# 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 rhymer
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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