

Royce Da 5'9

"Slaughter"

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I'm from a grimey city from a buncha miles away
with no regard for the laws I'm from a sovereign state
from a murderous block, swirvin in a convertible drop
making sure you heard my proverbial plots
I'm tryna take over the world like pinky the brain
my dream mistriss is a bitch like pinky with brains
or roxy renolds I stick dick into her
she suck cock for a living, tongue kiss with murs
but I don't feel anger
so like the frame of the nickel plated chrome 4-5
I'ma still bang her
original renegade niggas still afraid
more niggas follow than Ashton Kutcher's twitter page
chowder time, ya'll write I sprinkle powder lines
if kelly beat his case my lawyer gon' swallow mine
so put your nines on the crab table
you life gambling im patrone sipping signed to black
label
champaign wishes become realities
bad bitches fly minus the travel needs
my dick is biggest thing on my anatomy (pause)
I diss niggas for nothing like why you mad at me?
Nickel is definitely still wreckless
the last nigga got killed and made me feel threatened
who really cares what a rapper talkin
the only feeling that aint familiar is after losses
I shoot Edo G in the head and go back to boston
with a trunk full of white, we call it asher rothin
feel honoured if i talk about your ass often
you should wanna sleep in the bed I was jacking off in
its a reason these motha fuckas is backin off him
he Floyd mayweather, Paul Williams, and Chad Dawson
all rolled up in one his money trash talkin
amongst bosses chillin out in the cash office
nigga you testin the one, nickel second to none
I'm hotter than texas at three I'm affecting the sun
I don't just sound raw
I'll disconnect your shit have you walking around with
Bobby Brown jaw
and then Whitney say crack is wack
and it offended me like, fluzey why you dissin my

music
and you can ask proof, we come from chopper (rapper)
city
minus the wack suit, and the beef with nass (rapper
beefing with chopper)
forever in hell and the smell of that sweet success
that calico talkin, sayin we the best
I'm a fair teaser
this bitch said who the fuck died and made you God..
I said Jesus
I'm in the zone I feel like a star
and nigga you know what to do if you feel like a fraud
go on jump in that traffic you playin frogger
I ain't no blogger I'm mister rearrange your aura
niggas thinking all I got is internet soldiers
09 is the fear year, respects over
the OG's taught me how to do it one way
so I ain't down for no games unless its gun play
niggas'll murder judges, over murder grudges
I don't put money on heads I just refer to cousins
I drop dope records thats hot like a furnace
the needle on that record player is hypodermic
the sea food from a intravenous tube
kill your ass in private between me and you
I'm sick enough to go up in your house
sickening rhymes I spit em and throw up in my mouth
you fuckin round with the slaughter house
conglomerate
like catching your parents fucking I'll leave you
traumatized
a beef live till the drama dies
my daughter could get struck by lightning if I ain't
down for homicide
you don't believe in me you a athiest thug
my bitch pussy delicious as the flavour of love
fuck what they say
I'll tatoos your face, danger but it aint for the love of
Ray-J
I got her card hard I call my penis dicky
before I let you bullshit me I let Serina (tennis player)
kick me
and she got thunder thighs
I could just be so heartless and give you the business
but I aint from the chi
a product of the borris where barry gordy records
I'm talking A.1 Yola thats totally pure
I flow bodies of water dead fishermen haunt me
I got the temper of a trigger, the dick of a donkey
(pause pause pause)
I'm a soulja boy, yeah I'm the last breathing
no need to turn on my swag come on I'm swag sleeping

ya'll niggas flows is old ya'll sound like last weekend
I'm Marty Delorean partying with a bad reaper

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