

# The Worst

## Onyx

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  
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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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