

## Onyx "Onyx Is Back"

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Yeah, aha, yeah

Onyx is back, and they can never, ever, ever be wack  
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Yo, America is under attack, yo Onyx is back  
Took a team out the hood, the whole crew got phat  
A lot of hate 'cause I took Hollywood on my back  
Keep it cruelly, grimy, no positive rap

You can tell by the way I got out the projects  
You still here, your thuggin with the best  
Don't worry if I got nines I blast text  
You should worry if ya got shine I snatch next

War for real you don't want war for real  
If it's real make ya Timbs up step up and feel  
'Cause real killas do real things, but not you  
You americÃƒÂ© nigga who wanna play nigga?

Take a stray nigga, get out ma way nigga  
The ballheads back nobody worse then them  
I'm a mad face nigga in a worsta grim  
I'm a maceface nigga I'm n a [unverified]

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Who that, sonee, hell yeah  
Bangin' Brooklyn to Brussels to bell air  
Shortys poppin' their brands  
Hoppin' out cars, got rappers nervous

Scared of dropping their bars  
Take ya though, break you, break ya ho  
Nigga ain't a greater flow  
I make ya new, money better play it low

Take it slow, make the foo, keep ya face ain't a moo  
I'm like mixin' liquor, I'm bound to come up on niggaz  
And highjack the bank abduct ya ditches  
Can't fly, got a nice plan tuck to fit ya  
I'll be lost a fare kid paid bucks to bitch ya

So, no, wer stopping wer trempin' yo scene  
I'm mixin', yellow with blue, I gotta get green  
Either yo' with us, or not, not in between  
You will show us the money when I show you the bean

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Well, it's the S T crocked I C K Y  
Got ma [unverified] doin' for sticks back in B, K and Y  
I'm livin' all in 5 barrels, so I'm rappin' wild  
The thuggest thug in the club, who else plays high?

Been in the game for years, it made me a criminal  
Your small time, ma rims is just as big as you  
I've never had a 9 to 5, I had a 9 that hit people that got  
off there 5  
From those shiny things, that cut trough glass

Don't even speak to me, this is about sex and cash  
I like ma cars, girls and clothes only for ma models  
I beat you between yo head with thousand dollar arms  
bottle  
Can't even with ice, I carry to much heat

The combination always leaves somebody wetting the  
street  
I'm start sellin' hope trough ma arms of weed  
'Cause I'm broke only got three hundred gram on the  
bank  
We back, bringing you that filth from filth  
Let me stop talking before I criminate myself

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