

Slaughter

"Sucka MC's"

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[Intro]

Sometimes you gotta wonder
Maybe it's the competitive nature of the game
The story kills them

[Verse 1: Freeway]

This is the way the story goes, when you in it for the
dough
And you swinging for the fence, close friends'll turn to
foes
Act just like hoes, want you to get the dinner for 'em
Niggas trying to slow; walk me but I been up on 'em
Partly cause part of me got love for 'em
But a part of me got a slug for 'em
It's hard for me, he was there from the start of me
Shared gear, see part of me still cares
But part of me feels, he 'bout to try to come to my
house to slaughter me
Wait 'til I hit the balcony, then Dr. Martin me
This heart full of larceny, they think I'm the dollar tree
Since I'm the nigga with the weight and they ain't
They're like P90X trying to make me lose calories
State Prop chain-gang maintain salary
Freezer sends his goons through hourly, devouring
It's just the Philly in me
Word to Joey crack, jealous ones envy, sucka MC's
Fuck haters, get cheese

[Hook x2]

I can see my friends
Turn green with envy
(Jealous ones envy, sucka MC's
Fuck haters, get cheese)

[Verse 2: Royce Da 5'9"]

I said, with friends like these, who needs enemies
Inside this evil industry, where the green breeds
greed, envy, and schemes
Of being easy, dreams of seeing me up under
guillotines
But the desert eagle I'm bringing with me can be it's

wings
It's supposed to be 'bout respect
Your boys will catch you spend some of your dough
and then they'll count the rest
And bounce before you can bounce a check
He not jealous, he just wants you to split whatever you
get with him
And all that he sees is all that you bought and it sticks
with him
The snake in the grass from the garden of Eden, it bit
him
The first recorded sin, for 4 to 10 to 25 to life
I can quote stories of lead from the top of my head like
I don't write
Drunk and high on life, I learned to back up my own
hype
When I had to steal back my own bike, pastor's on me
like "pass the collection plates" of white on rice
God fearing, my only flaw's my giving heart
It's not conducive to being frugal and living smart
Maybe I'll die dumb
Leaving behind a beautiful corpse known for my hand
on my balls like Cy Young
Eyes numb from constantly staying open
And constantly being haunted by promises they broken
We supposed to get money

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3: Crooked I]

The bottom of a vodka bottle describes my drink
behavior
You're far from biblical scriptures if you're thinking a
drink can save ya
What happens when your semen donor leaves the
streets to raise ya?
You raise your heat, ready to go HAM like Lincoln Abra
Eh bruh, I know this stripper
Who was talking to this nigga, who was talking while he
tipped her
Bout to zippers, he be flipping to get them chippers
He told her about his stash, slip of the tongue off the
liquor
Yeah I used to dick her, now I call her my play sister
Yeah, we can trust her, we can bust in on that buster
while he's with her
With a ski mask, gloves and snubs doing it like a crook
should
Slapped the bitch up a couple of times to make it look
good
He said, "Damn, Crooked, you frozen cold"

When I'm broke, these are the types of thoughts that
overload my dome
When I'm alone I done dirt that I never ever even told a
soul
But my soul knows Ortiz, I need to slow my role

[Verse 4: Joell Ortiz]

You little suckers, mu'fucka
I put a verse from everyone of you dud busters 'n
Fuddruckers
Got swinging but going nowhere; mud putters
Walking 'round all sour you little bud puffers
I'm done dudda, shottas, poppa
I let the gun stutter, clap that booty, niggas, I'll gun butt
ya
One mother, no father, no sisters, no brother
Couple cousins, why bother, I'm one of one plus, uh
Who gives a fuck about the next man, my jet land
Your face all blue, orange, you're mad like a Mets fan
I'm Brooklyn, like the Atlantic Ave. Nets and
I run with wildcats like the next season's Jet plans
Feel the fire like Rex-man
You make one half of Smith & Wesson sign to Russell,
you're tech jam
This is rusty ain't been popped in forever
My Glock sever your top better not diddy bop through
my block in your lever
Pussy

[Hook]

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