

## Slaughter

### "Furiously Dangerous"

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[Verse 1: Ludacris]

Death by lyrical injection  
I kill you rappers  
A lot of green with a yellow complexion  
Women call me the Green Bay packer  
I pack the zero's  
Meaning mucho deniro  
So paid, rappers is waitin' on trades and they all get  
Knicked like Melo  
Hello, LUDA!  
Tell theses other boys double up  
'Cause I got some work all on my waist but I call it a  
tummy tuck  
My every records jumpin', or playin' double dutch  
I shit on rappers every verse just got the bubble guts

[Verse 2: Joe Budden]

Let me tell this to the people not understandin' my  
moxy  
Animal, watch me  
If you think it's tangible, stop me  
But then I hit 'em with a flow, that they can't even copy  
See, we don't play that  
Where I'm from it's like fantasy hockey  
Sup with the dog, thugs want a war  
Bad GM, what you want to trade slugs with him for?  
While you cuffin 'em all, I'm stuffin the drawer  
Then leave em for you to rebound Kevin Love on the  
boards  
Dog, you and your skill are far apart from of our squad  
I put you on a crash course in a smart car  
Always speeding not relying on the brake pad  
In a car you should only drive on the race track  
So the lines bout your feelings and the Maybach  
Are ghost tails about the Phantoms, face facts  
You ruin hip hop, slaughterhouse the payback  
In the shape of a tatt, you done faded to black  
GO...

[Verse 3 - Royce da 5'9"]

I went from eating Top Ramen to being top rhymer  
Check full of commas  
No regrets except for the drama  
I remember a time when my only perfection was my  
momma  
My mind on my long erection  
Now it's time ya bow down to the rectum monu-  
ment in my honor cause bitch I'm bonker, plural  
In a whip with my Ivanka, pompous girls  
She on E, feeling on me, singing on key  
While I'm bumping We Are The World  
Got her sniffin Britney, no he didn't did he  
"We run this town"  
No we int diddy  
I feel like tintin the glass,  
You take a sip with me  
She from the city of Jackson  
I call her Mississippi, that was pretty witty  
Ya man like a black man tryna get re-elected  
He aint get it, did he?

[Joell Ortiz]

Sticking it to the pedal  
Pedal to the floor  
Just whippin' it through the ghetto  
Metal in the door, case I gotta throw some lead into ya,  
boy  
Referee mind state, I'm settling the score  
I don't know what ya'll hating for  
Wait, wait, know what, matter fact  
I don't know what you're waiting for  
I aint finna say nothing, turn the bass up more til the  
speakers pop  
I get a kick outta that, like a sneakers spot  
See I was a little kid with his thumbs in his ears  
And his tongue in the air going na-na-na-nah-naaar  
Just when you think it stop na-na-na-nah-naaar  
Everything I speak is hot  
But bont be mad at least everything you speak is...  
I can't think of nothing nice to say, you're not nice okay

[Crooked I]

Rapper, hustler, entrepreneur  
My shit fly like I'm launching manure  
Lord of the underground, God of the sewer  
On Hennessy black, on con to the jure  
Yeah I'm off the block  
This aint work, homie, I'm off the clock  
I'm a syllable, Hannibal, killer cannibal  
With a mechanical mandible to deliver the flammable  
Ammo, lyrical animal off the top

Rep that West till I walk with Pac  
We the 2.0 Boys, Tiz, Crooked, Joe, Royce  
New ghost Rolls Royce, pulled off the lot  
Cock me, the only way you can stop me  
I'm top seed, I pop green at mach speed  
So watch me, if you haven't seen the phenomenon  
I spit fast as Lamborghini's in Ramadan

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