Shout

Onyx

[intro]Aaaiight...aaaiight...aaaiight...aaaiight!
Oh no not them hittin' chrome!
[fredro starr]Balheadz and gunz bloaw!
Do you wanna run say: "aaah!" (aaah!)
Wich way did he go? you don't know
You move too slow, boy you blow
My style flows on you right here
Where my queens niggaz? (right here!)
Is you out there? (yeah!...yeah!)
[sonsee]Just watch us walk this hit, and get ill
We won't gall, til we hear fifty bill
So grab a hoe, get a grib, it's time to shake it up
Rappers and routines, that make bricks
[sticky fingaz]And you couldn't make me forget about, where I came frome
And even if I left...snow, I still be a hoodlum
'cause good dayz come to those who take 'em
And I'm fed up, if there was so much things outta ya
I gotta screeaam! (aaah!) to let it all
It's frustration and it's filled up inside a me!
[chorus]Come on and scream (aah!)
And shout (ooh!), just let it all out (yeah!)
(4x)
[sonsee]These m.c.'s shoulda rehearse
They keep comin' around like auto-reverse
But then I shift the worst!
We the worst, and then they heard•
But first da cut-- then I bust they verse to quince(?) my fears
[sticky fingaz]I've had mad money, but I spend it, now I'm broke
So I'm searching for somebody to put in a choke hold
And I can wet to wrap my bay hands around they neck
And squeeze until I fuckin' strangle 'em to death
[sonsee]
Yo, you smell that?
[fredro starr]Yeah, that's me, I'm the shit
I'm in affect like woodtex
A newer tec from out da click
Because my rhyme again, pass me my heineken
Where's the weed I need? it is my vitamin, so light it lincoln (hah!)
Reach for the sky, you move too far, you won't get by, you gotta jar

This style is a gimmick and you know that you can't be, what we be
We afficial nast!
[chorus][fredro starr]When I was born, I never thought that I could be like that
? up on their back, block's sellin' crack
Watch the black cops, I pack cock clocks and glock phat knots
Nigga in dawn paddy crimes, like I play nines
And odds to stay alive, survive and they gettin' mine
Faultless for ghetto minds, and fuck da ? ? ?
See you rather run the streets and fuck around with the crooks
They got bigger and bigger and bigger and bigger and deffer and better
This my better bottom of brother, word to mother!
[sonsee]Mo' niggaz grab the mics, talkin' 'bout they gonna set it
When all the rounds you'll make is fake and synthesis
We just get it, wish your style is old and ?
So burn up mo' money, 'cause you gets no credit
You want it? here go
Nigga know that you own me, or me gon' be on da street dealo
Bangin' m.c.'s, so keep it live! up in here
I swear nothing left, we pose dead, your best record by--most def, most def
[sticky fingaz]Sticky fingaz, I earn money for walkin' in chains
Where I grew up, in brooklyn new york, moved to queens, and my teams
My pants is bustin' out the scene, is what this gun in my teens
Without it I wouldn't've lived this long
In my wildest dreams, that I'm a star!
All spotlights, police have me!
[chorus][outro]Afficial nast keep it on, keep keep it on, and ya don't stop
All city keep it on, keep keep it on, and ya don't stop
Armee keep it on, keep keep it on, and ya don't stop
Onyx keep it on, keep keep it on, and ya don't stop

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