

Onyx "Jackin' for Beats '99"

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* several different beats are used in this song
Like ice cube's "jacking for beats"

(jigga my nigga-jay-z)
Sticky
What's my muthafuckin' name
Fingaz
And who I'm rollin' wit
All my killas
Uh uh uh labels better get it right
Rappers better gimme that beat fool
Clik klik you been robbed now
You didn't know sticky fingaz on ya track now
Somebody said you number 1 in the streets
That's why I'm coming for you first jackin' your beat
I took ya beat and rearranged it on some dumb shit
Got robbed on the radio broad day public
The thugs loved it it's not a game
Went solo on that ass but it's still the same

(holla holla-ja rule)
Beat robba robba
Jackin' rappers beats and make 'em hotta hotta
Stealin' all ya spins plus ya dollas dollas
Killas if you feel me just folla folla (what, come on)
Take it to the streets hold ya gats and bust the heat
Even if it's off your plate I gots to eat
I'm on some bullshit for no apparent reason
I want it wit y'all I'm ready to die breathin'

(hate me now-nas)
It's the rappers I rob
The beats that I take
The labels I snake
For 30 grand help you perform at the wake
Touch ya life and everything I touch I take
Hate me now 'cause later gon be too late
I merk you
Everything I spit is controversial
I'm the illest killa they ever signed to universal
F the fordham
I'm God son

As soon as they blink bet ya bottom dolla i'ma rob 'em

(how to rob-50 cent)

My sticky fingaz turn fists across ya jaw
Beat ya ass in real life at the source awards
The real fifty from brooklyn God bless he got outed
You just a fake clown who front and rout about it
I got a new deal
For a few mil
Shoot to kill
You fruity like dru hill
You spare change you ain't even half a man 'cause
Matter of fact you ain't even half the man ya moms was

(ha-juvenile)

Oh you thought you was safe, ha
Though you could escape, ha
'cause we label mates, ha
Oh you thought I wouldn't get yo cake, ha
You thought that beat from the dirty south wasn't gon
get raped, ha
And birds wanna have sticky baby, ha
Dogs run around stayin' sticky crazy, ha
He ain't got no type of sense, ha
No tellin' what I do
Might even jack my own crew

(throw ya gunz-onyx)

The original take 'em out bring 'em out dead
Comin' at me wrong kid I put that thing to ya head
Sticky fingaz going for self call the cops
Don't even talk to me about the onyx shit you'll get shot

(play around-lil' cease)

5 o'clock in the morning killas at ya door
Colt 4-4 I'm puttin' chalk on your floor
Find you up the block from ya house dead in the store
Work the beat like pigeons and I'm bucking 'em all
Press ya luck and you'll fall
Neva seen nothing this raw
I'm what the world been waitin' for
Wait no more
This wack shit can't take no more
Should've been banned the streets should've made it a
law

(what ya want-eve)

I'm ready for war
What ya niggas want (what, what, what, bring it)
Can't touch
All y'all niggas sweet even rob swizz beats

Nowadays producers gettin' 50 g's
Jack they beat kid I did my track for free
Jerk you for ya pub I ain't payin' a fee
I just loop it up on the mpc

(the party is goin' on over here-busta rhymes)
Long as you live neva seen nothing this while
Took ya beat and flipped it right in my style
Just payin' back niggas be bitin' my style
And if it's dead in the crowd I put some life in the crowd
God's gift to the underground
Running 'em down
Fucking 'em down
Empires be tumblin' down
The end of the world is comin' around
Throw ya ass in the ground
Nothing to lose
Changing the rules
Playin' for keeps
I'ma shark in the waters it ain't safe in the streets
Sticky fingaz and I'm jackin' for beats

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