

# All We Got Iz Us

Onyx

Nigga you heartless, you ain't heartless  
You don't want no part in this, you ain't got it in ya  
I'm born to be a sinner  
As I move through these evil New York streets  
Like grease and some kids get caught up  
All up in the crime rate  
Couldn't hold your nine straight when you was bustin'  
Your whole clip and hittin' nothing

Your whole block on him, only two niggaz got him  
Came down fast  
With the cash and the product  
Caught you pants down with ya clothes off

A nigga never knows  
A nigga never knows

You got your rhymes niggas? Bring 'em, we start that  
It's concrete combat, where I'm at a crime covered city  
Where theres no time for pity, we comin' from the village  
Of the unpriviledged, blood soaked bills through murder actions  
Transactions all illegal, I smell the cheeb like a beagle  
Evil stalks and lurks, dominate and do worse in my dwelling  
Niggaz filling shells and compelling to bust melons  
We just bring to these fellas

These evil streets iz rough  
Ain't no one we can trust  
Either roll with the rush or get rushed  
'Cause all we got iz us

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These evil streets

Seen the world through the eyes of a nigga on the brink  
Drugs got my brain fried making it hard to think  
I'm trapped in these evil streets  
Drivin' some scuffed up ragged down beat up past times  
Some kid pulls up with chrome dimple guided rims  
Now I'm thinking it's 3 in the a.m., I'm walking and he in a BM  
Drop top 3, he don't even see me  
Would you believe, he saw my gun in 3D

10 blocks later trying to work the CD  
Spotted 15 on the BQE  
'Cause ain't no way them pigs is baggin' me  
And up a Sonsee we official nasty

For niggas that force the issue, my man'll toss the pistol  
And of course I hit you, let that loss be with you  
The more L's the higher, streets are fire  
Make ice hearts in men, for worldly desire  
Its the black attack born on the corner  
Nigga grew up fast to get that looter ready to shoot 'er

And he do anything to achieve it, better believe it  
grew up in a band of thieves who retrieves the goods, stacking stacks

And pushing niggas shit back like they should  
While we was gone, some shit undeveloped  
Now parlay, sit back and watch armys swell up  
Yeah, punk niggaz

As we move through these evil streets  
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Only nigga that can kill me is the nigga in the mirror  
But when I cup the mic and make my fighting words clearer  
A nigga without a gun is like something is missing  
That was my employer-when I ain't have a pot to piss in  
So listen, keep a gun, even if it's not needed  
Better that than to have none and to be in deep shit  
We mold on niggaz like Bacteria grows  
Fools they lucky if they walk away with a black eye and a broken nose

Nigga, we kill niggaz for Polo and Hilfigers  
It's all for real ill niggaz and steel figures  
Ain't nothin' over here, won't be soft  
Shit be jumping off on the rag  
Don't beat me in the head with that, go head with that  
I think back me in my mans rover  
Rip out somebody's grandmother  
Pulled out, the bitch ran for cover

Keep niggaz guessin' with our face without expressions  
For niggaz stressin', I leave a lifetime impression  
It shines like aggression when the flame comes out  
Saw the 'bout, what you got, when your gang runs out  
Shit's hot, you could get burned with heat  
We take turns to sleep, you better learn the street  
Knowledge, damn, you could get shot for 5 dollars  
It's live wires with no signs of survivors

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