

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 structureMotherfucker 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 fearlessThe 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' yaLivin' 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 teamTear 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 shitRap 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 deathbedFace down on the pavement
Face down on the pavement
Face down on the pavement
Face down on the pavementSticky 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' youI'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 SonYou 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 gunGave 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 jumpAnd 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
 Face down on the pavement
 Face down on the pavement
 Face down on the pavement 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 off' 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 Face down on the pavement
 Face down on the pavement
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