

# Slam

## Onyx

SLAM! duuh duuh duuh, duuh duuh duuh Let the boys be boys!  
SLAM! duuh duuh duuh, duuh duuh duuh Make noise b-boys! Well here's another one  
(WHAT!)  
In the gutter one (WHAT!)  
Ghetto runnin em  
Troublesome extra double double I come to beat em  
The beat em and mistreat em  
So what if that I'm cheating.  
Every one wanna sound grimey.  
Imma show you how come on (ALL AND TOGETHER NOW!)  
Yeaah, ohh yeaah!  
YEAH!  
That's how we gotta be  
so stop trying to beat loud as me cause you can't do that  
Think about playin russian roulette with an automatic rifle  
My ass against the line blast bullets first  
On Line  
Toughest step and a rep and a run packin a weapon its wild  
Peace to the brothers on Rycher's Isle  
Pumping up a trebble and didn't like he's criminally in buck my eye,  
Oh my god I'm so high  
Just they say a Rodney say you like a crimum, what does it take  
to make you get  
Making million children SLAM! Slam!  
SLAM! duuh duuh duuh, duuh duuh duuh Let the boys be boys!  
SLAM! duuh duuh duuh, duuh duuh duuh Make noise b-boys!  
SLAM! duuh duuh duuh, duuh duuh duuh Let the boys be boys!  
SLAM! duuh duuh duuh, duuh duuh duuh Make noise b-boys! I'm the mean nasty grease  
smashing ever slow gashing (Ooohh)  
Slickly swift blast of the ghastly stashin fashion  
Then I provide I provide the you was cheat.  
Beside the getto Vibe  
Mak me feel like Jekly and Hyde OF CORSE  
I come across with no fear  
For sure!  
Un-adult un-rated un-conformed  
Digusted, busted you wanna touch it.  
To hot! You forgot, you're not ready  
You're head could get ruptered.  
Hit between the eye  
I planned the plan alive  
I'm the plonic sonic

## UH RULE WITH THE BADS GUYS

The villian (JUJ), crooks (UUU), hot midas in confide us.

See the big black picture if you look inside of

My mind, it's graphic, expresstic graphic

So kill the copy cat because it's al mastered

Directin' it

When y'all least expected it

And thought it was safe ONYX hit you in the face so,

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SLAM! duuh duuh duuh, duuh duuh duuh Make noise b-boys!(STICKY FINGAZ)

I'm a b-boy

Standin 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 (Sonsee: And still undisputed!)

He took the words right out my mouth and walked a mile in my shoes

I've paid so many dues, I feel used and abused

And I'm... so confused

umm, excuse me, for example

I'm the inspiration, for a WHOLE generation

And unless you got 10 Sticky Fingers

Its straight immitation

A figment, of your imagination

But but but but wait it gets worse!

I'm not watered down so I'm dyin of thirst

Comin thru wit a scam, a fullproof plan

B-boys make some noise, and just, JUST SLAM!SLAM! duuh duuh duuh, duuh duuh duuh Let  
the boys be boys!

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SLAM!

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