

Slaughterhouse f/ Fatman Scoop

"Onslaught 2"

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[Royce Da 5'9"] (Ohh!) Yeah (let's go!) I said once upon a time in a city that's mine There was a nigga named Nickel that spit like Big in his prime He got a 52 box, original tick in the mind Listenin to 'Pac and them drop with a prestigious design My niggaz is dimes, my bitches is dimes I came up behind Eminem in '99 and I took the baton I been runnin shit ever since then, slaughtered MC's Sit and watchin my green grow, like I'm waterin seeds The problem with me is I'm the heart of the streets Niggaz callin for peace, they can't even call the police If I ain't better than you I'm harder to beat Probably cause I live by the art of for-keeps I get indicted after my product's released We a different form, a different centrifugal force Every line is like grippin on a stick shift in a Porsche My niggaz asked for direction to go on this track I said FUCK a direction, spaz out! Get 'em up HIGH [female] Crooked [Crooked I] And for them wack songs that you made I want you to throw your pin, but hold the grenade Explode to your grave - and go straight to hell when your soul is enflamed for the road that you paved The role that played, in fuckin up hip-hop You owe so you paid, the fo'-fo' close to your brain Closer than the close shave of a low fuckin fade Don't fuck with me, don't fuck with J-O-E With Nickel we gon' make more cheese Heavy hitter, call me Joell David Ortiz (what up!) I point a burner at the plaque on your teeth On some leftover shit, it's a wrap on the beef I'm one in a mil', comin to kill It's like you wanting a pill, my gun put your back on the streets Spine on the concrete lookin at the sun Eyelids heavy, "Why did Crooked have to come? He was full of 'gnac and rum, like a bully actin dumb" Fully-automatic umm, that's Crooked havin fun Listen, don't make a nigga find your dame And make the dime give me brains 'til my mind is drained Listen, don't make me grab a 9 and aim And how your dime did me, do yo' mind the same But different, the West Coast king Crooked I I'm a kamikaze pilot, I stay fly 'til I die - get 'em up HIGH [female] Joell [Joell Ortiz] Here we go again, you know I'm him, Mr. Ortiz Soon as I hold a pen I co-defend the sickest MC's (Slaughterhouse) Pick a

disease we got it, I vomit sniffle and sneeze Lyrics
squeeze, listen please, Lord help get rid of this fever
I'm like 150 degrees 16's used to be sweet, now they're
a bit of a tease A nigga need a infinite instrumental just
to be pleased Used to dream about livin now I'm livin
my dreams The bitches fiend, made my dick a
machine Maybe I'm wrong, maybe I am just as fuckin
big as I seem When I'm spittin this mean, me and
government intervene A couple presidents, literally live
in my jeans I give 'em residence, they just let me pick
anything When I'm in the mall, they show me the latest
kicks on the scene And I get 'em all, I ball like the nigga
I am Niggaz hate, bitches +Cheer+ like Norm, Cliff and
Diane I'm in a state, of mind that should be the fifty
verse I run radio, but I don't use them itty bitty words I
ain't shabby with the nouns, I ain't shitty with the verb
When I reach heaven I want the nigga Biggie to be like
"Word" City slicker, New York delivery when I swerve
Hold that mic like the Statue of Liberty, I deserve a shot
at the title, Spitter of the Year E'ry year, let's be clear,
put some fingers in the air and hold 'em up HIGH
{*echoes*} [female] Joey [Joe Budden] Work on your
half-court shot, I'm money from far Get 'em mad, see a
ape on your monkey bars And that's rate, gettin hate
from the wannabe stars And that's great, mean he feel
it and know he numb See that bullet comin from around
the corner like a shot from Angelina Jolie's gun; think
Joey the one I'm a fake? Ain't your run-of-the-mill I'm
from where they kill you for one of your bills For me it's
fun, your man think we evenly skilled He Mel Gibson, all
that shit he believe, gon' get his son killed Play with a
match, FUCK what you take it as No good straight
jacket, all I did break the match They say he talk tough
with his fake ass Four pounds put me in another weight
class +Great Escape+ the +Pad+ Took the jumpsuit
off my naked ass and ate the mask You diss me, you
wanna be a great that fast? Take a fully-automatic and
spray at gas Me? Body a whole shit with a verse
probably atrocious In your whole camp, nobody
focused They say you the Ultimate Warrior, I agree You
die and come BACK, won't nobody know it Drive by,
screamin it's a new crew reppin Hangin out the window,
like it's "227" Get 'em up HIGH [Fatman Scoop] Get 'em
up high, get 'em up high Get 'em up high, get 'em up
high Get 'em up high, in the sky Put 'em up high, put
'em up high Put 'em up high, fingers in the sky Put 'em
up! Slaughterhouse, Slaughterhouse Ohh, ohh, Fatman
Scoop, Slaughterhouse Fatman Scoop, Slaughterhouse
Put 'em high, woo! Ohh {*echoes*}

