Face Down

Onyx

Yo fuck that word up man
Who you runnin' wit?
Fuck that, who you runnin' wit?
Yo, I'm goin' straight for your head to leave you headless
Eyes of redness, I spray rap cats to burn the lead tips
Point blank range, I take aim, blow your brain out the frame
Eight shots'll touch ya, spit ya physical structure
Motherfucker this is lyrical destruction
Path of disaster face Nast, comin' at cha full blast
And capture grabs your last, breath like the asthma
Couldn't care less, you approachin' near death
My hollow tips, rip into your vest politic, with the fearless
The devil himself, a rebel in himself trapped in America
Assassinate your character, slaughter ya
Twenty more holes, in your Nautica, fuck all of ya
What? Bringin' MCs, yeah, callin' ya
Livin' like a nigga with six months to live
On the edge of life, wouldn't think twice, to make a sacrifice
Do a heist, ya niggaz ain't true to life, my whole crew is trife
So bring your wildest nigga reppin' for your team
Tear his ass to his spleen, this is Suicide Queens
Where gats bust, cutthroat, cross collateral
Gat'll shatter you, feel the pain, it's unimaginable
Self shit, straight from the hood, the dirty black shit
Rap shit, get your back ripped, plus the gat spit
Load it and cock it bag, on thirty-two tracks
Murder you in raps, let my wild dogs bust the cats
Styles leave the best dead, I stay breast-fed
And when I die, be handcuffed, to my deathbed
Face down on the pavement
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Sticky Fingaz sneak up, when you least expect it
I never fuck pussy that's yeast infected
Fuck a brain fry, make me think irrational
If I even think you schemin', you know I'm blastin' you
I'm too raw, what is you out you gourd?
I cut through any challenger, top notch or amateur

You'd rather be in the projects butt-ass with a hundred G's cash
And no gun, than to fuck with Sticky, Fredro 'n Son
You lookin' at one desperate nigga, you shouldn't mess with
I had a doctor scared to remove a bullet from yo' intestine
'Member when I tested, this nigga manhood
To see if he was a true nigga, so I pulled out my gun
Gave some dramatic ass speech then, pulled the trigger
Ha ha, barrel empty, joke on you Jack
He cold pissed his pants, blew his cover, he a New Jack
You know where I'm comin' from, most my niggaz pump 'n jump
And when it's time to dump and run
I never jump the gun or get cold feet, I hold heat
Y'a niggaz don't know me in six hours I made up four years
Got high shit for your ears
Sorry somethin' that I never felt yo fingertips made of Velcro
You talkin' shit like it's a little game
That's now how we get down Beef is my middle name
So don't die over nonsense, I ain't got no conscience
Come out your face you gettin' shot, everything I'm spittin' hot
I need fame without the bread like I need a hole in the head
Add insult to injury, you can't fuck with me
Guess that's not your cup of tea I'm every star I meet
If you are what you eat, fuck the rookies
Rejects, plainclothes and detects
I had a hard life, grew up too quick
But kept it tight with my true click, startin' a new flip
Fuck you frontin' for? I seen your bag with your tail between your leg
Afficial Nast in the house that mean you dead
Face down on the pavement
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You takin' a ride in the ambulance, you catch mad damages
Cock the hammer shit, leave you Lost like Angeles
You ain't brick or stucco or paper machete
Whatever you got, get taken away, you're bakin' today
Trust that, it's time to crush cats, when I bust raps
I rush tracks and oft' act, buck wild
Army comin' through here nigga, truck style
Fuck you fuck the judge fuck trial
I'm givin' niggaz shattered egos, I keep foes
Or a pet bet they small threat, make 'em eat those
Deep goes my depth, sleep hoes get wet
If that ain't enough, we come through and hose your shit
Hit you with the fireworks, you see the stars bangin'

I really bang you and prepare you for God's Angels
It's not on humble but some shit you can't come through
Nigga try to blow he gotta go and now you know
Experience from the furious, eeriest
Dead serious, hysterias, fillin' ya, interior
With nervousness, for your services
We cuttin' off your circulation and deaden ya purposes
We them niggaz you can't fuck with, rain or shine
All mics I slain yo' kind, changed the mind
Of those thinkin' of playin' theyrself, next
Is etched, in stone, you motherfuckers gettin' blown
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