

# Shout

## Onyx

[intro]Aaaaight...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 official 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]Official 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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