

Slaughterhouse

"Back The Fuck Up"

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[Hook: Royce da 5'9"]

What the fuck are you looking for?
Can't a young nigga get money anymore?
Can y'all bums get funny anymore?
Can my life get sunny anymore?
Back the fuck back 'fore I fuck you up
Ay! Back the fuck back 'fore I fuck you up
You better back the fuck back 'fore I fuck you up
(Slaughterhouse!)

I came, I saw
I conquered, I'm a monster
Back the fuck back 'fore I fuck you up
You better back the fuck back 'fore I fuck you up

[Verse One: Royce da 5'9"]

Feeling like the greatest, Motor City's finest
My crew looking Jamaican, I'm rolling with the grinders
They calling me Old Head, but so what the [cards?]
young
I set the bar with the bars even though I'm bar none
Hot car, top's off, hot broad, rockstar
Watch not flawed, tell y'all to watch dogs knock it off
I'm too pretty to fight, this gonna end fast
My clip long as Sinbad's when it's on its tenth blast
Fuck y'all radio play, fuck y'all radio stations
Long as I'm paid, my lady built like a long-legged alien
If it all ended today
I can honestly say I performed and recorded with the
greatest
Word on The Chronic to Dre
Now I'm as polished as Obama wiping down a diamond
With the ass of Diamond from Crime Mob
After she's had a shiny Armani hind-job
I'ma be straight
And you can pick a rapper, any rapper, and line up the
date
I'm in a zone where the fuck is the ref with the whistle
Don't gotta impress you, I just diss you
The press pretzels the issue
My homie Joey showed me the net

And I went and got me a gross net fiscal
I'll stretch you like the tek is a Bowflex pistol
So don't bet
You would prefer me to be coming with you like phone
sex
With a sexy electrician whose next mission
Is to cut your buzz off if you don't rap right
I ain't wrapped tight but I'm just that gift
Crack piff, mac spit, Cadillac flips
We can match whips, battle rap dick
I'd rather have an actress on my mattress
Who givin me brain so long she don't know jack shit
But how to do that dick
??? confidence of a fat chick
Caught onto fashion from catchin bodies at Saks and
Fifth
I came, saw, and I conquered, pig gang
Yall talkin I'm chainsawin ya tonsils

[Hook]

[Verse Two: Joell Ortiz]

Out for lunch with my accountant
Back the fuck back down to Chase doin countin
My bitch back the fuck back it up when I'm poundin
Yall funny style watching Broke-the-fuck-back-Mountain
Yall tuned into the Slaughters, the group fathers hate
Cuz we move in on their daughters, with shit news
reporters
Holding they hand when they tryna get interviews in
order
That's a chico stick mami, come chew me I'm a quarter
Of the House Gang, call it the crib mami
These niggas runnin tryna get in our seat, a bunch of
Mitt Romneys
But I stand at the podium with the fifth by me
Screamin out "Yes we can open yo shit Papi"
I rap well so I'm a bit cocky
From Maxwell blank tapes with the tissue in it to disc
copies
To downloads in one click I'll be
Still rhymin when music is telepathic you can come sit
by me
I'll stare at you with the rawest thoughts
CNN? Yall think news, CNN? I think War Report
I say "Big L," you say "weed", I say Harlem's boss
A legend I'm reppin for him and all that my sport has
lost
Hip-Hop ain't just a way of life
It's all I know, it's what fill up my kid's cutty/Cudi "day
and night"

When it got soft, yall conformed, man I stand to fight
Y'all went bathin apes I went ape in my favorite Nikes
Back the fuck back bredren
I brought it back when rap was defective
Please don't ask me no questions
Friend or foe, speak quick
Or I'll put this foot back the fuck back where you leak
shit

[Hook]

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