

# Onyx, O.N.Y.X. RMX

(feat. Genovese)

[Fredro Starr]

Turn it up  
Turn it up  
Turn it up  
All real niggaz turn it up  
Turn it up  
Turn it up  
Turn it up  
All real bitches turn it up  
Turn it up  
Turn it up  
All real niggaz turn it up  
Turn it up  
Turn it up

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo [gun shots]

Thug recognise thug  
We all blood when we feel shots from a slug  
You think the kid boutta ice thata cool off  
Fuck ice you cant floss in the fucking warm  
Summer nights son its time to put the Benz up  
And copp the Hummer with the bullet proof rims what  
To burn purple haze livin in the last dayz  
They fly planes kinda low where my PJ's  
Where the money at? Bombs droppin from the sky  
I'm tryin live it up and fuck as much before I die  
To the death till my last breath, guns high  
Thats when you ride for your projects  
What you rep [gun shots]  
Fuck that, O.N.Y.X.

Got niggas whylin throwin guns in the projects  
Got niggas in jail sharpening up they objects  
Got niggas in clubs startin fuckin riots (REMIX)  
Yo, Yo O.N.Y.X.  
Got niggas whylin throwin guns in the projects  
Got niggas in jail sharpening up they objects  
Got niggas in clubs startin fuckin riots (REMIX)

[Sticky Fingaz]

Is you ready for the D-Day  
A thousand motha fuckas runnin on the freeway  
Feel the heat nigga, shit abouta back lash  
In the streets smokin dro through a gas mask  
I had to trade in my roli and my cross piece  
For automatics, ammo I (\*gun shots\*) need more heat  
Terrorists, bomb threats in the night club  
Drivin over mine fields on crome dubs  
And through all the lootin and the stampedes  
I be drinkin champagne through a cantine  
So fuck it, till they nuke us get your ones up (\*gun shot\*)  
Thats right thats the anthem get your guns up  
Uhhhh huh  
Its the O.N.Y.X.  
We got you whylin throwin guns in the projects  
Got niggas in jail sharpening up they objects  
Got niggas in clubs startin fuckin riots (R-E-M-I-X)  
Its the O.N.Y.X.  
We got you whylin throwin guns in the projects  
Got niggas in jail sharpening up they objects  
Got niggas in clubs startin fuckin riots (R-E-M-I-X)

[Genovese]  
Yeah, yo  
Hot ones echo through the battlefield  
Hollow points flyin by piercin through ya shield  
Ya here the wall cry  
Fuck it throw ya guns high  
Now what you prayin for bitch we gonna all die  
And while you gather up your armed troops  
We pushin tanks throwin dank out the sunroof  
Theres no hope killas chanted out they war charols  
Cut throats snortin coke through a gun barrel  
Ain't no point tryna save no civilians  
Got kids runnin up pullin out grenade pins  
Blowing buildings up  
Duck when ya hear the shots  
Flame throwers 1M-1's melt your whole block  
Pressure building up  
Know when to run high suicide bombers flying in the high rise  
Raise shots above us  
Fuck till we get paid  
Or in the ? we pray these the last dayz  
Thats right its the O.N.Y.X.  
Got niggas whylin throwin guns in the projects  
Got niggas in jail sharpening up they objects  
Got niggas in clubs startin fuckin riots thats right (R-E-M-I-X)  
Thats right its the O.N.Y.X.  
Got niggas whylin throwin guns in the projects  
Got niggas in jail sharpening up they objects  
Got niggas in clubs startin fuckin riots thats right (R-E-M-I-X)