

The Worst

The Rolling Stones

Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang, Onyx
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Aiyyo, staircase to stage now, major waves
Tanktop Nautica, flipping your daughter thirty ways
Yeah who want mine? Bent outta shape, one time
Play the mall, starin' at your beautiful, sunshine
Watch my shit shift, niggaz in the back, wigs lift
You know the stats God, don't even ask pah, back slit
Raw drug raps, thug hats and mob hats, spit on that cat
This yellow love nigga fuckin' with a rich cat
My shit now, 5 feet 6, with a crisp hat plush
Throwin' down on thirty bricks, niggaz is with that
Though, federados locked my man yo, hit lotto
Three-hundred thousand dollars in the bottle, bitch math is how
My technique, rover in the robe, gold link
You know the code read, suitcase money, stow heat
Rock nave's though, hundred dollar bags valet
That nigga crabbed me, gamin himself, like Milton Bradley
Yo the semi-automatic glock this, unlock this
The weed spots get knocked, it's so hot chicks is topless
Whips are spotless, chrome rims spin obnoxious
You can't knock this, bust a shot you better not miss
X-1 wild out, and make you 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 draws the heat from across the street
Fly you up off your feet, you die livin' short but sweet
Street crime, time is money, nigga don't waste mine
Dispose my 9, throwin' your shine, your froze in time
Lookin' at death, holdin' your breath, laid out
On the dance floor, blood and Moet, I'm blowin' your set
Trick twenty G's, no sweat, your groin' in debt
I'm groin' for broke, I'm blowin' out smoke, you catch a stroke
Wu-Tang and Baldhedz, Swiss foreheads, leave you all red
X-Million, fully armed, illest beyond your realest form
Bringin' the storm, forseein' you warned

Nuttin' keepin' me calm but heat in my palm
Sleep and you gone, you see what I'm on? Creepin' outta the dark
Scatter your parts from here to Battery Park
First things first man, you're with the worst
(Fucking)
First things first man, you're with the worst
(Fucking)
First things first man, you're with the worst
(Fucking)
You can't slam, don't let me get fool on him man
Steal master grab half the cash fast and bash
And splash yo' class, mash your staff, what
Nigga get smacked, you ain't worth a punch, hurt your bunch
Get marked in front, in the wrong circle punk
Mack clever niggaz dat regga'
Catch you on the D-Lo in Mecca and Etch-a-Sketch ya
Shake and erase, vacation your space, breakin' your face
Straighten your waist, twist you, and won't miss you
Official Nast and Killa Bee, full blast, get off smash
Pull fast for your stash
Long as the war last, foot up in your ass
Tryin' to count more math, bring in the hardcore rap
Yo, we be the mainstream supreme rhyme top of the line cuisine fiends
Number one love for thugs queens schemin' on cream
My whole team love, the E-cup bras and Mobb cars
Killa Sin known for makin' niggaz reach for the stars
This terrorist, lyricist in the midst of the abyss
We cannabis evangelists, iron palms with metal fists
Wu build, like construction and bang, like percussion
All the Planet Battery packs com bust and malfunction, what kid?
First things first man, you're with the worst
(Fucking)
First things first man, you're with the worst
(Fucking)
First things first man, you're with the worst
(Fucking)
You can't slam, don't let me get fool on him man
First things first man, you're with the worst
(Fucking)
First things first man, you're with the worst
(Fucking)
First things first man, you're with the worst
(Fucking)
You can't slam, don't let me get fool on him man
Holy shit! Who the fuck is dat?

It's John John
Sticky Fingaz kid, you got my back?
I got your back cousin
I got the mack-dozen
And when them niggaz start jumpin', bust back cousin
'Cause it's a new year, time for some new shit
Nowadays rappers dyin' over music
Dead on arrival
We raised in the ghetto singin' songs called survival
Duckin' homicidal, you rivals
Yeah, yeah, Onyx, Wu-Tang, on tracks we gang bang
Chitty-bang-bang, chitty-chitty-bang-bang
Hot Nix' spit flame, lava pump through my veins
Caught in the zone, home on the range
Aiyyo you rang for ferocious, atrocious
We got that super califragalisticexpiala dope shit
Eight ball in the corner pocket
We snatch wallets off the white collared
The Big Apple forever rotted
Narcotics hunt the hard target, Hot Nix'
So what the bumba claat?
Pop shit, we do the knowledge
To shark niggaz, once bitten
Major swingers heavy hittin'
Poly your kitten, throw up your mittens
Stop bitchin', no slippin', no pot to piss in
The meltin' pot's boilin' hot now in Hell's Kitchen
Yo, yo, Sticky Fingaz, one of the illest motherfuckers
Believe dat! My moms don't raise no suckers
I slap rappers, turn 'em into singers
Touch somethin' of mine and you'll have nine fingaz!
Enough said, let's paint this whole fuckin' town red
And RIP they whole crew to a shred!
I got cold blood, I pull yo' plug, I hold, bust
Show no love, I'm so bugged, shoot yo' home up
And shoot up the whole club we throw slugs
You ain't no thug!
I earned every God damn penny that I got
Son I'm rollin' shotgun in the convertible
I wish a nigga would what?
Try to fuckin' jack me, I'll murder you
First things first man, you're with the worst
(Fucking)
First things first man, you're with the worst
(Fucking)

First things first man, you're with the worst

(Fucking)

You can't slam, don't let me get fool on him man

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