

# Throw Ya Gunz

## Onyx

Intro: Take em out, take em out, bring em out dead  
Shine em up, shine em up, shine the bald head  
One gun, two gun, three gun, four  
You're, mine, it's all about crime

Onyx! (echoes) Verse One: Suave  
It's time to get live, live, live like a wire  
I set a whole choir on fire (UHH!)  
Well done, on the grill, shot skills kills  
and no frills - they try to diss me? They gettin crispy  
Ha, ha hah hah, AND WE DO IT LIKE THIS  
In fact,? and jack Jack's  
Cause they can burn in hell shit for all that I care  
Beware the bald head the dread said is they fear  
Stick-up's assassin, traction new reaction  
These fuckin niggaz shoulda made the All Madden  
Onyx is wreckin shit, slip slide step quick  
? Infinite that gets crashed like a rented  
The shit they write is black and white; well mines got mad color  
Ain't that right, my blood brother?  
Word up, raise it up!  
We do it with the crew that don't give a fuck  
So throw ya gunz in the air, throw ya gunz in the air  
Buck buck like you don't care

Verse Two: Fredro Starr  
Uh-oh! Heads up, cause we're droppin  
some shit  
On your now shot-skills, Onyx tec-9 for a while  
Keep your eyes open in the fight, I'ma swell em  
The hardcore style, rowdy n wild, hits I'ma sell em (sell em)  
To all competition slide back then listen  
I'm kickin all that, shit to the doormat  
Claimin this domain, cause mad pains  
Blood stains, long range - got gats!  
Crazy clips, I sink ships, cuttin faces like a pirate  
I've never caught a flood, for the mad shit that I did  
Heard, you got the word so observe  
I shatter and splatter bodies that blows and bust nerds, OPEN!  
I always leave my barrel smokin  
Throw ya gunz in the air  
And buck buck like you just don't care  
Just throw ya gunz in the air  
And buck buck like you just don't care  
Just throw ya gunz in the air  
And buck buck like you just don't care  
Just throw ya gunz in the air

And buck buck like you just don't care  
Verse Three: Sticky Fingaz  
Ahhh, I hate your fuckin guts,  
and I hope that you die

Sticky Fingaz, the name, and my life is a lie  
Cause I'm havin a bad day, so stay out of my way  
And what the pistol packin people say you better obey  
Just in the nick of time, I commit the perfect crime  
Rip my heart, from my chest, put it right into a rhyme 9YEAH!)

I don't feel pain cause it's all in the mind  
And what's - mines is mines and, yours is mine  
Don't fuckin blink or I'ma rob yo' ass blind  
Onyx, is rippin shit, I got the tech nine  
So what the plumber got boy buck buck buck buck  
It's like a catastrophe, fuckin with me G  
I'm a bald head with a kinfe  
I want your money or your life  
So, so, so, so? So throw ya gunz in the air  
And buck buck like ya just don't care  
Just throw ya gunz in the air  
And buck buck like you just don't care  
Just throw ya gunz in the air  
And buck buck like you just don't care  
Just throw ya gunz in the air

And buck buck like you just don't care  
Outro: We the motherfuckin Onyx!

And we don't give a flying motherfuckin fuck  
Ay yo DS man we gonna come get you out of jail man  
Fuck that, yo DS we comin man, we got the bail  
We got the bail, we gonna break you out man  
Fuck that, yeah!

We the fuck up out of this piec

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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