

Slaughterhouse "Cuckoo"

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Royce da 5'9" Verse:

My triggers is stupid, you thugs is funny
My guns be, goin "eh" for the love of money
Dumb, fabulous rhymer give you luger lasagna
Hula hoop, hold ya, i'll put your noodles behind ya
Take your takeaway - show up before you perform
Hit you in the knee with a bat and tell you to break a leg
(hee-hee) i got the kris kross laugh
A very angry future, a pissed-off past
fuck hip-hop, i target it
I will diss joe budden then diss, every legend that
started it
I'm, cuckooooooooooooo!
I don't need a hook for this one
They say i'm kin to sinnin, yeah, i'm drama's twin
That's right, i'm vicodin writin with a klonopin
I love stanky hoes - i got a thang
For keyshia cole momma man that show, should be
"the frankie show"
I think i need to get some motherfuckin sleep
Every strand of hair on my balls is a bloodsuckin leech
I be 'urlin while you hear - take your index finger
Point it at your head and then twirl it 'round your ear
I'm, cuckooooooooooooo!
Ha ha, i don't need a hook for this one!

Joell Ortiz's Verse:

Nope! mr. yowwa, yup, 'bout to go meat fishin
And catch me a crevice, i'm back on the asscheek
mission
fuck these petite women, i want me a sloppy hoe
That pussy smell like talapio, call me sloppy joe
I dig your eyes out, watch me though
This is bullshit! all the coke don't fit, i need a scottie
nose
A can of beef raviolis, {?} a lid
If i don't get it can cop me yo, and they ain't get a vid
I'm what, cuckooooooooooooo!
I don't need a hook for this one
The bitches just bitchin and the thugs is thuggin
The insects is actin like me, and me i'm buggin
I hang jump from the sidewalk, hop over the

everglades

Tight-rope walk the equator with broken roller blades
See you shruggin our pizza oven, your shoulder blades
And, throw grenades at your nana's bingo parade
Anybody see my anthrax?

I'ma pour it on my hands, crawl to japan and give my
man dap

I'm cuckoooooooooooooo!

I don't need a hook for this one

Crooked I's Verse:

just look at the show we did last

nigga came out in a dickie suit and a pig mask

robbed a fan and left his pockets on slim fast

just co-operate and save that hero shit for gym class

you gettin smart alecky with the best,

till i cut you up and make a art gallery with ya flesh

challenge me on the west, i put a dodge challenger car

battery in ya chest

the son of david koresh i'm, CUCKOOOOOOOOO!

i dont need a hook for this one

nigga ask what sicker raps emergin

cursin in church then walkin out back to wax a virgin

murkin a track, killin every feature like im a drunk

plastic surgeon

certainly dirty past detergent

i could get sick as ozzy, sick as a faggot fucking the
dead body of liberaci

nigga watch me!

if you cross me, heres how your life story would begin

once upon a time.... THE END!

CUCKOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

i dont need a hook for this one

Joey's Verse:

i wana fuck bitches get money all yall do to them is
spoil them

no rubber wrap it up in aluminum foil

they tell me im buggin got rappers heads in the oven

screamin jerzy and im usin this for stuffin in my turkey

bumpin red jam, with a prositutes leg in the air jerkin

me off

now thats what i call a handstand

body parts in the freezer, what you use for a fever

multiply four million, how im feelin for my leisure

im'a CUCKOOOOOOOOO! i dont need a hook for this one

i'm weird im into voodoo, you know how dude do,

towel on the bed, fuck while she bloody and call it soo

woo

millionaire sayin lend me a thou when the semi is out,

dumpin a bed for sittin indian style, check it

im on fire try and make the devil proud of me

sleepin in gasoline incase a nigga got it out for me
hang my baby mother off a 30 foot balcony
then look over the body like bitch shouldn't have
doubted me
i'm CUCKOOOOOOOOOOO! i dont need a hook for this
one

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