

# Evil Streets (remix)

## Onyx

Intro: Method Man

Spark that shit up

and lets fly

Oh my people

Heyyy Ohhhh

Ahhhh Hooooo

Eiiii Heyyy

Verse One: Sticky Fingaz

I'm a hoodlum

A dick in the dirt is what i'm holding

Sporting mad Polo but only if its stolen

I got no morals my mind is in the gutter

KId I'll open up your face with my orange box cutter

Soak you when you least expect it

Before I met Russel I only had a jail record

Plus nothing ever hurt me when I was at home

These Evil Streets got a mind of their own

My Pops left me for dead with just the clothes on my back

I grew up selling crack

And learning to drive a car jack

I got street smarts and I use intuition

I can spot an undercover with my x-ray vision

And if anybody test me out there

They gonna make me kill them and throw away my carear

I'm my Mothers first born, Her last bad seed

Verse Two: Fredro Star a.k.a. Never

Its all about the next caper

The cocaine, props and acres

For the sake ah

Snatchin the green paper

Me and my crew roll in the zone of the twilight

The news highlight

When the next shit don't go right

Its so tight its blazing

A nigga squeezed hayz in

got 'em geezing for a runner

Then the plot thickens

On point like Rod Strickland

Clocks ticking

Makes the hardest niggas clicks stop ticking  
Hitting they stash  
And murdering like and expert  
Cover ya tracks  
And conceal that dirty shit  
Chorus: Method Man  
This is for the gun slingers  
noise bringers  
this is for the crack slingers  
bell ringers  
this is for the bootleggers  
and everyday beggers  
And all my hood hustlers who know where we headin'  
repeat 2X

Verse Three: Sonsee  
Its all about the \$50,000 cars  
Dice games and ice chains  
We out of the average niggas price range  
Rings and Remy mixed with Henny  
Chicks with Fendi sucking dick in the Infinity  
This nigga had mad deco  
Fucking petro the nickel metro Blow  
All you heard was the gun echo  
On a dead nbight I get my head right  
Running red lights no headlights  
Pumping Buddah in a black Benz  
Pulling out Mac 10's  
Its just the smell of fucking cigarettes  
Broke niggas with assed out  
Took 2 puffs and passed out  
Woke him up with 21 shots of penicillin  
amped him up  
I guess thought it was hempacillin  
Yo chill kid lamp kid, chill kid you livin'  
Aye yo JB hit me one time

Verse Four: Method Man  
Its the Blaze that be Johnny  
Not many shots can do that ass raunchy  
Lyric to the muzak we rolling  
Watch out for the niggas that be holding  
Raunchy fucking up your colon  
Of course its Tical  
Verbal assault  
We can walk these dogs through all 5 boroughs of New York

Some talk  
While other individuals walk  
In my square tryin' to hide thoughts  
Spreading lies in my ears  
Got me questioning my peers  
That be show and prove they don't belong here  
I be the Chef in Hells Kitchen  
Pop in the clip and hit the DJ if the records skipping  
My competition gotta keep me at arms distance  
I know myself onion head niggas don't listen  
I shoot the what  
Got no time for that wiz bitchin'  
I'm about to blow in 5 seconds  
The clocks ticking consider this another mission  
impossible as he gets hostile  
Uncut blowing up your nostril  
We There  
Come on take another if you dare  
The reason why its so raw cause its real  
I swear by the hairs on my Chin Chiggy Chin  
To the day I die I represent the Grimy niggas  
The ones who can't afford Tommy Hillfigger  
The down and dirty Johnny fill Niggas  
Yeah  
Chorus 2X

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