

Betta Off Dead

Onyx

Onyxxx.....

They tried to poison the fetus
We gonna check it out like this

All hell

The high exalted

Yo

My mother fucking name is fredro starr

You know what I'm saying?

I'm up here with my man sonee the money the muther fucking greasiest

And my mother fucking nigga sticky the fucking fingaz

You know what I'm saying?

Yo sonee

Step to your mother fucking business nigga...word up

Verse 1:

I'm not the type to be flabbergasted

But all my doubters mastered

It ain't a matter bastard

Rule my hazard

Niggaz get blasted

Soon as I bring what I got in store for the new order

Who want it?

We got what your looking for

Fuck you gonna do now, money

Cause this the sonee

Seeds of mister droppin wisdom like a blister

I get downright deprived on them niggaz

We rob z's

Gimme all these, y'all niggaz

Puss!

Whats the matter? I rush

Bum rush you better rise

And assult and catapult

Like a bullet I shot shit

The figure hurter

Word to murder

Rippin the master

Will make you back up from them further

Hold up the press

Heres comes the mess

Worship the best
Or die like the rest
You have the right to remain violent
Aaauuuggghh
Anything you say can and will be use against you to kill!
I'm a tyrant
Strinking like a viking
A knight in shining armor
Jumping for the sauna
The rough rhymmer
Suicidal like nirvana
The end of your world is just beginning
Theres no winning in my inning
The dead things cannot effect the living
So I trip into the wind
Of the ghetto bad weather
I'm lost in the desert, but the storm blows me on
Never talk to a stranger
Everybodys in grave danger
Me and my people just shot ya anger!
Fuck dat...ya better off dead!
Considered less than a god, but more than a man
I can knock down a mule like conan the barbarian
With my mental powers and my sixth sense
That can raise a dead crowd into a live audience

(so get the fuck out the way)
Ooh, and get your ass cut
Cause if you go to jail they probably make a pussy out ya butt
(no doubt)
Heres the clip witches know it's a black stone
Its a matter that shatter your track bone
Score to get to life
I'm concise
Niggaz get done up precise
Cut up fine
And fucked up real nice
We made up mean jamaica
And die like the lakers
Faking jack was mackin backwards
With the front in black got tactics
Straight from the desert-(queens)
Where niggaz is desperate
So I'm takin mines from the entrance to the exit
(get a life)

Fuck dat ya betta off dead!

(get a life)

Fuck dat ya betta off dead!

Verse 3:

Cover me, I'm going in

Move em in take em out

The time when niggaz seem to always fight and lose a battle

Its too late to pray I'm selling one way tickets to hell

No one tell is what you punk niggaz yell

Like-wah wah!

Thats the sound of your bitch ass hurtin

Black start attackin back-i'm still hurtin

Sticky come on come on well...

So all let up on the fact

That I'm a nigga that can just beat your mother fucking ass

To hurt your feelings

Cause your shit is trash

Too many people like me

Cause they're not worthy

Destruct my coalition

Its a demolition derby

Through all that spit you talk

And make the mic smell like saliva

Yick! you need to retire

Resign

I'm ahead of my time

In my prime

One of a kind

And out of my mind!

And ain't nothin in this world free so me i'ma kick a pay style

I don't got no smile I was abused as a child

My moms gave birth to a crazy ass wilder

Bust out her pussy with a mother fuckin gun

Started talking slang

Even joined a gang

The suicide scums

I sold jums to the bums

I was the hand to hand man pullin in clubs

Then I started dealin

Robbin and stealin

If not for killing then I'm known as a villain

If you want problems I'm ready and willing

And I'll get up in your mouth like a fucking filling

Fuck dat we betta off dead

Please somebody kill me before I put two in my own head...

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