

The Worst

Onyx

Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang, Onyx
Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang, Onyx Ayyo, staircase to stage now, major waves
Tanktop Nautica, flipping your daughter thirty ways
Yeah who want mine? Bent outta shape, one time
Play the mall, starin' at your beautiful, sunshine Watch my shit shift, niggaz in the back, wigs lift
You know the stats God, don't even ask pah, back slit
Raw drug raps, thug hats and mob hats, spit on that cat
This yellow love nigga fuckin' with a rich cat My shit now, 5 feet 6, with a crisp hat plush
Throwin' down on thirty bricks, niggaz is with that
Though, federados locked my man yo, hit lotto
Three-hundred thousand dollars in the bottle, bitch math is how My technique, rover in the robe, gold link
You know the code read, suitcase money, stow heat
Rock nave's though, hundred dollar bags valet
That nigga crabbed me, gamin himself, like Milton Bradley Yo the semi-automatic glock this, unlock this
The weed spots get knocked, it's so hot chicks is topless
Whips are spotless, chrome rims spin obnoxious
You can't knock this, bust a shot you better not miss X-1 wild out, and make you watch this
'Til your eyes turn red with blotches, eatin' scraps out the garbage
Unload a cartridge, and bust a cap
X could never trust a cat, Onyx is as hot as it gets
Bitches fuckin' for free, is outta the quest
Blow blood outta your flesh, your body outta your vest I draws the heat from across the street
Fly you up off your feet, you die livin' short but sweet
Street crime, time is money, nigga don't waste mine
Dispose my 9, throwin' your shine, your froze in time Lookin' at death, holdin' your breath, laid out
On the dance floor, blood and Moet, I'm blowin' your set
Trick twenty G's, no sweat, your groin' in debt
I'm groin' for broke, I'm blowin' out smoke, you catch a stroke Wu-Tang and Baldhedz, Swiss foreheads, leave
you all red
X-Million, fully armed, illest beyond your realest form
Bringin' the storm, forseein' you warned
Nuttin' keepin' me calm but heat in my palm
Sleep and you gone, you see what I'm on? Creepin' outta the dark
Scatter your parts from here to Battery Park First things first man, you're with the worst
(Fucking)
First things first man, you're with the worst
(Fucking)
First things first man, you're with the worst
(Fucking)

You can't slam, don't let me get fool on him manSteal master grab half the cash fast and bash
 And splash yo' class, mash your staff, what
 Nigga get smacked, you ain't worth a punch, hurt your bunch
 Get marked in front, in the wrong circle punkMack clever niggaz dat regga'
 Catch you on the D-Lo in Mecca and Etch-a-Sketch ya
 Shake and erase, vacation your space, breakin' your face
 Straighten your waist, twist you, and won't miss youOfficial Nast and Killa Bee, full blast, get off smash
 Pull fast for your stash
 Long as the war last, foot up in your ass
 Tryin' to count more math, bring in the hardcore rapYo, we be the mainstream supreme rhyme top of the line
 cuisine fiends
 Number one love for thugs queens schemin' on cream
 My whole team love, the E-cup bras and Mobb cars
 Killa Sin known for makin' niggaz reach for the starsThis terrorist, lyricist in the midst of the abyss
 We cannabis evangelists, iron palms with metal fists
 Wu build, like construction and bang, like percussion
 All the Planet Battery packs com bust and malfunction, what kid?First things first man, you're with the worst
 (Fucking)
 First things first man, you're with the worst
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 First things first man, you're with the worst
 (Fucking)
 You can't slam, don't let me get fool on him manFirst things first man, you're with the worst
 (Fucking)
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 (Fucking)
 First things first man, you're with the worst
 (Fucking)
 You can't slam, don't let me get fool on him manHoly shit! Who the fuck is dat?
 It's John John
 Sticky Fingaz kid, you got my back?
 I got your back cousinI got the mack-dozen
 And when them niggaz start jumpin', bust back cousin
 'Cause it's a new year, time for some new shit
 Nowadays rappers dyin' over musicDead on arrival
 We raised in the ghetto singin' songs called survival
 Duckin' homicidal, you rivals
 Yeah, yeah, Onyx, Wu-Tang, on tracks we gang bangChitty-bang-bang, chitty-chitty-bang-bang
 Hot Nix' spit flame, lava pump through my veins
 Caught in the zone, home on the range
 Aiyyo you rang for ferocious, atrociousWe got that super califragalisticexpiala dope shit
 Eight ball in the corner pocket
 We snatch wallets off the white collared
 The Big Apple forever rotted
 Narcotics hunt the hard target, Hot Nix'

So what the bumba claat?Pop shit, we do the knowledge
To shark niggaz, once bitten
Major swingers heavy hittin'
Poly your kitten, throw up your mittens
Stop bitchin', no slippin', no pot to piss in
The meltin' pot's boilin' hot now in Hell's KitchenYo, yo, Sticky Fingaz, one of the illest motherfuckers
Believe dat! My moms don't raise no suckers
I slap rappers, turn 'em into singers
Touch somethin' of mine and you'll have nine fingaz!Enough said, let's paint this whole fuckin' town red
And RIP they whole crew to a shred!
I got cold blood, I pull yo' plug, I hold, bust
Show no love, I'm so bugged, shoot yo' home up
And shoot up the whole club we throw slugsYou ain't no thug!
I earned every God damn penny that I got
Son I'm rollin' shotgun in the convertible
I wish a nigga would what?
Try to fuckin' jack me, I'll murder youFirst things first man, you're with the worst
(Fucking)
First things first man, you're with the worst
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You can't slam, don't let me get fool on him manWu-Tang, Wu-Tang, Onyx
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