

## Slaughter

### "The Illest"

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[Joell Ortiz]

Rusty 9 gettin' gully on the roof  
This so rough, I left my skully on in the booth  
I drag my tin boots through the gutter with the troops  
Gotta fire at you while you with your mother on the  
stoop  
Aint nothing nice, filling 5 cent cups with ice  
Ass crack stuffed with the stuff that the custie's like  
My flow inspired by po-po ridin' by  
Cause lil Jojo let the fo' fo' iron fly  
So expect nothing but heat from me  
When the beat ugly, I sour dollar spit  
Aint nothing sweet money  
So whoever say Ortiz hungry is lying  
I'm starving, I'm famine, man I act like I never eat  
sonny  
I keep ya head noddin', when the bass pumpin'  
And you can hate cousin, but don't say something  
And no face muggin', I'm S-H-A-D-Y  
Slaughterhouse all day

[Biggie]

Lyricaly I'm untouchable, uncrushable  
Ask your friends, who's the illest?  
Lyricaly I'm untouchable, uncrushable  
Ask your friends, who's the illest?

[Crooked I]

Yeah, rap is in danger, Crooked I was born in a  
California manger  
God of the West coast, know the flow nice when you're  
signed to Shady Aftermath  
And used to be on Death Row.  
What am I, gun in eye, sing you a lullaby  
Nullify your skull in 5 seconds by putting a slug inside  
Run and hide, I'm on some money goon shit  
Married to the streets, honeymoon shit  
Yeah, f-ck a bride  
I'm 'bout to go Van Gogh and I have to reach for  
slavery guns  
That mean I draw a masterpiece

I spit bars quick as a spliff sparks  
Writtens'll kick start, split you in 6 parts  
Which part if I'm the shit and you a skid mark did you  
not get?  
Put you in a ditch when it's pitch dark  
Make your bitch suck my dick, clark?  
That's what you get, heard that you a snitch  
Now get that tattoo that say life, cause you a bitch

[Biggie]

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[Joe Budden]

Joey,  
I left the mask on, bury something, no disguise  
It couldnt get more official if it was notarized  
I want the pen on the jeweler for you to know what's fly  
Top of the chain of command if I'm playing my game  
I better not override, who think they over I  
Hoping it vocalise, this aint even a group  
Just one real nigga multiplied  
Listen in brutally if you tryna get fast  
I put my life on it like it was mast  
Better pray that this vicodin last  
If not rappers are in danger  
Niggas is in a box, I'm tired of rappers in a Wrangler  
Will clap and rearrange ya, but I hate to make my  
pyschiatrist right  
And it's exactly what she said will happen with my  
anger  
You can't relate to it, how you gon' measure it, broke  
Can't treasure it, jokers just embezel it  
It's time to seperate the realness from the rhetoric  
I think one statement from B.I should settle this...

[Biggie]

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Ask your friends, who's the illest?  
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[Royce Da 5'9"]

I said I'm gunning for the muthaf-ckin' king like a  
historical terror shot  
I'm sittin' in a Hilton rich like Paris pops  
Spread money around the whole town like?  
Compare us not, I'm a terrible terrorist plot  
You the character carrot top, while I'm stomping on

barriers til my? stops  
Like a tricerotops when I'm done roaming this earth  
Bury my bones in Mariah or Carey's box  
Who you know answer with gun  
Shady's our home, we live with the GOAT like Julio from  
Sanford and Son  
Problem with a problem, got no love for my foes  
Ya'll just wearing red bottoms, I got blood on my sole  
We are dope we are postal, we not social  
On Twitter we block Oprah and Deepak Chopra  
Y'all niggas think ya'll f-cking with us cause people  
quote ya singles  
Yeah right, you making ya f-cking point with broken  
fingers  
My dreams fulfilled like this cup full of potent tequila  
And I'm bout to raise up and toast to dreamers

[Biggie]

Get your writing crew, get your writing crew  
And they dopest rhymes, I get up in that ass everytime  
Lyrically I'm untouchable, uncrushable  
Ask your friends, who's the illest?

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