

# Slam

## Onyx

Slam, duuh duuh duuh, duuh duuh duuh, let the boys be boys  
Slam, duuh duuh duuh, duuh duuh duuh, let boys be boys  
Well, it's another one, in the gutter one  
Getting running up, troublesome  
Extra double, I might come to feed 'em  
The feed 'em then I shred 'em  
So what if that I'm cheating  
And where everybody when I sound gwan, now  
I'ma show you how, come on, all and together now  
Yeah, ooh yeah, yeah, that's how we gotta be  
So stop trying to beat loud as me 'cause you can't do that  
Think about the pay-offer so left with an automatic rifle  
For last against the lighting last bullets first on line  
Toughest step and a rep and a run rep and a run wreck and a swine  
Peace to the brothers on break his I'm  
Pumping up a tremple and didn't like his  
Criminal lickin', buck my eye, oh my God, I'm so high  
Just they say a rodney, say you like a crimum, a-what?  
Just they say to make get  
Making milliagh, children, slam, slam  
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Slam, duuh duuh duuh, duuh duuh duuh, let boys be boys  
Slam, duuh duuh duuh, duuh duuh duuh, let the boys be boys  
Slam, duuh duuh duuh, duuh duuh duuh, let boys be boys  
I'm the mean, nasty, grease smashing, ever slow gashing  
Sticky swift blast of the basti, bast bashing  
Then I provide, I provide the you was cheat  
Beside the Getto Five, make me feel like Jekly and Hyde of course  
I come across with no fear for sure, unadulterated un-conformed  
Disgusted, busted you wanna touch it  
Too hot, you forgot, you're not ready  
You're head could get ruptured  
Hit between the eye, I planned the plan alive  
I'm the plonic sonic, rule with the bads guys  
The villain, crooks, hot Midas in confide us  
See the big jerk put you, look inside us  
My mind, it's graphic, expresstic, graphic  
So kill the cop because I kept, it's all mastic  
Directin' it when y'all least expected it

And thought it was safe Onyx hit you in the face, so  
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Slam, duuh duuh duuh, duuh duuh duuh, let boys be boys  
I'm a B boy, standin' in my B boy stance  
Hurry up and give me the microphone before I bust in my pants  
The mad author of anguish, my language, polluted  
Onyx is heavyweight and still undisputed  
He took the words right out my mouth and walked a mile in my shoes  
I've paid so many dues, I feel used and abused  
And I'm so confused, umm, excuse me, for example  
I'm the inspiration of a whole generation  
And unless you got 10 sticky fingers, it's straight imitation  
A figment of your imagination  
But, but, but, but wait, it gets worse  
I'm not watered down, so, I'm dyin' of thirst  
Comin' thru wit a scam, fullproof plan  
B boys make some noise and just, just slam  
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