

Masta Ace

"Slaughtahouse"

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* This song has two parts:

A. "The cutting edge of hardcore rap; the most innovative stuff for 1993" -- gangsta parody following the "Classroom" skit

B. Paula Perry introduces the _real_ Slaughtahouse

Part A:

(Yeah... yeah... yeah...)

This is MC Negro

And this is this Ign-ant MC

And this is our new motherfucking single

OUR NEW SHIT

Slaughtahouse

This shit is called Slaughtahouse

Negro! Coming off our last platinum LP

Platinum LP

Shit's Real Killin' Motherfuckers Dead

Killin em dead

And this is how we gonna rock shit for the nine-tray

Verse One: MC Negro

Here come the craziest niggaz on earth

Cutthroats, ever since birth

Blood and guts are gonna spill

'cause it's murder murder murder, and kill kill kill

Chainsaw in my holster

Barb-wire rope, and I'll hang ya like a poster

So when I grab my axe you better drop

Cause I'm "swing swing swing, and chop chop chop" in the Slaughtahouse

Yeah, yo Ign-ant MC

Whassup?

Show these niggaz what the dress code is

Aight

Verse Two: Ign-ant MC

Strictly Raiders and Kings gear
Only wear black and I don't know how to act
No more... so come and take a chance and
Mess around with the black Charles Manson
Body parts in the freezer
I'm not Jeffrey Dahmer but I'll slaughta ya momma
So open up the do'
To the Slaughtahouse, so I can kill a little mo'

Outro:

Yeahhh, motherfucker
Yeah!
This is MC Negro
And this the Ign-ant MC
And this shit is real over here, motherfucker, real real
This is the brand new LP, it's called _Brains on the
Sidewalk_
Brains on the sidewalk!
And all we wanna do now
Is murder murder murder, kill kill kill

Part B: Paula Perry, Masta Ase

One two, one two
This is Paula Perry and it's a brand new year
Time for the weak-ass, wack-ass
No-skills, negative, anti-everything
MC's to get shut down
They're gettin Slaughta'd!
[Lord Digga] Death to the wack MC's --> repeat 4X
(Welcome to the Slaughtahouse!)
Too many suckas, too many wack records gettin played
Too much money bein made, it's time for the wack to
get slayed
Take these suckas to war Ase, take em to war!

It's the jeep (ass niguh), it's the jeep (ass niguh)
Whatcha know about the jeep (ass niguh)
It's the jeep (ass niguh), it's the jeep (ass niguh)
Here we go, with the jeep (ass niguh) (Welcome to the
Slaughtahouse!)
Never hear me talking "I could kill a man!!"
Started making records but I'm still a fan
I'll take you down, I break your crown
I make you frown, I wake the town
Tick, check it out tock I rock your whole block
Got the funk dialect in stock
With the boom, bashin, bass drum is smashin
And crashin your bedroom walls, and monster mashin
Dashin, man with the kick, that be flying

Kids don't be trying, this trick cause I'm scien-
-tifical, ninety-nine rappers wanna kill
To sound ill, you couldn't find their brains with a drill
Check it...
sound of a drill
[What a funny little house!]
(Welcome to the Slaughtahouse!)

Welcome to my Slaughtahouse, it's like a playpen
Welcome to my Slaughtahouse, there's no escapin
This is the place where freestyling skills
Are sharp like axes, and suckas get the chills
Drum is the cash, like the rash you'll be itchin
For the green and, everybody's talking like they're
mean and
Crazy, oh baby, you're ready, for this yo
Make me, a poster, holdin, a pistol
Then I can be the (man)
I can be the (man)
Cause they see me with the gun in my hand
I, am not, down with the standard
The man did, not do, what every other man did
Candid, just like the man Allen Funts
And there's nothing worse than, a rapper when he
fronts
So throw your hands up in the air
If you really don't care
About the next man's life, you get the chair
In the Slaughtahouse
[The price a rapper must pay]

Outro:

Whassup kid you hear that new album _Brains on the
Sidewalk_?
Yeah it's FAT right?
Yeah I like that part
MURDER MURDER MURDER, and KILL KILL KILL
Yaknow that's what it's all about
Yeah I'm gonna be just like that when I grow up
You think I ain't?

[Lord Digga]
This is a brand new year for motherfucker's heads to
start burstin
Masta Ase, Incorporated
Ase, Lord Digga, Shiloh, Eyceurok, the Brooklynites
And the Floor Builder
Watch your back black man
Your biggest enemy's in the mirror
Long is the road to freedom from self-destruction

The Slaughtahouse, breeds death
Death to the *faggot-ass* average wack MC's
And death of the original man, turned killer man

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