

Slaughterhouse f/ Kay Young

"Lyrical Murderers"

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"This is the life, we gone!" - Royce Da 5'9" "I ain't with the leanin and rockin That ain't even seen as a option..." - Joe Budden [Intro: Crooked I] + (Kay Young) You're nothin without +Focus+ Woo.. Long Beach (lay your seats back) New Jersey (turn your speakers up) Brook-lyn! Detroit! [Chorus: Kay Young] We-we, we lyrical murrrrrrrrrrrderers Welcome to the Slaughterhouse (What you talkin 'bout?) Where we bring them verbal llamas out, bloaw We-we, we lyrical murrrrrrrrrrrderers Man, we own these streets And the freaks they love us We ain't worried 'bout you fuckers (Slaughterhouse) [Crooked I] Lyrical murderer, blame Rakim I'm a sniper shootin my way into your lame top 10 Pistol at your head if I ain't next to Eminem Then I bust in your face like I'm fuckin Lil' Kim Niggaz better pray to the lyrical lord that I fall off like the umbilical cord before I fill up the morgue This is how a killer record with the double-edged triple syllable sword, I'm iller than all Dineri, see I'm a literary genius Bury niggaz with words, a cemetery linguist Most rappers are comedy gold They like they boyfriend's sodomy hole - they full of SHIT! [Royce Da 5'9"] Now you could walk through the shadow of death next to that shady street Where the verbal cocaine business and 80's meet Where them niggaz is backwards I'm ridin with my daughter in the front with the A.K. in the baby seat We them copycat killers, unleashin venom Commit them lyrical murders and then we re-commit 'em Lyrics be high quality Bitches be givin me brain, my dick be deep in they heads like psychology Independently pennin the best words that were ever said The mixture of Leatherhead and Everclear You can't hide, we everywhere Now, picture a grizzly standin next to a teddy bear [Chorus] [Joe Budden] Yeah Hello hip-hop, I am here, you dyin yeah and I'm aware A beast so at your wake I'll cry lion's tears And that's no disrespect to the pioneers If we ain't who you tryin to hear Somethin either wrong with your eyes and ears I came in this game screamin Jers' Ain't an MC in our lane to try and merge Try and run with our wave But I'm cool with bein Eddie Levert seein my son on stage Gun gon' blaze,

act up in this joint And I'ma be Nate Robinson and back
up the point Your run's over, run with us or get run over
I'm here to save this shit, and I brung soldiers [Joell
Ortiz] This is lyrical murder Me and every track have a
physical merger When I stab it in the chest I'ma bit of a
curver So it bleeds to death, like the middle of a
unfinished burger Or sometimes I wrap my hand
around his throat Cause he think his kick is slick or his
little snare is dope Shoot the bass in the face but
sometimes I carry a rope to hang the piano keys when
they hittin every note I'm what no beat's able to
withstand If you suffer from writer's block and your
label got big plans Listen to this fam Slide a little dough
out that budget, and hire the instrumental hitman
[Chorus]

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