

Onyx F/ Lost Boyz**"That's How it Happen To'm"**

Visit "[That's How it Happen To'm](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Fiend)

I know you ain't bout this whomp
Most requested since the Seventeen magazine for
glock
War vest since 17 cause I refuse to get popped
Gone be shocked and shotty
Walk the concrete like every hood got me
Better yet like who gonna stop me
Hands fall to shambles, go on gamble
Playing with animals with good gun handle
This is a man slaughter
Cause they bitches and they been
Don't make me have to shout it to them all again
Cause rounds speak whomp
And hounds seek whomp, that sounds sweet
Head lookin' like some fried ground meat
Collide with the four-five heat, and let the snub nose
reek
Bitches love me cause I sound so street
O.G. know me, grabbin' the Hypnotize, Fe
I don't know why dead bodies impress me
My Uncle E, told me shot him while he chokes
Untouchable South Par never got him on the ropes, yea
yea

[Chorus x 4]

That's how it happen to'm (fuck you nigga)
That's how it happen to'm (fuck you nigga)
That's how it happen to'm (fuck you nigga)
Thinking I was just rapping to'm (fuck you nigga)

(D.J. Paul)

I swore a bitch don't know me, a rap can't tell em'
How and high, quick walk behind him and dead em'
I scared em' with ski mask, nigga thought he last
Till the paramedics came, but he bled to fast
I hit him, one in the head, two in the back
I left him dead as the faces on money, and layed flat
Because he think since I got a big house
A lot of cars, a lot of broads
I won't finish what the fuck he started

You see bitch, you's a damn liar
I'm still gangster, I ain't changed
Neither have you, you still weak ain't you
You more killer than David Berkowitz over the phone
Show me that murderer, that night I'll show up at your home
But that right there lil' daddy, I thought that will ever see
Cause you's a rapping ass nigga, not what you claim to be
So shut that pussy shit short bout this Hypnotize
Before you see your whole life flash before your eyes

[Chorus x 4]

(Juicy J)
Now let me tell you bout some cowards
That be shitting off in their drawers, say they hate Juicy J
But they feel they cool with Paul, maybe they mad
Cause I peeped the fucking fakeness in they bitch ass
Or is it when I get my Bentley washed up like some dishes
Or is it cause your gal probably wanna be my mistress
You tell that funky slut, she gotta pay to get with this pimpin'
I bet you hoes would run, if you seen the fight had broke out
I know a lot of niggas try to pump their nuts and show out
They smile up to your face, they be like "What's up dog"
You sell a million copies they say "Fuck all y'all"
You tell them play your records they say "Yea, we gon' bump it"
You leave the radio station they say "Take that shit dump it mane"
I'm so sick of these phoney ass, fake ass, flaugin' ass niggas
Step up to this muthafuckin trigga
You think I be playin with you cowards
I'm a tell ya this is reala
Let's see how you act when you meet them killers

[Chorus x 4]

Visit [Onyx F/ Lost Boyz](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.