

## Slaughter

### "Ya Talkin'"

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Slaughterhouse  
Drama  
Slaughterhouse

Some niggas talk that real shit  
Others acute it  
Some niggas get real brag and go just with it  
Others they just go where they go  
Where they go, it go, know what I mean?  
You don't even acknowledge that shit is as dead nigga  
I ain't got more to say about it  
My voice does

These niggas actin' like I've reached my prime  
They keep yappin', lemme speak my mind  
When y'all keep talkin' I try to stay calm  
Thinkin' how could you let a few negative communists  
make you perspire by  
Your armpits  
When you got your idle right by your arm shit  
And you're only surrounded by monsters  
Getting harnet just for sellin' Benny what I've  
accomplished  
And your chick's still got my dick in the back of her  
mind right around by  
The time she's with you  
For those who try to run greatness, today is your  
bedtime  
Before I spuke whack cooks and dead lines  
I would do fair time  
And give me time to rap over your deadline  
If it doesn't happen, it doesn't happen  
Fuck it, I've been bubblin' from thuggin' and rappin'  
Capturin', publishin', travellin' through the  
underground quietly  
Under their noses like Tublin and Chaplin  
You new school shooters, you're nothing  
I'm from the old school like mullin' and packs  
And you're bugged out till you bug an assassin  
I'm dead accurate, run into me, I'm a led accident  
Pardon my birddog threads if I don't appear passionate

They hear that last shit and think that I'm here for  
fashion  
Till I take off my glasses and hat and that shirt  
When they fuck the whole goddamn earth  
I'm bare back in it  
I rev and listen to the sound  
Spittin' 13 shells till they hear clowns talkin', first  
week's sale  
They don't know what they're talkin' 'bout  
The writers inside the Slaughterhouse  
The liars decided to walk it out  
Long as we real we know that the fake won't employ us  
We believe in fate though the fate won't destroy us  
In muddy waters as long as satan tongue is avoided  
We don't give a fuck if pitchfork don't support us  
They say that problem marshal probably restored order  
Why they rolling over a dollar looking for change?  
Now I'm here and I'm providing them full of quarters  
Courtesy of my boy Porter  
As I'm submerged in this coy sporter  
Probably ridin' around with a bird in boy shorts  
Swervin' in a Panamera 4 door Porsche  
Pressin' the pedal to the medal to let it breathe  
I fuck her and tell her we can never be and she should  
let it be  
Drop her off wherever and drive home to the nag and  
his bitch ever tell 'er  
She the queen?  
And I would never leave and that's my life  
Hated and loved I'm like when reality and lightning  
strikes at the same  
Damn time  
Cause I came from above it  
Me and this gun keep discussin'  
New rules have changed but fuck it with discussion  
Just hang in the budget  
Me and insane completely the same  
My brains just retains genius things  
Even though my memory suck all I remember to do is  
get fuck this up  
You just bang my enemies up  
Something like that, I can't remember, dang  
I came from pennies to up, form denies to dealin' with  
puff  
Like fuck denies I'm famous  
I'm payin' my dues by payin' for shoes  
And crucks for my cause, that's what I do  
Huh I've got to count cash to do math  
All I need to know it's if you're losin' you winnin'  
negative and winning's  
A plus

I'm the general of the tic tic team  
Which means your 15 minutes is up  
I'm sprinting and yea that does  
You're chasing us minds and you in it and I ain't got it  
Say who win it  
The only time I slowed down is when it where I turned  
around and said eat  
It my dust after I finish my cup  
You rap new jacks, who rap?  
You can do like pookie from new Jackie  
Go to the other side after you finished my dust  
You burnt up by the other side like pookie  
You'll end up another actor that died because he lied  
Now it resides inside of an urn for tryna earn trust  
I earned it because I don't trust nothing but my gun and  
my gut  
This is how I'm cut  
Rich enough to cut one of you little bittie bitin' ass  
niggas in  
You'll be rich from just getting the little bittie bit of my  
cut  
My bitch fly bruh  
I'm hovin' over while I'm fuckin' over you  
I'm holdin' her thighs up  
Tell your homies and friends that I'm fuckin the friendly  
skies up  
Don't thinks this kid fish drivin' while I'm nuttin' out  
ignite  
If you're lyin' ridin' round and I'm getting it  
Like 2 Chainz, in order for you lames to hit me  
You gotta find me and bomb me like I'm Saddam  
Hussein

Never fuckin' doin' it, no  
We got it  
Niggas

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