

Destiny's Child F/ Timbaland

"O.N.Y.X. Remix"

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[Fredro Starr]

Turn it up
Turn it up
Turn it up
All real niggaz turn it up
Turn it up
Turn it up
Turn it up
All real bitches turn it up
Turn it up
Turn it up
All real niggaz turn it up
Turn it up
Turn it up

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo (*gun shots*)
Thug recognise thug
We all blood when we feel shots from a slug
You think the kid boutta ice thata cool off
Fuck ice you cant floss in the fucking warm
Summer nights son its time to put the Benz up
And copp the Hummer with the bullet proof rims what
To burn purple haze livin in the last dayz
They fly planes kinda low where my PJ's
Where the money at? Bombs droppin from the sky
I'm tryin live it up and fuck as much before I die
To the death till my last breath, guns high
Thats when you ride for your projects
What you rep (*gun shots*)
Fuck that, O.N.Y.X.

Got niggas whylin throwin guns in the projects
Got niggas in jail sharpening up they objects
Got niggas in clubs startin fuckin riots (REMIX)
Yo, Yo O.N.Y.X.
Got niggas whylin throwin guns in the projects
Got niggas in jail sharpening up they objects
Got niggas in clubs startin fuckin riots (REMIX)

[Sticky Fingaz]

Is you ready for the D-Day

A thousand motha fuckas runnin on the freeway
Feel the heat nigga, shit abouta back lash
In the streets smokin dro through a gas mask
I had to trade in my roli and my cross piece
For automatics, ammo I (*gun shots*) need more heat
Terrorists, bomb threats in the night club
Drivin over mine fields on crome dubs
And through all the lootin and the stampedes
I be drinkin champagne through a cantine
So fuck it, till they nuke us get your ones up (*gun
shot*)
Thats right thats the anthem get your guns up
Uhhhh huh
Its the O.N.Y.X.
We got you whylin throwin guns in the projects
Got niggas in jail sharpening up they objects
Got niggas in clubs startin fuckin riots (R-E-M-I-X)
Its the O.N.Y.X.
We got you whylin throwin guns in the projects
Got niggas in jail sharpening up they objects
Got niggas in clubs startin fuckin riots (R-E-M-I-X)

[Genovese]

Yeah, yo
Hot ones echo through the battlefield
Hollow points flyin by piercin through ya shield
Ya here the wall cry
Fuck it throw ya guns high
Now what you prayin for bitch we gonna all die
And while you gather up your armed troops
We pushin tanks throwin dank out the sunroof
Theres no hope killas chanted out they war charols
Cut throats snortin coke through a gun barrel
Ain't no point tryna save no civilians
Got kids runnin up pullin out grenade pins
Blowing buildings up
Duck when ya hear the shots
Flame throwers 1M-1's melt your whole block
Pressure building up
Know when to run high suicide bombers flying in the
high rise
Raise shots above us
Fuck till we get paid
Or in the ? we pray these the last dayz
Thats right its the O.N.Y.X.
Got niggas whylin throwin guns in the projects
Got niggas in jail sharpening up they objects
Got niggas in clubs startin fuckin riots thats right (R-E-
M-I-X)
Thats right its the O.N.Y.X.
Got niggas whylin throwin guns in the projects

Got niggas in jail sharpening up they objects
Got niggas in clubs startin fuckin riots thats right (R-E-
M-I-X)

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