

## Joe Budden

# "Slaughter House"

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(feat. Joell Ortiz, Nino Bless, Crooked I, Royce Da 5'9")

[Joell Ortiz:]

I define gutter, everytime I rhyme I climb up another notch  
Hip hop got my spine smothered  
But I'll be fine brother  
My mind hovers above all you jive suckers  
Listen, that's word to my mother  
You throw a shot at me  
I'm throwing a shot back  
Your's is on a joint  
Mine's whistling by your top hat  
Ya I'm cool but you violate and I'll cock back  
Open the mac's mouth and black out like I do not rap  
I'm sick and tired of niggas lyin  
They fifth is lyin in they second drawer  
Next door to some bullshit they ironed  
Ya'll be makin up stories that them little kids be buyin  
I do everything my Penn State like a Nittany lion  
I ain't gotta mention the streets on this song  
To get in a nigga ass on these beats like a thong,  
pause  
Veterans co-sign me, the up and coming scared  
The pretty girls go? gPapi here's my underwear...  
Never in a hundred years I thought I'd be a rapper  
But in less than a hundred bars I knew I'd be a factor  
I'm PS4 in HD and the screen is plasma  
You're Atari 2600 with a weak adapter  
Between us the gap's so crazy  
I'm Gucci, Louis V, you're Gap, Old Navy  
I get coochie in the V, you attract no ladies  
You're suburb, I'm gutter where it make cat's go crazy

[Nino Bless:]

Fuck a lecture, ain't tryin to be Pun's sucessor  
That term's done fucka, what up whatever  
You bird's is food  
I'm about to pluck some feathers, I'm young and  
clever,  
Plus, clutch under pressure, yup! who does this better?

Walk around with metal all on me like the front of  
Shredder

I lust for cheddar, you owe me  
Leave holes in your vest that'll open your chest like a  
sunken treasure  
I'm somethin' like a phenomenon  
Droppin' bombs for fun then dining in hell during  
Ramadan  
Whatever I'm rhymin' on, or whoever I tear em apart  
Swear on my pops, no fear in my heart  
Shit, been through it all  
Done swam with the sharks, snapped fins with my jaws  
I'm all that, and a bag of the baddest piff  
Off a brick of hash mixed with acid hits  
Like sick cracker shit  
Get back dumb birds I ignore the hype  
Click clack, Yung Berg if you flossin ice  
Dog, cross me twice, can't afford the price  
It'll cost you, I'll off your life  
You soft, I told you I'm raw white  
When I'm on this mic, the mourn at Knight  
Don't wanna see mornin' light  
And I feel like I'm forced to fight  
When the chips are down like Ponch fallin' of his bike  
Of course my metaphors are type awesome, right  
I got em in awe, my aura's Jordan like  
What's really poppin', who's diddy boppin'  
You was a willy  
Now you all Common and really conscious  
I ain't with that silly nonsense  
I really pop shit  
My gun stay cocked like Biggie's optics  
I stay evolvin, but grown bitter  
On your grave they carvin? gfucked with the wrong  
nigga...

[Crooked I:]

I don't write I kill a pen leak his blood on the page  
I breathe bars, like oxygen locked my lungs in a cage  
Instrumentals get fucked on the stage, a pedophile  
Unless I dig in the crates, and fuck with somethin my  
age  
Forever vow to never smile when I'm at peace  
Only when I'm eatin' the deceased like kiesh  
Only when my enemies eternal organs are a  
smorgasborg in the feast  
The dahmer with melanin and let em in the belly of the  
beast  
You'll be missin' till fisherman see your corpse  
I'll be in Michigan stickin' a chickin

In my Michelin ready to pigeon pitch again  
From Switzerland to New York  
I was whippin' Bently's before them pictures up in the  
Source  
I'm a gorilla behind these bars, on some zoo shit  
Shoot you while you're talkin, on some news camera  
crew shit  
Sicker then flying in past tense, on some flu shit  
Day old asshole flow, I drop new shit  
Exclusive, you don't want it in fact  
I'll have the doctors operating on the front of your back  
Tryin to keep your stomach intact  
The spiritual you, leavin your body he don't wanna go  
back  
That's when the tunnel go black  
I'll send your soul to the atmosphere  
Fuck outta here, and your ring tone rap career  
It's Crooked I, the face of east side Long Beach  
Put your ear to the street, so you can hear my heartbeat

[Royce Da 59:]

I hope niggas know  
I'll show up to ya show  
I'll show up where you go  
Show up to ya door  
4's will explode shells  
For they hit the flo'  
I know niggas know  
I got an open window flow  
I air shit out  
In the D' they used to call me Mayor Royce  
Now they call me Clay Davis  
Guess why?  
Shiiiiiiiiieett  
Cause when it come to them words  
You know I wear shit out  
I write rhymes like white lines  
On the nose tray  
Ice cold, Ice Cube flow like O'Shea  
Riding shot gun with Chris Martin my DJ  
Not the white boy, but I'm down for the Coldplay  
Forever stay violent, better stay silent  
Hammers stay hummin'  
Like strummin' the mandolin or violin  
Speaking of, I done played into the violence  
More then my nigga Charles Hamilton played Sonic  
I wrap niggas up, clap niggas up, scrap niggas up  
Either that or we gon' slap niggas up  
Dump dirt on you right before I go into my Maino mode  
If I smell the scent of Yung Berg on ya  
Till it ain't no more, ain't no dough

Get into his ass cause I ain't opposed  
I'm a living anal probe  
I'm a lame-a-phobe  
Matter fact my nigga Jumpoff can I keep goin?  
(WHY THE FUCK NOT!)  
When I was a teen, I used to pack a .380  
Now I'm spittin', sittin' between Shady and Jay  
I pull da jeans down on my bitch and then wave  
Cause the pussy Max B wavy when she ain't shave  
I leave the booth smellin' like somebody ain't sprayed  
I would talk about Kimbo but I ain't crazy  
I'm like Marty McFly  
Goin back in time and dissin' his momma nigga you  
can't fade me

[Joe Budden:]

They say he a bastard for real  
Then they see the ass on his girl  
So they wonderin', why he so mad at the world  
I take it out on tracks, I R.I.P. it  
So even to the producer it's hard to I.D. it  
Bars tremendous, it's in your best interest  
I insist your men just, do your best Bish's rendish  
Endless, move more then 2 inches  
My blood'll boil like I got a big skin cyst  
So end this, or see me manana  
Or see the speed of a llama  
Underground prima donna  
That ain't hard to find popppin' E in a Honda  
With hands like E. Honda, he a monster  
I love war it's like my pet peeve kinda  
But for us to even beef you should be honored  
My dick gettin hard, I see vagina, PAUSE  
Nah, rewind each line each time  
Speak mind and meet 9, mano e mano  
When it rains it pours grab a teflon poncho  
You now fuckin' with Mouse, the head honcho  
Nigga I could fit your house in my condo  
I walk around like ratchets been legalized  
Just me and the desert eagle, and the eagle eye  
Closed casket, now you having a box, wait  
Zipper over your head, dude's calling you crotch face  
So ya'll could bump swag like us  
But the next time rap's discussed  
Add this as a plus  
Don't nobody hit the pad like us  
And would get up in that ass  
But the fags might bust  
And since poppin' tags is a must  
I hit the bank and all I do is withdrawl  
Chicks removing they drawls

Now your crew is in awe  
How you ball?  
Your jewels from a cubicle in the mall  
You gon' need another processor,  
To process it, I'll set it  
I said it!  
So keep running around hot headed  
Till you get hot leaded  
Till everything but your torso on you is prosthetic  
Digest it, niggas is pie-thetic  
Rap what you can't afford, ya'll must got credit  
All you gotta know is Crooked I, Royce, Bless & Joell  
With Joe spell, NO L!

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