

# Shout

Onyx

Aaaiight...aaaiight...aaaiight...aaaiight!  
Oh no not them hittin' chrome!

Balheadz and gunz bloaw!  
Do you wanna run say: "aaah!" (aaah!)  
Wich way did he go? you don't know  
You move too slow, boy you blow  
My style flows on you right here  
Where my queens niggaz? (right here!)  
Is you out there? (yeah!...yeah!)

Just watch us walk this hit, and get ill  
We won't gall, til we hear fifty bill  
So grab a hoe, get a grib, it's time to shake it up  
Rappers and routines, that make bricks

And you couldn't make me forget about, where I came frome  
And even if I left...snow, I still be a hoodlum  
'cause good dayz come to those who take 'em  
And I'm fed up, if there was so much things outta ya  
I gotta screeam! (aaah!) to let it all  
It's frustration and it's filled up inside a me!

Come on and scream (aah!)  
And shout (ooh!), just let it all out (yeah!)  
(4x)

These m.c.'s shoulda rehearse  
They keep comin' around like auto-reverse  
But then I shift the worst!  
We the worst, and then they heard  
But first da cut-- then I bust they verse to quince(?) my fears

I've had mad money, but I spend it, now I'm broke  
So I'm searching for somebody to put in a choke hold  
And I can wet to wrap my bay hands around they neck  
And squeeze until I fuckin' strangle 'em to death

Yo, you smell that?

Yeah, that's me, I'm the shit  
I'm in affect like woodtex  
A newer tec from out da click  
Because my rhyme again, pass me my heineken  
Where's the weed I need? it is my vitamin, so light it lincoln (hah!)  
Reach for the sky, you move too far, you won't get by, you gotta jar  
This style is a gimmick and you know that you can't be, what we be  
We afficial nast!

When I was born, I never thought that I could be like that  
? up on their back, block's sellin' crack  
Watch the black cops, I pack cock clocks and glock phat knots  
Nigga in dawn paddy crimes, like I play nines  
And odds to stay alive, survive and they gettin' mine  
Faultless for ghetto minds, and fuck da ? ? ?  
See you rather run the streets and fuck around with the crooks  
They got bigger and bigger and bigger and bigger and deffer and better

This my better bottom of brother, word to mother!

Mo' niggaz grab the mics, talkin' 'bout they gonna set it  
When all the rounds you'll make is fake and synthesis  
We just get it, wish your style is old and ?  
So burn up mo' money, 'cause you gets no credit  
You want it? here go  
Nigga know that you own me, or me gon' be on da street dealo  
Bangin' m.c.'s, so keep it live! up in here  
I swear nothing left, we pose dead, your best record by--most def, most def

Sticky fingaz, I earn money for walkin' in chains  
Where I grew up, in brooklyn new york, moved to queens, and my teams  
My pants is bustin' out the scene, is what this gun in my teens  
Without it I wouldn't've lived this long  
In my wildest dreams, that I'm a star!  
All spotlights, police have me!

Afficial nast keep it on, keep keep it on, and ya don't stop  
All city keep it on, keep keep it on, and ya don't stop  
Armee keep it on, keep keep it on, and ya don't stop  
Onyx keep it on, keep keep it on, and ya don't stop