

Onyx F/ Lost Boyz

"Where They Hang"

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[Chorus x 4]

I said where dem bitches hang
Where dem bitches hang
We got dem thangs
We out the frame, fuck em' off

(Juicy J)

I know a lot of Memphis rappers, glad my brother went
to jail
They can put their cd out, and see if that wack ass shit
gonna sell
Mane I hope you haters knew this Hypnotize ain't gonna
stop
If you wanna go to war, bring your group, bring your
glock
We ain't scared of no bitches and we ain't barrin' you
niggas
All you cowards wanna roll, you gonna feel these
triggas
Boy, I bet you cocksuckas wanna be Juicy
But you gotta play catch up my nig, it ain't easy

(D.J. Paul)

I said I'm a killer by nature my nigga
Killer by my blood, killer by religion
Most of my niggas nice with the triggas
Hits so hard with slugs left him in the river
Get her, I ain't did her cause I deliver a hitter
From my steela to your liver, I left his back sowed wide
open
A rapper shouldn't have let his mouth open

[Chorus x 4]

(Fiend)

Gun toter, drug run go'er
Cut these niggas necks like lawnmower
With shawty tight cause you can't go to the prom for
her
It's survivest and the quitters waiting to dawn for ya
Before you yawn they'll be mourning for ya

Coroners, I ring alarms and fire arms extend, I'm warring
Can't repent the bullet rain when it get to pouring
Poppin' at my lil cuz'll see we ain't ignoring
One doesn't wanna dash, foot down touchin flooring
For some layed at, ain't gotta be payback
New grip on my pistol, and I might just wanna spray that
Say black, don't we war for reason
Child go brawlin' up treason
Solve it all, when they spoil and they breathing
Would've of did it at the club
But stupid went to his clubhouse
Snubbed him out, vided out, Lil Pimp his drug house
Got three pounds of different bud's a route
Sounds like he knows what thugs about, if ever a doubt

[Chorus x 4]

(Juicy J)
We scopin' out this boy, now we're trailing him from his job
Mane don't lose that fool, I wanna shoot him in the heart
I heard the boy be packing, seen him reaching for his rod
His face was turning red, I thought he went into a shock
I bucked a couple times, I heard the shot up from the glass
He swerve from left to right, but I was bumper on his ass
The boy was riding rover, so his motor kinda fast
He shot back once, I slowed my roll and then he start to mash

(D.J. Paul)
Now I done let you hoes play too long
I got no problem with these rappers
But me and these ceo's bout to get it on
You bitches better get your business right
While you all off, beat sound stupid on the fucking mic
And nigga build you an power from scratch on the top
Instead of riding on people other niggas made hot
You niggas wanted it on that's what you got
But you could believe Hypnotize gonna blow the spot bitch

[Chorus x 4]

