

Onyx "Overshine"

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Follow my footsteps, used to ante up for a nickel sack
From Vang Hill to Moon, you touch me, I got to get you
back

Roll on the stolen V's with he-ho chase you
Cop a six more time and 3 years probation

We be offender, bender, no retreat, no surrender
I'm the number one contender
I got a new game plan, strictly sportin' name brand
Layin' in the pound hunted, footin' through your town
blunted

On some shit that get you burnt throats
Amputated all the turn coats, and get cremated
Never been B-rated, my 5 plated is how I get fights
I have your family driving in the daytime wit they head
lights

I'm daily thinkin' of a life gleamin'
That life we in, how to obtain and what's the meanin'
The fact that cash rules, these last days
We the last crews, my present wars and my past rules

True soldier, no matter the goal
We gettin' closer, for bitch ass niggas, it's just about
over
I'm in it for the long haul, this goes out
To all my true livin' dogs and my Soho

Don't talk about it, make it happen
Don't fake it chap
The Hennessey act, got you light gat
You wanna block, try to hold nine

Son you livin' on my time, don't try to overshine
Play your P, play your position
I stay with G, stay on a mission
Precisely, good, wit game, I'm nicely

Shifftee son, still shiesty
You in your eight fifty, ridin' shotgun
If you can count your money, you ain't got none

And bitches beat they game tight

Baby, get the name right, see G. comin' like a train
light

And niggas be don pretending

But I'm armed and bendin', so they can get the John
Lennon

Hundred dollar gator players

Silk shirts and champagne, don't know a thing about
the damn game

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To all my true livin' dogs and my Soho

My artistic creation, or decoration will set the nation

With Alpha Station of lyric lacin', for all occasions

Engagements and events, for big dollars and cents

Makin' niggas past tense, it's consequence

All I see around me, makes up the place

But if you don't hold down your space, you quickly get
erased

Don't waste, a thought, thinkin'

I ain't gon' be bringin' the guns that grants hole

To my body, dead and stinkin'

Watch as I back draft, on the last glass, and trap crash

Catch the hash blast, when I puff the black wrath

Learn the tricks of the trade, to be self made

Those who slept, stay where they started and got
played

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