## Onyx, Rob And Vic

\*two gun shots\*

It's a story about two brothers, Rob and Vic Grew up in the world alone God forgot about them, hmm Forced to fend for themselves In the Rotten Apples of New York City This story takes place, in 1993

How many nigs did we get so far?
I couldn't care to count
Just snatch em up quick
If he scream, I'ma put him out
I put the heat to his face to SHUT HIM UP
so I can dig him out
Went in his pockets and got the cash in some big amounts
I looked him dead cold in his eyes, \*blast\* without carin
If money speak, that explain the voices I've been hearin
You ain't really have to kill him
Yo God he moved -- but I lied
Damn, there's our sick stick-up turned homicide
So? That's the way our momma died
Is you with me I'ma slide

## [both]

So we slid, had to get our gameplan together Cause this little bit of stickup loot ain't lastin us forever Desperate, on the edge with no place to go We can't go back to the hood we stuck up everyone we know

Chorus: \*sung\*

For the love of money, people will rob from each other For the love of money, people will steal from their mother For the love of money, people will kill their own brother..

Now everytime I hear a f\*\*kin siren, my heart skip a beat I'm paranoid, every face I see I think he after me Supposedly

we was supposed to be gettin work from this large cat But since we know where he rest at -- we goin Bogart! Son frontin so hard

Heard he had a hundred G's alone on his Gold Card His crab wife showed me mad cash in her blouse She said he the mad stash at the house Couldn't pass up a jooks like this anyday

Anyway

on our way there, I'm feelin bad vibes

Yo kid don't say that

That's when we bumped heads

with vicks that we stuck from way back, up on Atlantic The way them niggaz lookin God they drivin mad frantic Yo don't panic, trust me

What?

I jump back and bust em

Shots through they windshield, they ain't wearin shield

Hit the kid behind the steering wheel \*car horn\* it's the way I feel

In a state to kill I wanna watch him DIE

Wait and chill

We got bigger fish to fry, two L's later in a Bed-Stuy elevator, got off the fifth floor Water hit the skull, ready KICK THE DOOR off the hinges
Bust shots right

Only thing I saw was a nigga four-four
His gun jammed
He tried to run and, reach for a knife
Shot him in the leg
So think about your life
and tell me where the loot's at
He said, "I'll tell you just don't shoot black!"
With the sight of fear, dragged him down six flight of stairs
to the basement, and in someway, he had a trap door in the pavement
Smacked him with the gun, kicked him out the way
Had to be at least 500 K
Now hear come the bitch, talkin bout her share of the wealth
So we put her and the husband out
and we went for self

## Chorus

Yo, we f\*\*kin came off! Word The plan was splendid 'Cept we got all this money, and can't even spend it Shh, let's disappear Yea yea And be outta this place So much dirt and shit we did it's hard to show our face So we bounced out of town and went down to Miami Cause most those cats we crabbed was like family Now me and you beefin, nah it can't be true It all started when all we had was just me and you Now a whole different person is what I'm startin to see in you 'Member when we had the new Lex with the two Techs, rollin to the duplex, drinkin Stout Thinkin bout, what we gonna do next, we used to work tight Half-assed cars, down to dirt bikes Hopin everything will go right, with the snow white and in number spots that flow all night Up to this day it was all tight Man, F\*\*K THAT! You my little brother and we came out the same pussy but I'ma kill you, you dummy, you F\*\*KED UP MY MONEY! Nah, the money f\*\*ked YOU up Tryin to say the money changed me?

What you think, I'm your brother, you got a gun in my face see What??! How can one tiny mistake, make you wannaerase me F\*\*k that! You cut a side deal, that's why they raided the block Now how the f\*\*k I'm 'sposed to know the undercover was a cop Son you been f\*\*kin with them niggaz! Look just put down the gun and let this bullshit slide Nigga I ain't puttin down SHIT I'm tellin you let's just chill man F\*\*K THAT NIGGA! It don't gotta be this way man WHAT NIGGA? IT GOTTA BE THIS WAY! IT DON'T GOTTA BE LIKE THIS MAN! IT GOTTA BE NIGGA! THEN GO AHEAD AND PULL THE TRIGGER!! THINK I WON'T? F\*\*K YOU! YOU KNOW YOU AIN'T GON' DO IT! F\*\*K YOU! \*gun blasts\*

Chorus cont. with - Don't let money change you.. - before fade