

# Slam Harder

## Onyx

Who'da thought we'd need ya? Who'da thought we'd need ya?  
Back there, where we need ya? Back there, where we need ya?  
Yeah, we tease him a lot, 'cause we got him on the spot  
Welcome back, welcome back, welcome back, welcome back What, what, what, what?  
Yeah, what, yeah, what, yeah, what?  
Yeah, yeah What, what, what, what?  
Yeah, what, yeah, what, yeah, what?  
Yeah, c'mon Aiiyyo, who slam harder? Onyx or Vince Carter? Onyx  
All my thugs gettin' dollars, uh oh, uh oh  
All my ladies just holla, uh oh, uh oh, uh oh  
Slam harder Aiiyyo, who slam harder? Onyx or Vince Carter? Onyx  
All my thugs gettin' dollars, uh oh, uh oh  
All my ladies just holla, uh oh, uh oh, uh oh  
Slam harder What, what, what, what?  
Yeah, what, yeah, what? Yeah, c'mon Aiiyyo, we back in the easy  
The game is over, it's a rap  
It's a reezay, straight like dat  
It's a good look, we put, hardcore on the map  
Ten years to be exact, still throwin' up gats See a thug on the TV, the chicks dig that  
But we rap for them streets where them thugs play at  
So 'Bacdafucup', comin' through, comin' through  
Get ya 'Slam' on  
Y'all the hardest niggas in rap? Ya dead wrong Y'all the niggas sittin' on 20's with no gas money  
Y'all niggas think you shinin' like Puff, who gots money  
Like you really pop shots in the club  
You only pop bottles of bub'  
Y'all ain't got no real street love To the death, to the ghetto, my kids with heavy metal  
On the everyday hustle, never ready to settle, uh  
Back together, with the Classic Terror  
Onyx back forever, bustin', gats together, what? What, what, what, what?  
Yeah, what, yeah, what, yeah, what?  
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Yeah, what, yeah, what, yeah, what?

Yeah, c'mon It's right now, we here, same as before  
 Blacks an' stacks an' they don' wanna live on no flo'  
 From their Project Heats, sick ridiculous flow  
 From my one stop, you know the ammo Bigger than the streets' anthems, you stealin' the flow  
 Rappin' other people money an' we takin' ya dough  
 My killas the grimiest, we keep it the gulliest  
 We leave you the bloodiest 'cause we be the hungriest Hear that? Hunger pains  
 Got some things that'll numb your brain, run ya change  
 It's not a threat, it's a promise  
 I even got my St. Louis niggas slammin' haters offa Onyx What, what, what, what?  
 Yeah, what, yeah, what, yeah, what?  
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 Slam harder What, what, what, what?  
 Yeah, what, yeah, what, yeah, what?  
 Yeah, c'mon You wanna know the truth? Take a look in my eye  
 I'm like B.I.G.'s first album, I'm 'Ready to die'  
 It's Sticky Fingaz, if you didn't already know who I am  
 The minute I reached out  
 An' touched the whole hood with no hands 'Cause in the streets I live through it  
 It's more than music, whatever I'm spittin' on  
 I put my life into it, got a reputation on the streets  
 Of keepin' it rough, there's just too many of us  
 You get rushed, you get bust, what? Big trucks, chrome rims spinnin'  
 The mad faced niggas got money, so now we grinnin'  
 Pull your sticks out, we the group you listen to, kid  
 Niggas told me my music helped em' through they bid I'm the voice of the ghetto, the heart of New York  
 A fiend will give his last hit, just to hear me talk  
 Niggas paid for their mistakes, death is the price  
 That's right motherfucka, Onyx for life What, what, what, what?  
 Yeah, what, yeah, what, yeah, what?  
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