Slaughterhouse f/ Melanie Rutherfold "Killaz"

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[Intro: Melanie Rutherford] I'm not afraid of the storm (noooo) It seems like you're slipping away (ohhhhh) I'm not afraid of the storm (noooo) I'm not afraid, of the storm [Chorus: Royce Da 5'9"] + (Melanie Rutherford) You fuckin with a killa (I love you baby) You fuckin with a killa (you're so sexy) You fuckin with a killa Lyrical, serial, either/or killa [Royce Da 5'9"] + (Melanie Rutherford) Uhh, I'm in love with this pep Switch a nigga up, put a thug in a dress Chop a nigga head off, pick his head up Turn it upside-down, drink his blood from his NECK Uhh, I fly across you with the Coupe now I'm fire! The fire marshal shut the booth down Uh, you fuckin with a killa Take your body, rape your body, dump it in the river Turn myself in then, beat the case for it then Turn around and put "I really did it" on my Twitter Uhh, I'm a FUCKED UP nigga! Pill poppin, e'rybody FUCKED UP with us Me and Joey the cottonmouth kings (I love you baby) What the FUCK you talkin 'bout, sing (Uhh, uh, I'm fuckin with a killa) So crazy (I'm fuckin with a killa) (I'm fuckin with a killa) Lyrical, serial, either/or killa! [Joell Ortiz] First the clouds form, then they dark in the sky Then the heavens roar when a couple of them collide Then the most toxic rain landed on my caesar then Jesus Christ, the storm arrive 6-foot-somethin made of Spanish descent What I write is fresh air like my hand's in a vent Y'all 'bout to be lost like you don't know where your manager went That's just a heads up, cause none of y'all was plannin a vic I'm from the projects, Grey Goose, a crate on the bench Mike's Hard Lemonade'll get you amateurs bent Where I'm from they don't hesitate the cannon that spits Stand by the wrong man and watch your thoughts land on a fence! I'm the voice of the gutter where your boys serve your mother And the noise from a clucker puts your boy on a cover We annoy undercovers cause they never put on We from the hood, we don't snitch boy we weather the storm We some killas! [Chorus] [Crooked I] I'm comin with flash just to blast your facemask Bullets flyin faster than the NASA spacecraft Get half your face smashed by the click-clack The impact's a passion of massive plane

crash The mic minister write literature, rhyme sinister might injure, your nine endin your life when it's the prime miniature time witness the prime Innocent lives kissin goodbye, picture the I, givin a FUCK! The truth (walkin) just walked in the booth (talkin) Too (often) I put a hot beat in a new (coffin) For instrumentals I dig a grave Then drop so many bars around you when you listen feel like you in a cage Niggaz styles is sour, you makin lemonade Take a thousand hours to write, our rhymes +Minute Made+ Me, Joey and Joell leave you crippled Mother-FUCK five cents, but we'll kill you over Nickel We some killas! [Chorus] [Joe Budden] I disagreed with my shadow when he got on Twitter (so I) Don't like bein followed so I shot that nigga A known loner; that's backwards I'm a loner that's known to attempt to put a comber in a coma You lookin at the prime suspect, with enough stress If you can give a FLUCK, then I can give FLUCK less Obsessed with who I struck next so I set it for success when I spit cause the vic is my next metaphor Self-destructive mixed with light lies If, you lookin for psychotic, I got it Or DON'T! Maybe y'all are retarded, absurd And I observe while the whole world tries to act reserved Need a Oscar, I'll put on an act that's superb E'rybody relax, it's words Maybe it's NOT! It's gotta be reasonable doubt (BUT) Reason don't come out my mouth, I let it come out of hers [Melanie Rutherford] I'm fuckin with a killa I'm fuckin with a killa I'm fuckin with a killa I'm fuckin with a killa

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