

## Slaughter

### "Onslaught"

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You dealin with a four headed monster  
Ya'll are John McCain you can't lift your arms up  
These piranhas live by a certain code of conduct  
Fuck fly ho's and blow ganja

Be a prophet, prediction  
The year 2029 is gonna be the apocalypse  
Caused by the aprophypse ME  
I got it, lock and key  
Tell the labels we about to go on a shoppin spree  
And if ya'll don't wanna sign us your corny  
Tell ya ho to swallow two a deez nuts and call us in the  
morning

We the answer to the dance floor, please  
You gotta fuck us all bitch you can't Ortiz, Budden,  
Crooked, Nickel  
Damn whore please, we up in this bitch like trans or  
seave  
We the Voltron crew, it's whatever ya folks wan do, we  
turn this bitch into Socom II  
I'm the best rapper alive lil wayne's migraine, jay z's  
headache  
Touchin what da lead ain't  
Motha fuck ya feelins, you don't know with whatcha  
dealin  
Tryna catch up you musta spilled n  
I'm amongst hustla's killin, money stacks touch the  
ceiling  
What the fuck ya feelin... you will never feel  
You will never sail, you can't feel me see me  
They should use my knuckles instead of brail  
I walk on my toes like how the fuck this talk is cheap  
talk it's just gonna cost you the most  
I'm the one really yo  
I'm a gun, spark like a milly yo  
You a J-hood gun video  
That ain't a diss so please don't diss me  
The mag barrel longer than the g's on fifty  
I tell a bitch, click ya heels twice and ease on with me  
This is the life... we gonnee

I ain't with the leanin and rockin  
That ain't even seen as an option  
Nigga as a teen I was mobbin  
Stick em off with more percentage a jeans than I'm  
robbin, mightt  
Walk around with the thing get to cockin  
But I ain't wanna be seen when it's poppin  
You ain't seen poppin till you seen what I'm rockin  
Roll up lookin real clean in the drop and... nigga  
I ain't hit the bing or a cop since  
Dog tell ya whole team they cannot win  
Till they make some type of vaccine, I'm a problem  
I don't sleep when a soul got that wrong  
Even Vera Wang could get tapped on  
Clapped on, mashed on like MO  
My MO was Rambo, AMMO  
Got money now so there's marble on the handle  
All wax so let's beef with no candle  
Dismantle clips... BAM  
Got some shit ya man won't withstand  
I make the hood like VIP  
Now you can't even get in without a wristband  
I'm just bland... learn when you walk witcha head up  
high  
The shit hits the fan then  
Bread gamblin, grand tamperin  
In two bars I send ya man scrambling  
Now how it feel to throw punches and can't land em  
Or be powerless while you can't stand em  
And treat comp like Richard Simmons behind closed  
doors  
The boys'll man handle em  
Be outpaced till you out the race  
If you worried about ya face, about face... nigga  
Cause if you ain't all about ya pace  
Then nigga you a transgender... all outta place

When I face off picture a thug missin his bud  
Any particular stick in the mud could get hit with a skud  
missile  
Till he's drippin ridiculous blood  
If you rather stick to the fist and the gloves  
Then you getting hit up, more than the prettiest bitch in  
the club  
Nigga I'm itchin to bug, itchin like a syphilis dick  
Itchin like the skin of a bitch addicted to drugs  
Just to hit you with slugs  
I did it because I wanted to  
Shoot you in the back of the head right in front of you  
That's what the gun'll do

All I do is son old niggas on the W  
All I do is make all new comers come a new  
I ain't lyin sir  
You ain't gotta watch Tim Duncan dunk to see a flyin  
spur  
Bentley boy, no it's not H to the Izzo  
But I push buttons like Jay shoulda did Joe  
Peoples choice the voice of my time  
With Royce Da 5'9", we boys at night shine  
I let Joell poison my mind  
Grab a silencer and kill ya'll noise with my nine  
As far as the balls that get tossed in the hoop  
Peers from Boston explain how often I shoot  
I'm a Molotov cross with a nuke  
See I swallow liquor bottles till they hollow then I crawl  
in the booth  
I'm the truth, polygraph crooked  
Prolly have a cardiac heart attack when I autograph...  
bullets  
More caskets  
Put so much bread on ya head when my gunners are  
done man they owe taxes  
Bow legged, knock kneed, wanna regular shoot  
And you supposed to be steppin to who?  
Tell em all Crooked came for war  
The best ever on the west unless ya last name Shakur

Just be easy buddy relax  
Please don't have me bloody my ax  
Or revin my chainsaw  
To sever ya brain off  
With no concentration I'm better than Adolf  
Never been laid off, forever put in work  
As peepz and skeetz, I fucked every bitch that said I  
was a jerk  
It's like you cuter when you were maneuver  
Got every dot com in my palm and I don't know how to  
work computers  
Ya it's true Slaughterhouse I know you heard the  
rumors  
That's new but ole two ways verse was ruder  
Than you worthless losers  
So we formed a four alien alliance  
Just dyin' to earth intruders  
Every bodies a president, bunch a Herbert Hoovers  
If what I said had legs it could burn a cougar  
Speakin a burn, I'm hip hop 60s shots of Henney on the  
rocks  
And eggnog with a squirt of Khalua  
Can't lie mad fun bein zone  
My flow straight yours slant like gumby's dome

Lotta guys don't want me on,  
But as long as I get in the spot with my fists my gun be  
home  
I will beat you dudes like it's no remorse  
In a audience a Joes, I just fold my arms  
I'm so disappointed in you new rap guys  
I'm like no come on how'd he do that why?  
Oh no diggidy do that tho  
I'm MC so and so where's my ringtone tho  
See that ain't gonna cut it long as I'm around  
That goes for every person place or thing that  
describes a noun  
It's J-O-E double what I never did  
Whoever feel they could give me my first, when they  
set a date  
I'll be there like a young Mike Jack  
Hip hop prayed and God gave Pun right back

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