

Crooked Fingers

"Power Circle"

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[Intro]

I'm thinking about bringing hip-hop weekly back nigga
I got bars, let's go
Slaughter, slaughter...
Ya'll know who the power circle is, man
Muthafucking Joe Budden, Royce da 5'93, Joell Ortiz,
Crooked I
Slaughterhouse, the muthafucking Shady Records
Power Circle
Bitch!

Slaughterhouse, niggas c.o.b
Our circle, the power circle, the g-o-d's
Got a hustle that's 'bout as grand as b.o.b's
Ya don't think so? Negro por favor
I'm so fly like I've never seen a floor before
You're fucking with a soldier like putting a in war
God of the West, I'm going door to door
Handing out pamphlets and them believers growing
more and more
You don't think my flow is nothing nice
Middle finger from your birth certificate to your death
certificate, fuck ya life
And fuck a hoe, I only cuff a mic
With my chest out, like augmentation like when your
wife come from under knife
I'm a bastard, it's my dad's fault

Me and my enemies face off like Nicholas Cage,
Travolta and Bath Salt
357 Black Hawk, better take your facial mask off
You shoulda backed off, now your back is on asphalt
Back to the rap talk, this lyrics shit we regulate
We drop my life to celebrate,
Coming courtesy of Shady, the heavy weight
Then I'mma drop a crooked album to set the record
straight
Set the record straight
Fuck niggas, let 'em hate
The power circle nigga

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