Shut 'Em Down (Remix)

Onyx

Chorus:
This is it now,
You get shut down
Official naz got the whole game locked down
Noreaga, big pun holdin' it~ down,
This is it now,
You get shut down[verse 1: noreaga]
Yo, aiyyo I smoke weed from housin pa, phillies is hot one
Niggaz betta stop dunn, or catch a hot one
I'm like the top gun, mohawk shit
Rock my hat back, as long you don't fuck with onyx
Then you safe in iraq, I like to dubba(? ?)
All of my niggaz, we tear the cover up
From iraq to bal-ti-more
We do a song keep the shit fuckin ghetto like a hood see-saw
So what what, fuckin dick, what's the recall for?
Yo, every other week you got a brand new law
Yo them crackheads not, knowin what to do wit they time
That's why they really wanna focus on iraq crime
So what what, fuck you nigga yo we takin shine[verse 2]
Shut 'em down second wave desert bx style
We rep wow
Up(? ?) hoes be ya mom's dead child
Fucked up
Like blowin fed trial
Its set now
Get blown down
You sped
Blow,
Exile
My cartel drop shells
Burn a 100 l's
You frail
We raise hell
You niggaz get blazed well
You get closed now
Hosed down
Verbal semi mad a cap
With a henny habit

Amurk any static
Like a madman,
Goin postal, postal
Touch mics
Froze you fuck it
Son I gosu(? ?)[verse 3]
Word up,
Im not a killa I just bust a lot
Run in the spot,
With a rusted glock
Then I bust a shot
Its not a game
Don't be in it for life
Shit is hot son
Send em to christ
Surrender ya ice
Criminal life is dangerous ill
Trained to kill in the stainless steel
You're brain spilled
The game is real
You playin wit death
Got grimy niggas that'll label you west
And lay you to rest
South(? ?) suicide wake the dead
Hate is spread ? ?
Spread three eights and let it raise ya head
Jail bound eternally hell bound
22 shots of shell round rock ya head in the groundNoreaga: so what whatChorus:
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This is it now,
You get shut down[verse 4: big pun]
Yo I'm the livest nigga alive, watch me show you
I'll blow your head of your shoulders your own mother won't know you
My squad is supernatural
Don't make me blast you with a rubic(? ?) capsule
My crew will capture you and trap you inside of koopa's castle
I turn ya soon to statue like medusa's lookin at you
Produce the future raps
Or subtract you like dudes in math do
I'm always moving past you even when I use the bathroom
Wipe my asshole with pages straight out the book of matthew
Im lookin at you with my third optical vision

I hop out of prison and find me a hot little tropical woman
Now I'm locked in position ready to rock with convictio
Chewbaca's descendants blasting you with cosmical weapons
You might as well listen 'cause you out of suggestions
Tied up submission of you can't stand the heat get out of the kitchen
Peace to onyx I miss them for they knowledge and wisdom
Pay homage and listen to hip-hop's newest and most volatle addition
-breaks in[verse 5: sticky fingaz]
Now sticky fingaz, I'm still alive
That mean the greatest rapper of all time ain't never died
I'm underground
Too hard for the radio
Mtv won't even play my video
They scared to death motha fuckas tryin to ban me
I'm the one who told ol' dirty to shut down the grammys
You think they thinkin kid well me stick
I burn all o' ya
I don't care if puffy do ya remix!
I'm crazy, runnin up in def jam with a handgun
Fuck a royalty I'm a hold russell for ransom
I'll make you sleep where the worms do
I couldn't care less if you ate shit and died and turned blue
Niggaz like us gonna bring the game back
There's so many wack rappers out here I don't know where to aim at
I swear to God ain't nobody touchin me
Next time you see me gonna be the last thing you ever see
Word upChorus:
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This is it no
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