Bring 'em Out Dead

Onyx

Where my wolves at? Yeah
Put your hoodies on, keep your face down low
Anything shining, take that shit
Give a fuck, we in the bar niggas, bitches, let's go
Aiyyo, set it off, let it off, get it off
Get this shit wild like thugs from up north
Fights in the crowd, the shots'll jump off
Body's on the floor, blood on the dance floor
Get stuck at the bar, get robbed at the door
Dropped off at the coat tag door, take it off
Get down, face down to the ground
Kill 'em for their doe like po from uptown
Cut your finger off, send it to your moms house
Never testify no matter how it goes down
When I bark shots you niggas'll duck down
Run up on your block, you niggas get shut down
Give it up, you don't want to try to resist
Before I hit you off, you don't wanna die for this
Un-unh, so we gon load our guns to this
Black mask, face down, motherfuckers gettin' robbed to this
Take 'em out, bring 'em out dead
Take 'em out, bring 'em out dead
Take 'em out, bring 'em out dead
One gun, two gun, three to the head
Take 'em out, bring 'em out dead
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One gun, two gun, three to the head
Shots'll spill, niggas think it's not for real
Make your body disappear like Copperfield
At the funeral's, don't waste no doctor bills
A lot of niggas ain't kickin' shit I can feel
We gettin' it down real big, that's what we doin'
Give 'em the most raw, that's what we doin'
The game don't understand, the world don't understand
These niggas is gun in hand, you die for these grand
Shot's from the magnum, killin' the gats, smack 'em
You got it back, stab ya, with your own dagger
My sons take your 6, rope you in the closet

The one's that probably even pump the cops up
We got 'em strung with the drugs that we dealin'
Or peelin', some loud niggas, thugs can feel us
And my Brooklyn killers, and my project niggas
And my brother's locked down in the jails can feel it
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If I don't eat, fuck that everybody starve
Takin' your plate like it's food time in Oz
Motherfucker, I kidnap all your kids
Before I had a record deal, what you thought I did?
Last job I had I was punchin' a clock
Last nigga that I tied up was up at koch
I ain't even need a mask, I ain't bust one shot
Made 'em wire me my money right there in the spot
That's a Cartier watch, nigga take that off
That's a iced out cross, boy take that off
Know what'd happen to your daughter if I don't make that call
Better take me to the bank and get your face plucked off
Hottest nigga in the club 'cause I got the heat
So run boy, run boy, one gun box with me
So step up young'n, show me you gon do
We got big guns nigga that go boom boom boom
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