seen back, what you tell
between your leg
Afficial Nast in da house to meet 'em dead!

[Chorus]

[Sonsee]

You takin' a RIDE, in da ambulance
You catch mad damages, cock the hammer shit
Leave you Los like Angeles, You ain't brick, my stock-o
But paper my shit, whatever you got, to take in da way
YOU'RE BAKIN' TODAY, trust that, it's time to crush cats
When I bust raps, I rust tracks and oft act, BUCKWILD!
Army comin' through, hear nigga, DRUNK STYLE!
FUCK YOU! FUCK THE JUDGE! FUCK TRIAL!
I'm givin' nigga shatter ego's, I keep fools
On pet bet face more threat, MAKE 'EM EAT THOSE!
Leave goals my death, sleep ho's get wet
If that ain't enough, we come through and hold ya shit
Hit you with da FIREWORKS, you see the stars BLINKIN'
I really BANG THEM and prepare you for God's ANGELS
It's not a humble, but some shit you can't come through
Nigga try to blow he gotta go, and now you know
He's fearin', from the fearious, irious, dead serious,
high styrious
Feelin' ya, interior, wait nervousness for ya services
WE CUTTIN' OFF YOUR CIRCULATION, AND DEAD IN YA
PURPOSES!
We them niggaz you can't FUCK with, friend will shine

All mics I slang (--), change your mind
Of those thinkin' they playin' theirsself, NEXT is ACTION
Ya stole, you muthafuckaz gettin' CHROME!

[Chorus

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