

## Inspectah Deck "House Nigga"

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[Inspectah Deck] First off all, you a blog thug, YouTube goon HOUSE NIGGA! Your food get chewed up rude I see you like to put your world online Ain't nobody checking for you, they checking for your girl's behind While your homey in the bedroom, lust in his eyes While you filming dumb shit, they probably fucked a few times Wow, how you Slaughterhouse? You barely get a nod I'm convict benching, daily in the yard So I'm built like Optimus Prime, you couldn't see me With binoculars, I'm, way ahead of you, obviously I'm Bet at you, Deck show him how to properly rhyme He on mine, like he didn't see the property sign Lyrically blunt, I'm broad day, physically dump This nigga's life's a publicity stunt But, he think he fever, I ain't a believer Def Jam chucked him, they ain't feel him neither Why are you talking like the Morpheus of rhymes? When my first shit, sold more than all your shit combined Worshiping Tahiry's doing something to your mind I should get your tummy tucked, just for jumping out of line Man, really? Name me three Joe Budden songs? Don't worry, I got time, I cut the song --- [Interlude: 'Jeopardy' skit] Oh, oh man, umm, three Joe Budden songs, umm... Damn, uh, the -- Pump It Up! Uh, agh -- ahh, shit... this for a hundred thousand, too? Ahh, I'm bout to blow the shit! Ahh... did I say Pump It Up? Oh, oh --- [Inspectah Deck] Still waiting, Resident Patient, stay sick Basic, the truth's on, face it, taste it Hunt it to the head, make him retract statements My next move, probably increase your hatred Take it how you take it, HBO Bodie State wide ain't nobody rocking no Joey I'm a legend, Meth let you live, I'mma set it And I ain't on the phone but you get the 'text message' I'mma rep til the death, with my life put on it If it's dollars, then it's cents, then I'm likely on it I'm deep in the pits, where the trife be on it Only hood you be in, got Nike on it HOUSE NIGGA! You don't see the strips Your fuzzy house shoes underneath your bitch And I ain't got to talk bout Gloria Velez Stalker ass nigga, you was calling her, obsessed Computer love scrub, think you safe behind a desk Like we won't call Redman and get your address Yeah, yeah, we got a problem, Houston

Eyes all swoll when the God repute them... \*gun shots  
& car tire skids\* [Inspectah Deck] Like we need  
ghostwriting, muthafucka, we the titans You catch your  
head cracked with no dice, man Hood like the dollar  
van, Taliban carrying bombs Verbal onslaught,  
warhawk, blowing your flag Throw in your towel, there's  
no chance, load up the mag Hold down the Shao',  
return home, holding your dome Glorious king, I wish  
you would HOUSE NIGGA! Couch gangsta, think you  
Suge? Nah, you the fiend out, halfway house cat  
Missing tooth rap, touch Deck, I doubt that "Pump It Up"  
was wack, you swagger jacked "Scenario" All that other  
trash, couldn't last in my stereo Couldn't beat Lloyd  
Banks, couldn't beat Meth Couldn't beat Jay-Z, what you  
got left? I show you what substance is (uncontrolled,  
nigga), ruggedness Like fifty ATV's, label me G You a  
HOUSE NIGGA! Take your slippers off, Microsoft crook  
Never seen a juks, never seen your wifey cook Never  
seen you sitting with your seeds reading books Wanna  
show the mass, that ain't work, so you sold your ass  
Showed the world you lame and no control you have  
You Google MC, your feet the only 'sole' you have Act  
like you strong in the pits, up north Get your manhood  
took, right along with your kicks Like you got it going on  
in The Bricks, nigga please Only ones know the words  
to your song is your kids And this here, won't even  
boost my career This is kid's stuff, plus your name ain't  
big enough I said 'fuck it, I'd do it for fun' Have 'em like  
'Damn, Deck, why you do it to, son?' Cuz he, stupid or  
drunk, loose wit the tongue Plus fronting like he want it,  
should of knew what become Ask around, who  
dispatching the raw, throw our name on the scale My  
side probably crash to the floor Cuz I'm heavy like the  
classic Ford, before I fall I will shoot, stab, kick, bite,  
scratch and claw I mean fistfight, grab and all, I'mma  
get like That's for sure, I'mma give right after the brawl  
Small timers, too late for you to come up You won't get  
a name off me, you get done up HOUSE NIGGA! You  
don't get your hands dirty They don't respect you  
outside of Jersey [Outro: Inspectah Deck] They don't  
respect you outside of Jersey, man Nobody fucking  
knows you You trying to disrespect the legend We king  
size in this shit, man Understand that, I go to  
muthafucking Germany Japan, Honolulu, France,  
Ethiopia, Croatia Niggas know my muthafucking name  
Who's you? Who's you? They don't respect you outside  
of Jersey Bow down to the face of greatness,  
muthafucka Yeah, you better recruit everybody The war  
is on, nigga, the war is on, nigga Johnny Blaze, you  
know I got you, man This nigga is fish food, straight up  
fish food You wanna swim with the sharks? I'm waiting

for your response, nigga Five minutes long, next time  
I'mma give you eight A dirty eight, straight to the face  
Holla back, nigga

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