

# Shut 'Em Down

Onyx

Shut 'em down Yo shut 'em down start the violence  
We wilin' wilin' sling back his body found  
Washed up on Coney Island  
When I rolled up this niggas heart slowed up  
That killa froze up, when I pulled up jumped out with the pump-pump  
Thirty-two shots and ducked out  
So look out  
Left that cat for dead his body smoked out  
Cause when I fall y'all killas a kill me kid  
I'm goin' all out  
Lifes a bitch, fuck it, got the gun bust it  
Game play, gotta play by the rules or your own cannot be trusted  
Don't try to test, abide your chest, put five inside your vest  
Have you layin' with a dead rest  
Shoulda known when you was lookin' in the eyes a death  
And I swore forgiveness when I did this  
There was not no witness but he should understand  
Cause even God got a shit list Beat downs anonymous  
I spit like a shiny silver nanabus  
Niggas fond of us  
We the kind that rush, those that hold back  
Takin' your whole stack  
Grimy street cats  
Niggas bald head like Kojak  
Go gat for gat  
Coat that  
You could smoke that  
Or cut black dust  
Makin' your whole fuckin' stove crack  
Betta know me  
1-3, one and only could be never phoney in any ceremony  
I'll tear you homey  
Shut 'em down  
Shun sees takin' your time  
Makin' your mind  
Got this nigga on the low  
Defecatin' with rhymes  
Breakin' your spine  
Got you movin' from the flurry, time to worry

I'm a bury the bullshit  
Feel my full clip Shut 'em down Hey yo I bet you this motherfuckin' double barrel will blast his face  
Be on the look out for a basket case  
Niggas pumped you up to watch you get beat  
Had you thinkin' shits sweet  
Now you up shit's creek  
Cause your shits weak  
How much is your life worth to someone important  
Cause I be extortin'  
Kidnap for ransom is some shit you don't want to get caught in  
From back in the days of Gordon  
Niggas was gettin' robbed  
The guy from Rikers Height stayed on his job  
With his own little mob  
Was it worth goin' back to the Earth so soon  
Worth makin' my shit go boom  
To your own doom, from the graveyards  
Till there's no room  
Fuck you know about a pine box  
Money goin' out with nine Glock  
On top of that same nigga when they pull with they nine shots  
Feel like killin' for your crew  
I ain't gon' rest  
It gonna take a whole lot to put up your best  
Then watch your loins spill out your vest  
You best get on some act your age shit  
You a little kid  
That run for faces  
More niggas get killed like that Mad man Sticky F-I-N-G-A-Z  
The crazy cajun blazin' bullets for days and days  
Grazin' amazin' I'm the glazin' ason purple hazin'  
Hard to be pahsin' Lord with all this hell I'm raisin'  
God of the Underground, I'm gunnin' 'em down with a thunder pound  
We gonna shut 'em down  
We turn shit dumb quick gun click  
Lyin' in the vine  
Pursed the line on your dick  
In the morgue admit it dogs  
I'm the Rottweiler my Glock holler  
Fuck cocaine killer I sniff gun powder  
So all you real willies throw your Roleys in the sky  
And all the crooks rob the place outside  
I'm so hype, I take your life, betta have my doe right  
Fuck five mics, I don't need no mic! Shut 'em down

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