

# Slam

Carman

Slam, da duh duh, da duh duh  
Let the boys be boys  
Slam, da duh duh, da duh duh  
Make noise b-boys

Well it's another one, in the gutter one, ghetto running em  
Troublesome, extra double dumb, I come to beat em  
Defeat em and mistreat em, so what if that I'm cheating  
Now everybody wanna sound grimey (yeah I know)  
I'ma show ya how, come on, all in together now  
Yeah oh yeah yeah that's how it gotta be  
So stop trying to be loud as me cause you can't do that  
Think about it; playing Russian roulette with an automatic  
I bet my ass against the line the last bullet's first on line  
Stab and step and repping and run, packing a weapon is wild  
Peace to the brother's on Rikers Isle  
Tough enough and trembling, blend in like a chameleon  
Buck, bye tough guy, oh my god I'm so high  
Cause they say I rhyme, they say I look like a gremlin  
But what does it take to make a kid make a million children SLAM

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I'm the nitty, nasty, gritty smashing, never slow gassing  
Strictly swift blast of the raspy-rasp fashion  
That I provide, I abide the U.S.G  
Besides the ghetto vibe, make me flip like Jekyll and Hyde  
Of course, I come across with the pure for sure unadulterated uncut raw  
Disgusted, busted, you wanna touch it, too hot  
You forgot, you're not ready, your head could get ruptured  
Hit between the eyes, I plan to vandalize  
I supply the static, I run with the bad guys  
The villains, crooks, highlighters and the fighters  
See the big black picture if you look inside of my mind  
It's graphic, expressed it drastic  
So kill the copycat act kid, it's all mastered  
Directed it, when y'all least expected it  
And thought it was safe, Onyx hit you in the face so SLAM

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I'm a b-boy, standing in my b-boy stance  
Hurry up and give me the microphone before I bust in my pants

The mad author of anguish, my language polluted  
Onyx is heavyweight and still undisputed  
You took the words right out my mouth now walk a mile in my shoes  
I paid so many dues, I feel used and abused and I'm so confused  
Excuse me, for example I'm an inspiration of a whole generation  
And unless you got ten sticky fingers it's an imitation  
A figment of your imagination  
Bu-bu-bu-but wait it gets worse  
I'm not watered down so I'm dying of thirst  
Coming through with a scam, foolproof plan  
B-boys make some noise, and just, just SLAM

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