

Slaughter

"Weight Scale"

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[Verse 1: Royce da 5'9"]

(Today's agenda) riding with them sodomy sisters
Pistol on hip, hip to your pistol
The day I bow down to a bitch will be the day I throw a
bottle at Rihanna inside of a strip club
Leave the booth just to leave a tooth floating around
inside of your pimp cup
What goes around comes around in the form of karma
Nah, that's probably just me riding around your town in
a Fisker
Penning a rhyme equivalent to a winning lottery ticket
Uh, fresh of that weight scale, living a crooked heaven
on Earth
Giving them straight hell
Kick in the door of them awards, wondering where are
we sitting
Niggas with tight jeans looking like where are they
fitting
Beware of they writtens
It's parallel to an Arab sitting in the terrorist cockpit
heading for hell's kitchen
I talk greasier than Harold's Chicken
Don't cross me I leave scales tipping
I'm coming (fresh off that weight scale, fresh off that
weight scale
Fresh off that, fresh off that, fresh off that weight
scale)

My bitch curvy as a Persian virgin's features
She here to serve me, she here to disturb the reaper
I keep bank, speak frankless, word to Ariza
I'm fly as a bird and high as the Burj Khalifa
I ride with kings, y'all ride with fiends
You fraudulent niggas remind me of a ponzi scheme
One of y'all niggas was probably cool in school
The rest of y'all niggas was clowns, we should call you
the Fonzi team
I'm hate-prone
Niggas listen like ain't this about a bitch like it's a Drake
song 'cause my cake long
So stay strong 'cause your bitch giving me cheekbone

Like Grace Jones using my dick like a payphone
But she ain't getting the call back
She getting the ball sack, hitting the jaw just where we
parked at
Quick as a car jack, I ain't tryna be funny
I'm tryna be missionary lying on top of my money
I'm coming (fresh off that weight scale)

[Verse 2: Crooked I]

(Today's agenda) what the fuck would I stop for
Knowing I need more guap stored in my sock drawer
They want an encore when the flow is at mach four
King of the jungle no lying, I let the Glock roar
And this bulletproof vest is irrelevant
I'm telling them look at your melon, I'm nailing a shell
in it
And the shell is moving right through your melon into
your skeleton
Then the felon is belling the same pitch the fella was
yelling and
Police sirens respond to heat firing, I'ma keep firing
I'ma flee, I'ma be quiet, I'm a G, I'm a beat tyrant
From Long Beach and I'm East Side
I oughta, bury you artists like an artifact
Serious as a heart attack, Dodger hat, slaughter tats
Roger that, all the rap, that's me
Can't believe Ice never thought of that, who the fuck
brought it back
(Fresh off that weight scale, fresh off that weight scale
Fresh off that, fresh off that, fresh off that weight
scale)
Fresh off that weight scale
I guess I'm Canibus and Kool Moe Dee, 'cause it's hard
for me to take L's
I'm tryna make more cake than a bake sale
Tell the jakes I'ma make bail then escape 'cause I hate
jail
All these rappers saying they spitting hard raps
Before I buy that shit, show me the Barfax
I got a tongue like a sharp ax
I got a ton of rhymes flyer than anything launching off
tarmacs
This is how real it is
When I ghostwrite for niggas, I'm speaking through
them, I'm really just a ventriloquist
A iller lyricst, a hint of ignorance
A pinch of militant, a perfect description of what this
nigga is
Pull out a scale and weigh CDs
Then distribute it to the fans 'til they need me
I'm a drug dealer so put out an APB

The same shit that gave these 80s babies ADD

[Verse 3: Joell Oritz]

(Today's agenda) pyrex sit in the kitchen feeling your
eye sweat
Gripping your wrist and watching that pie stretch
Pitching to different niggas for figures, never slipping
5-0 tripping, I dip on them through the projects
Dope boy mindset, gotta get this money
Apply the same grind to this rhyme shit
? pick a pad, pick a pen, pick a track
Pick a flow, I pick it apart like a locksmith digging in his
nose
Sit in the park with the Dre's on, ? gone, heavy to eight
long
Put brains on pre-K, the shell is a crayon
Man I'm just tryna write, please leave me alone
'Cause I ain't tryna fight, I'm a different Iron Mike
Bite your ear with a syllable, lay a hook that'll finish you
Throwing jabs at you little dudes, my opponents get rid
of you
Hit my corner and listen to Eminem, Crook and Nickel
While Joey fucking the ring girl and this fight is
unfixable, uh
You rocking with a BQE boy
[That BB, QZQs and BB Kings with D-boy?]
Today's agenda, flame contenders
And have they dame giving brain to they favorite
member, yaowa
(Fresh off that weight scale)

[Verse 4: Joe Budden]

(Today's agenda) diary of a mad man
Machete Joe? here I am
Ain't gotta lie, what you see is what you get, ain't
nothing modified
Me, I give them the same song, go check with Spotify
Don't get the context wrong, I'm the same G
Spending old money, y'all swear it was the same G
Yea these model hoes cute and entertain me
And though I let them go to the head, they never
change me
Far from innocent
Your favorite rapper got a head nod before he
approached and check my temperament
I wake sleepy hollow, should of done a CT scan
Go to Colorado right now and watch Batman
So my dad think I'm styling, how when
I'm everything he'd be if these new drugs was out then
I owe it to holmes, rolling stone
But how I wouldn't let a stone roll, wonder why I'm

stone cold
Problem child to aggravated adult
Got bad cards but I ain't blaming my hand, it's logic
I hate jewelry and authority the same
So how the fuck you think I feel about a chain of
command, I'm saying
I tell you how you different from I
You always hugging the block, I kiss it goodbye
Sober, my last drinking game started with truth or dare
And ended with me thinking a name
So y'all call it out of control, I'm confused when
To think that you in something to me is the illusion
There's your answer, [verbal smash cancer?]
Now the strip club is a basement, I just came in with
some dancers
House gang, the clan made it
Used to be scared of?, thought the klan made it
Joey the fan favorite
Love then hate it both 'cause I can't fake it
And if I did I would never tell
I said that all wrong, y'all would never tell
I keep the mindfuck tucked for the jezebel
Even if they help make it shit would never fail

Biatch!

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