

Joe Budden "We Outta Here"

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"We Outta Here"

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

[Intro: Royce]

Your left shoulderrrr (HUT!)

Your right shoulderrrr (HUT!)

[gunfire]

Your left shoulderrrr (HUT!)

Your right shoulderrrr (HUT!)

[whistle blows]

[female] Slaughter

[Royce Da 5'9"]

Poppa-Poppa Pistol stuck his dick in Momma Missile
and created Mr. Got-to-Get-You if he opposite just split
You niggaz bitches cranberry like a vodka mixer
Whippin bitches niggaz black, ass like a cotton picker
Bomb through debris - I'm holdin two pistols
in the form of a crosshair, I am armed to the T
I put on for my city, I take off for whoever
think I'm soft for my job of rappin, go back to clappin
Back to illin, back to dealin, back to coc-a-ina
Up the nose, that's the feelin, sky the limit, that's the
ceilin
And the women is the whores, puttin numbers up for
sales
It's the score into hell, it's the feel, it's the feel

[Chorus: Royce Da 5'9" - singing with AutoTune]

I can make noise when the gat blowwww-oooooh-
ooh

The Slaughterhouse boys make the gat blowwww-
ohhhhh-ooooh

It's a muh'fuckin Slaughterhouuuuuuse

We outta here, we outta here, we outta here

It's a muh'fuckin Slaughterhouse

We outta here, we outta here, we outta

[Joe Budden]

[starts off screwed] I live my life like a hood bopper
touched by evil, all about bread and evil

Regular people lookin like bread to eagles with the
desert eagle
Cordially they forcin me to act accordingly
When according to me my thoughts disorderly just like
they outta be
It's more to me in accord to me
Just mad at the smoke and the mirrors, image,
perceptions and the forgery
Everything is a fraud to me
So until the boys wake up, me and my boys make up
Be with the toy sprayers, aimin noise makers at the
noise makers (blam)
Best group ever, group of whoever who do it better
Bets placed on it (nigga!) number one got our face on
it
And I make a case on it, treason
Every twelve months it's huntin season
They call us Slaughterhouse for a reason!

[Chorus]

[Royce] Crooked!

[Crooked I]

Piano face Audemars, you haters know the time
Drug abusin fourth-grader, I mean a loaded nine
Hits in the stash, Ferrari Spider, the road is mine
Like lap dancers and bad brakes, I'm on the grind
So tell Officer Crawford that this is (Slaughterhouse)
And I left the next black president in his daughter's
mouth
Swallow my kids then I'm like, "Yo I gotta bounce"
Ben Franklin's a math genius and every dollar counts
We takin over the game, go at you little wussies
(Why?) Cause that's the sweetest joy next to gettin
pussy
Somethin bad is emergin
Slaughter's blowin up like a suicide bomber promised
70 virgins nigga

[Chorus]

[Royce] Ortiz!

[Joell Ortiz]

One quarter of Slaughter reportin to you live
from a corner where reporters stop by
Since somebody playin pow-pow
shots fly out a glock-9 'til you cooked like a potpie
Take a look at everybody in my crew
bet you can't find a member of the squad that is not fly

Anybody say they can see us they either lyin
or not wearin they glasses, apparently cock-eyed
We don't shit, we ca-ca
We don't spit, we emit lava
Got a grip on these hip-hoppers like a big lobster
Everybody know the deal when the hear the kid
YOWWA!
Goo-goo, ga-ga, baby cryin 'bout the internet
They get on the site but they showed me and Joe the
other night
takin flights then lightin up a cigarette
Motherfucker we ill, not one insect step short of the
best thing
Everything we touch make they head swing and, y'all
ain't really interestin
Throw a shot, and our fans do the interceptin
You got the crowd fooled but I ain't really into wrestlin
(into wrestlin)

[Chorus]

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