

Royce Da 5'9" f/ Crooked I, Joe Budden, Joell Ortiz "Warriors"

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[Intro: unknown woman] Check the scene, pappas
Slaughterhouse, still standin There was a murder last
night and the shit didn't really sit right with me So I had
to tell a story Ohhhhhhhhhh baby! Blood on the walls,
{?} [Joe Budden] America's worst nightmare, ahead by
light years Hip-Hop's only shining star in the night's air
Right here, don't fight fair, what I write yeah Might
there, throw 'em off like they Bobby Knight's chair I
been where you tryin to be, I'm already hot All about
cake, Betty Crock' and spit ready rock They know my
bar came venom in a bezzie rock Kicked from fight
club, outfit from Eddie Brock I'm goin for the kill,
focused on a steady plot John Wilkes the Booth like
when he dead aimed his nezzie shot You listenin to hip-
hop's finest You rewind this, Slaughterhouse behind
this [Joell Ortiz] I like rap, this shit is cool, I'm better
than mad niggaz But I'm just as good a crack pitcher
as a pad ripper I say that to say this Don't let mad
liquor turn me to a bodybag zipper and not a ad-libber
Couple joints ago I was right on that ave wit'cha Mad
bigger than the cats David Tyree had last winter I'm not
a made-up character That's a Puerto Rican Brooklynite
with two kids y'all see in them mag pictures And
however I gotta feed 'em I will All they ever gon' need
in life is just, me and my will Interfere with that it's gon'
be more than a beat that I kill Disrespect with an
indirect and you will see if I'm real [Crooked I] Fuck you
blood-suckin parasites I'm bringin the terror right in
front of your parents' sight You parents' eyes, and
yeah I wear a pair of pipes I wear 'em like Sega like on
a pair of thighs I'm Eric Wright, I'm +Ruthless+, I
terrorize You'll either perish or be paralyzed; I'm a
thousand degrees Fahrenheit I'm even keepin them
heaters when we perform On stage rockin like we from
Korn, the people roar What they don't know it's a secret
war inside of a rider I'm seekin revenge on the world
for bein born! And the desert eagle is "mi amor" She'll
fuck you to death, blow your brains, either or cause she
a whore [Royce Da 5'9"] Allow me to reassure your
stripe's worthless Like a pair of Diadora's when it
leaves the Adidas store Don't be comparin us to

rappers Compare us to the Arabs, this a terrorist attack, uh - BOOM! Lord have mercy, we here to destroy EVERY-thing You niggaz is butter in front a FUCKIN machete swing Motherfucker I'm fly, I ain't no scary goon Try me and I guarantee you I'ma see you very soon Leave a nigga ass out like Prince, take his bitch Put my +Graffiti Bridge+ right +Under Her Cherry Moon+ (woo!) We notorious, pushin them Porsches Y'all niggaz the orphans; US, we the warriors [Interlude: unknown woman] Ohhhhhh, wait a minute papis Royce, slow down baby [Joe Budden] This rap shit is a workout on my legs (why?) A nigga goin hard on his bike but two million dudes is jumpin on the pegs They know when that raw shit get recorded Either let your speakers enforce it or lay down in a moshpit Of course it's the bosses, actin like officers Runnin in these corporate offices Hungry lookin for a four-course dish no matter what the cost is Like the world's lawless so we don't know what remorse is Cause the V need like a thousand horses Slaughterhouse hoodie on, that's my new couture shit It's Jumpoff! He be the best Computers rank me number 1, blame the BCS It's they fault nigga [Joell Ortiz] Ask about your boy, I'm nice with my hands Maybe that's why, every last thing I write is a jam Minus the fans, the flights to Japan, I am the man Anyone who feel they could see me is in dire need of a eye exam My mind expands wider than the fanbase of a fire band And what I release from my diaphragm sticks to you, like the wrists of Spiderman Fool a average listeners what you liars can do but you will die a scam When I die they will retire my entire hand for years of scripted whoop-ass, makin intruders try a can I guess the moral of the story is Joell's victorious And e'rything's all gravy like Notorious [Crooked I] I left a nigga dead cause he said he was ready for I Let the Beretta give him wings since he said he was fly I'm in my Chevy ridin to "Bar Exam" and "Mood Muzik" They the closest to "Reasonable Doubt" and "Ready to Die" Crooked I, watch for snitches and wire devices My fo'-fifth, fire in crisis, lift you higher than prices All my ice, and on the mic, I am the nicest Me and my bitch ride for life like Osirus and Isis Yeah, word to Run-D.M.C. I'm +Tougher Than Leather-face+ Never threw a gun in the trash but they call me Weapon Waist It's like you movin from the projects to the Hamptons The way my hammers be sendin bastards to a better place [Royce Da 5'9"] Let me set it straight, they fans been led astray Niggaz keep gassin with guns with unleaded spray They don't know they one flow, one medic away From bein taken away from here in the leaded state I handle all of my serious issues

with metal I stick you so deep in the earth your zipper
can tickle the devil I'm skippin the pick and the shovel
I'm pickin you up and I'm shovin your head in the mud
until your kickings is level Pardon I live for the moment,
you rhymin I give the atonement like the Indians, I scalp
and I wig the opponent (yeah) But I'm a chief, matter
fact I'm a BEAST I'm a motherfuckin Slaughterhouse G
BOOM!

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