

Slaughterhouse f/ M.O.P.

"Hood Hop"

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[Intro: M.O.P.] Hahaha... they think they rid ourselves
We definitely got to give the drummer somethin
(c'mon!) Slaughterhouse (c'mon!) M.O.P. (c'mon!)
Everybody (c'mon!) [Joell Ortiz] H-E- (what?) L-L-O, I'm
one hell of a show I'm the best, you stuck in the middle
like L-M-N-O I'll piss on you, let every toxic elements go
All you pussies is fucked, call me now celibate Joe (ay!)
Ay Slaughterhouse, let's go rock "Ed Sullivan Show" I
literally can't front, I'm back like never befo' (oh!) I'ma
rap my letter to hoes Dear prostitute, I miss y'all lettin
me slap my head on your nose Where the fuck is my
guitar? It couldn't of went far Oh yeah, I smashed it on
homie head in that Brook-lyn bar Man I'm somewhere in
between a crook and a star Had some more bars but I
left my rap book in the car (yo yo yo yo yo) [Chorus:
M.O.P.] Yo, this that Woodstock hood hop Hands up if
you fuckin with it We reppin Brooklyn (c'mon!) Jersey
(c'mon!) Long Beach (c'mon!) Detroit (c'mon!)
[Crooked I] Geah, spaz out, knock a nigga ass out
Knew he had a paper thin chin and a glass mouth West
Coast shit, seven-deuce glass house Got a +Lil' Fame+
so me and my +Posse Mash Out+ (ohh!) I ain't got a
college degree Just a circle of bosses, the Slaughter's
in me - pardon me G I just wanna fuck your daughter
and flee And leave all that marriage shit in the
background like I'm Father MC Ha ha, cocky, but don't
be a copycat When you see me rockin that, L.A. Kings
hockey hat I'm the king of L.A., do you copy that? It's
time for some change like Obama in a laundry-mat
[Chorus] [Royce Da 5'9"] Do y'all want problems with
us? I guess not Broadcastin live from a Pyrex pot The
steets know that we nice, try your best shot Speech
coded in ice, dialect's hot Everybody (c'mon!) get cool
Beef in big shoes, gun talkin repetitive call it chipped
fool You ain't never heard of me mami you excused I
don't only diss dudes You sleepin on us, that's what it
is - just understand that I ain't gettin a wink of sleep 'til
you lookin at the back of your lids I'm a lyrical ounce of
PIFF Still countin them chips, for real mami,
Slaughterhouse in this {"BITCH!"} [Chorus] [Joe
Budden] Look, I'm not a gang-banger, more like game

changer with tamed anger, alias lover name changer
Liable to pop at kids and aim flamers I'm why your
parents told you not to entertain strangers Dope get it,
top notch, flow sickest Best out, don't blame me it's no
spitters So vicious on the road to riches From now on
call Mr. Weiss, they chasin all of your old bitches From
the hood New Jersey and I claim this Oxymoron, rob
with the dirty and stainless Cock back, high saddity so I
keep the top back So when the streets is watchin, I
could watch back [Chorus] - repeat 2X

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