

Onyx Is Back (feat. Felisa Marisol)

Onyx

Onyx - Onyx is back

Yeah, aha, yah[Chorus:]

Onyx is back, and they can never, ever, ever be wack (4x)Yo America is under attack, yo Onyx is back

Took a team out the hood, the whole crew got phat

Allot of hate 'cause I took Hollywood on my back

Keep it cruelly, grimy, no positive rap

You can tell by the way I got out the projects

You still here, your thuggin' with the best

Don't worry if I got nines I blast text

You should worry if ya got shine I snatch next

War for real you don't want war for real

If its real make ya tims up step up and feel

'Cause real killas do real things, but not you

You American nigga who want to play nigga?

Take a stray nigga, get out ma way nigga

The ballheads back nobody wurse then them

I'm a madface nigga in a worstagrim

I'm a madface nigga I'm n a ?? ??[Chorus:]Who that, sonee, hell yeah!

Bangin Brooklyn to Brussels to bell air

Shortys poppin their brands

Hoppin out cars, got rappers nervous,

Scared of dropping their bars

Take ya though, break you, break ya ho

Nigga ain't a greater flow

I make ya new, Money better play it low

Take it slow, Make the foo

Keep ya face ain't a moo

I'm like mixin' liquor

I'm bound to come up on niggaz

And hijack the bank abduct ya ditches

Can't fly, got a nice plan tuck to fit ya

I'll be lost a fare kid paid bucks to bitch ya

So, no, we're stopping we're trempin' yo scene

I'm mixin', yellow with blue, I gotta get green

Either yo with us, or not, not in between

You will show us the money when I show you the bean[Chorus:]Well it's the S-T crocked I-see-K-why

Got ma ?? ?? doin' for sticks back in be (?), K and why

I'm livin' all in five barrels, so I'm rappin' wild

The thuggest thug in the club, who else plays high?

Been in the game for years, it made me a criminal
Your small time, my rims is just as big as you
Iv never had a nine to five, I had a nine that hit people that got off there five
From those shiny things, that cut trough glass
Don't even speak to me, this is about sex and cash
I like ma cars, girls and clothes only for ma models
I beat you between yo head with thousand dollar arms bottle
Can't even with ice, I carry to much heat
The combination always leaves somebody wetting the street
I'm start sellin' hope trough ma arms of weed
'Cause I'm broke, only got three hundred grand on the bank
We back, bringing you that filth from filth
Let me stop talking before I criminate myself[Chorus:]

Songwriters

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