

Ghetto Starz (feat. Lost Boyz & X-1)

Onyx

featuring Lost Boyz Yo yo yo yo yo yo
I'm a rapper turned rock star
Word up what I want to know
Yo I'm a rapper turned rock star
What what what what
I'm a rapper turned rock star
Yo yo yo[Fredro Starr]
I'm a rapper turned rock star in a hot car
What y'all? The black prop with the crowbar
No plates off the lot it costs a lot
You forced to watch hands take they hand off the glock
Money don't stop long as I stay hot
Cook it up, chop it up, put it on the block
Bust a bullet on the chart till we hit the top
Nigga not too thick, the fold, I'm dipped in gold
You half a gram niggas, can never slam niggas
What part you don't understand? I'm the man nigga[Chorus: (?)] X 2
Why not?
Makin moves and gettin money with my team
We them ghetto starz
This here is far from a dream
Official Nas, here to get up in that ass
Word up, pour some liquor in my cup and pass[?]
Yo, word up kid, there's mad money in this
Grab the mic, handle your business
This here is for Official niggas only, no beginners
About my heavy metal, run the ghetto, where my sinners?
You feel me in my crazy world, I only deal with sinners
Hearin local reports from out the vocal laws up in the game
You violate nigga, I swear I tear you out the frame
y'all niggas know the name, we represent the burrough Queens
With the same routines run with y'all gats to smithereens[?]
Official Nas, and L-befam
Bringin you the jam from the Queen-shy to get green-shy
Rob with us, shorty it's all live, peep the vibe
As we keep you wired, so up the stakes, cut the cake
Regulate, we delegate and dead they take
That's a rapper that it's official, track for track
I back slap you, with my other platinum plaques

You whack rap hopefulls, have you noddin like the dope do
Any member of my crew'll roze you
Number one spot, took that
Onyx show, book that
Got a bet, better know where to put that[Chorus] X 2[Sonsee]
I smoke weed in cars that cost more than your house
I got a fly chick with gats, hold coke in her blouse
I'm talkin about a hundred g's, show sold out
So you see that, you better shut your mouth
I used to scheme on niggas that had more than me
Now I'm that nigga and niggas scheme on me
I got a ghetto mentality
If a nigga front, I'm gattin 'em
I never had nothin, now my rolex is platinum
I be the same man, rich or poor
Wildin out at the club, time to hit the floor
Outside I got the infa, in the Ferrari cockpit
Fuck partyin with y'all, we already got shit
You rockless, nina you ain't got no props
Let me see you at the awards this years, I blow your spot
Even at a rich event, you can still get shot
Fuck that, as of now Onyx back in the mack
We guaranteed to start fights everytime we rap
Yo, who got next? Who got first?
I'm God Son, the illest nigga on this earth, what?[Chorus] X 4

Songwriters

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