

Onyx F/ Killa Sin, Method Man, Raekwon The Chef, X "1 - The Worst"

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14c9

wu-tang, wu-tang, onyx, onyx (x3)

[Raekwon]

eh, yo

staircases to stage now, major waves tanktop

nautica, flippin your daughter 30 ways

yeah, who want mine, bent outta shape one time

play em all starin at your beautiful sunshine

watch my shit shit, niggaz in the back, wigs lit

you know the stats god, niggaz in the back, backs lit

war drug raps, thug hats and mobb hats

spit on that cat, this yellow love, nigga fuckin with a rich
cat

my shit now 5 feet 6, with a crisp hat

plus this throwin now on 30 bricks, niggaz is with that
yo, fedrados rock my man, yo

300 thousand dollars in a bottle, bitch mad as hollow

my technique, roller in the road, gold league

you know the code read, suitcase money, stole heat

rock madby's stole 100 dollar bags, though

that nigga grabbed me, gamin himself like milton
bradley

[Fredro Starr, (X-1)]

yo, this semi-automatic, glock this and lock this

heat spots can knock it, it's so hot chicks is topless

rims are spotless, chrome rims spin obnoxious

you knock this, bust a shot

don't miss, you better knock this

(x-1 while out and watch this

til your eyes turn red with blotches

eatin scraps out the garbage

unload a cartridge and bust a cap

x could never trust a cat, onyx is as hot as it gets

bitches fuckin for free, is outta the quest

blow blood outta your flesh, your body outta your vest)

i cross the heat from across the street

fly you up off your feet, you die leaving short but sweet

street crime, time is money, nigga don't waist mine

dispose my 9, throwin your shine, your froze in time

lookin to death, holdin your breath, laided out
on the dance floor, blood and moët, i'm blowin your set
trick 20 g's, don't sweat, your goin to death
i'm goin for broke, i'm blowin out smoke, your catchin
strokes
(wu-tang and bald head, swis foreheads, leavin you all
red
x million, fully be on illest, your realest form, bringin
the storm
for seein you gone, nothin keepin my calm, but heat in
my palm
sleepin i'm gone, you see what i'm on
keepin outta the dark, scatter your parts
from here to battery parts)

Chorus: [ODB {sampled from "protect ya neck"}]
first things first man, your fuckin with the worst (x3)
You can't slam, so let me get fooled on a man

[Suave]
still master graph, after cash graphed, get staffed
splash your class, mash your staff
what, nigga get smacked, you ain't worth a punch
hurt your bunch, get mercked your front
in the wrong certain punk, mack clever niggaz
def wrecker, catch on a delo with mecca and etcha-
sketcha
shakin, erase, vacatin your space, breakin your face
twist you, and won't miss you, official master killer bee
full blast, get off, smash, pull fast
for your stash, long as the war last, put up in your ass
tryin to count more math, bringin the hardcore rap

[Killa Sin]
we be the mainstream, supreme rhyme, top of the line
cuisine feens, #1 love for thugs queens sceamin on
cream
my whole team love e-cup bras and mobb cars
killa sin known for makin niggaz reach for the stars
this terrorist, lyricist in the mist of the abyss
canibus, evangelist, i impulse with metal fists
wu build like construction and bang like precusion
on the planet battery, backs combustin, malfunction,
what

Chorus x2

[Method Man, (Sticky Fingaz)]
(holy shit, who the fuck is that)
it's john, john (sticky fingaz, kid, you got my back)
i got your back cousin (i got the mac cousin)

and when them niggaz start jumpin, bust back cousin
(because it's the new year, time for some new shit
nowadays rappers dyin over music)
dead on arrival, we raised in the ghetto singin songs
for survival, duckin homicidal, you rival
(yeah, onyx, wu-tang on tracks we gang bang, chiti
bang bang)
chiti chiti bang bang, hot nicks spit flame
lava pump through my veins, caught in the zone
home on the range
(eh, yo you ready for the ferocious, atrocious
we go that supercalfragilisticexbealli...) dose shit
(8-ball in the corner pocket)
we snatch wallets off the white college
the big apple forever rotten
now when it comes to hard target hot nicks
(so what the bullet clot)
pop shit, we due to knowledge, to sharp niggas, once
bitten
major swingers, heavy hittin, poly your kitten, throw up
your mitten
stop bitchin, no slippin, no pot to piss in
them meltin pots boilin hot now in mel's kitchen
(yo, sticky fingaz, one of the illest mother fuckers
my moms don't raise no suckers, i slap rappers
turn em in to singers, touch something of mine and
you'll have 9 fingers)
enough said, let's make whole fuckin town read
(and rip their whole crew to a shread
i got cold blood) hold your club (i hold blood) show no
love
(so bug) shoot your whole club (and shoot up the whole
club)
we throw slugs (you ain't no thug
i earn every god damn penny that i got
son, i roll with a shotgun in the convertible
i wish a nigga with wood, would try to fuckin
jack me, i'll murder you)

Chorus

wu-tang, wu-tang, onyx, onyx (x2)

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