

Slaughter

"Back On The Scene"

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[Intro]

Here we go yo, here we go
Pick it up yo, here we go

[Chorus]

BACK ON THE SCENE
CRISPY AND CLEAN
BACK ON THE SCENE
CRISPY AND
SLAUGHTERHOUSE!

[Royce da 5'9]

Slaughterhouse family, ridin' like a taxi
And yeah, I'm like Dres, I am like the black sheep
I just want a GANGSTA bitch or I be a bad G
You sound dry, your legs look a lil hashy
You thought what you said was classy
But Slaughterhouse been about breads since Freddy
Blasy (?)
Freddy this aint saying nasty
I'ma rap assassin that's sittin in the Aston
That's cleaner then the demeanor on Eddie Haskel (?)
Call me the defence back on the track spit
And the slaughterhouse pigs and you couldn't put it
past me
We done been through a whole lot in the past
Cuz n-ggas bash us for bein' spazzes
Let it be known we've never known for bein average
We prime like a cornlio(?) re-enactment
When it comes to talent, we the Jacksons
Eat a track we assassins
We, mean, we back on the scene

[Chorus]

[Crooked I]

We spend twenties on flowers, me, I put doves on the
rose
That's why I'm in the club with your hoes
Whatchu lookin hard for
Don't spill escargot on yourself and get slugs on your

clothes
We the ones with the flows
Who hit em wit' the dope lines?
The answer's right under your nose
Whenever hip-hop's falling off the track
We pick it up, pick it up, pick it up
Til we ?
Back on the scene, crispy and clean
Fix me some whiskey and lean
Bitch we the kings
Only time your music is fly in when I
Use your compact disc as a frisbee to fling
I'ma cold young n-gger
This your hoe? Come get her
Cuz I'm so done wit her
And her whole tongue glitter
With the old cum spitter
Hit her and slide home, home run hitter

[Chorus]

[Joell Ortiz]

Yaowa
It's a rap for your team
When I get in that ring I put rap in the feign-ing
I don't know what's happening-ing
Either I'm getting better or yall falling off like the sag in
my jeans
Relaxin' I'm clean, immaculate lean
Goin my two steps, something fat in between
Haters don't get mad at my dreams
Opposites attract
I'm nice and this track is just mean
So I'mma f-ck it up, flow (?)
Olive button up, Bo Jacksons and green
Fresh fitted cap on the bean
Sorta like a spine on a movie screen
Back on the scene
Back under the lights like a gat with the beam
Back at the register wit' the plastic machine
Back wearing my gold like magic, Kareem
Back in the rap magazines
Click!

[Chorus]

BACK ON THE SCENE
CRISPY AND CLEAN
B-BACK ON THE SCENE
CRISPY AND CLEAN
BACK ON THE SCENE
CRISPY AND CLEAN-CLEAN

BACK ON THE SCENE
CRISPY AND CLEAN
B-BACK ON THE SCENE
CRISPY AND CLEAN
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CRISPY AND CLEAN
BACK ON THE SCENE
CRISPY AND CLEAN-CLEAN
BACK ON THE SCENE
CRISPY AND
SLAUGHTERHOUSE!

[Joe Budden]

Check it

Them rumors you heard about me I refute those

The attribute of hoes

Don't affect my attitude at all

Die from what you told

Blood on your new clothes

Cause even the biggest form of?

What they want, 2 glocks with 'em

Be in the box wit' em

Tryna box wit' em while they got the ox wit em

Dot the eyes wit' em the whole life's a rehearsal

Cars got the horse power of that old spice commercial

Silence when the Vets speakin

I'm jet skiing wit lesbians

You just seein', wanna just be him

In the casino, spendin petti-cash

No worries I'm the same as what you met me as

Bitches sayin' go ahead wit' your sexy ass

Y'all can have my heart you can get it out this

plexiglass

Here's a message to the haters

I'll take money, power and fear, the respect'll come

later

[Chorus]

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