

# Bang 2 Dis (Produced by D'Vinci)

## Onyx

[Female]

Aiyo, what the fuck? y'all thought this was a game?  
y'all better "back the fuck up/bacdafucup"

Onyx is coming through

They the ones that started that ol' wild, thugged out  
grimey, go hard, gully, get your ass beat on and off stage shit

Nigga what?[Chorus: Sticky]

It's the O-N-why-X

Where my niggas? Get rowdy, throw up your techs

You want to bang then bang, nigga throw your set

Onyx reppin' for the hood, every project

That's right it's the O-N-why-X

Where my niggas? Get rowdy, throw up your techs

You want to bang then bang, nigga throw your set

Onyx reppin' for the hood, every project[Fredro]

You want to bang nigga bang, fucking bang your set

want to play gun rap, I'll arrange ya death

My tech disconnect

Arms, legs, necks from chest

Shots split you

Rip through tissue

Raps most dangerous, ravenous

I'll leave the booth covered with remains of shit

Put the four-five blitz on the dot six range

Ice your frame and hang ya banger by his chain

This is Crip talk, Blood New York

Blow ya brains in your hand, nigga hold that thought

From outta the dark

Niggas get money from gat dealin'

Dead rappers body get found in back of buildings

We started this shit

We the heart of this shit

Onyx motherfucker, hard as it get

We at war so wha-what

Get your arms up

Nigga front, get your whole projects barked upChorus[Sticky]

I got a million niggas, cockin nines

You don't know us kid, you better hide your shine

And if you see a nigga with jewels on his neck

Stick em up, Stick em up, Stick em up  
Back on the scene, gun with the beam  
All you see is white, turn you red for the green  
Niggas better move, Onyx coming through  
Every track I'm on I turn black and blue  
I can't, come from the head, I come from the heart  
I shit hip-hop, nigga wipe my ass with the source  
Ain't no nigga dead or alive fuckin with this  
Need a second opinion? Ask your bitch  
Walk through NYC to CPT  
We 'bout blow up again like WTC  
I changed the Benz sign to a crucifix  
Onyx pull up with three 6's like six, six, six Chorus [Sonsee]  
BLAOW! Techs up cause we bust rowd'  
Shoot through your door  
Watch bodies lift off the floor  
Runnin' up the steps with a 100 shots gunnin'  
Murder scene left so gross you can't stomach  
My team built strong like steal bars in prison  
twenty five to life, my brothers in hell biddin'  
We bang on the charts, send flames to the top  
Niggas move on your spot, take blocks  
Bang to this  
I blaze shit like an arsonist  
It sprays the mist, to stack up your carcasses  
What bitch nigga you get blast apart  
Reppin O-P-M, till the casket drop Chorus x3

Songwriters

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