

## **Slaughterhouse f/ Pharoahe Monch**

### **"Salute"**

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[Intro: 50 Cent sample] Fix your motherfuckin face nigga! Look at these fuckin chimpanzees Bunch of fuckin monkeys... (Mr. Porter!) [Chorus: Pharoahe Monch] I been shot, I been stabbed I took all that I have to give And I never ran, never have just so all you niggaz can live I never thought there would come a day When my people would turn me away And it really tears me apart Cause I deserve a Purple Heart Nigga you should salute me, nigga you should salute me Nigga you should salute me, nigga you should salute me Nigga you should salute me, nigga you should salute me I, I showed you what a soldier's about, nigga you should salute me [Joe Budden] Typical Joe Budden shit, ridiculed and lovin it The hood know I'm the dude that governed it Paved the way for my sons, laid down the cement for my semen Ain't my fault y'all got stuck in it Lately, it change like the weather, one minute they love me then they hate me; I'm through with shenanigans I don't care if dudes ain't a fan of him Can't checkmate a 8-figure nigga with the moves of a mannequin Talkin 'bout they wan' go somewhere to meet me Man they just wan' go somewhere to meet me Easy don't involve cops in it Got the key to my city, how the FUCK you think you got locked in it? Bitch! [Royce Da 5'9"] 21 Rugers On the hip of 21 goons, 21-gun salutin Bloody funds is what murder money becomes 21 bodies on all 21 guns You from the D and you don't fuck with me, you lame The streets and the internet fuck with me the same So later for that punk shit Cause nigga I'll smoke you, that's why they say I stay on that blunt shit Niggaz'll spray you up before they wet your lady up Then shoot the baby bassinet to shut your baby up And I'm in line with the bread I hold niggaz down doin time in the feds Pharoahe talk to 'em [Chorus] [Joell Ortiz] Properly greet a general I'd have to take steps down to be on a pedestal I am what the 1-8 after the 7 do Give it my all but you want more, you lil' beggar you! Mean it's terrible, I showed hip-hop anyone's edible Never give somethin that's not respectable Never spit somethin that's not incredible Never sold my soul for numbers left of the decimal I done fucked up movements like

cerebral palsy You don't know me, don't pause me - I'll  
throw lead at you Mean I earned e'ry stripe and you  
know it When you see me put yo' hand on yo' head and  
push it forward [Crooked I] Before shots land on your  
head and push it forward Eastside Long Beach, I'm  
only pushin four words I organize a street massacre  
You haters know I broke bread with at least half of ya  
Out of town, hundred pound weed trafficker Got  
niggaz rockin Long Beach fitteds in East Africa I been  
stabbed, I been shot, a imperfect part Like my Grape  
Street niggaz I got a Purple Heart I kill your bitch at the  
beauty salon on Windham They take a nap on your lawn  
on a Louis Vuitton pillow Waitin for you to run out and  
say somethin Come out your face frontin, dumb out  
and spray somethin Bloaw! So move now [Chorus]

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