

Slaughterhouse

"Furiously Dangerous"

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[Verse 1: Ludacris]

Death by lyrical injection
I kill you rappers
A lot of green with a yellow complexion
Women call me the Green Bay packer
I pack the zero's
Meaning mucho deniro
So paid, rappers is waitin' on trades and they all get
Knicked like Melo
Hello, LUDA!
Tell theses other boys double up
'Cause I got some work all on my waist but I call it a
tummy tuck
My every records jumpin', or playin' double dutch
I shit on rappers every verse just got the bubble guts

[Verse 2: Joe Budden]

Let me tell this to the people not understandin' my
moxy
Animal, watch me
if you think it's tangible, stop me
But then I hit 'em with a flow, that they can't even copy
See, we don't play that
Where I'm from it's like fantasy hockey
Sup with the dog, thugs want a war
Bad GM, what you want to trade slugs with him for?
While you cuffin 'em all, I'm stuffin the drawer
Then leave em for you to rebound Kevin Love on the
boards
Dog, you and your skill are far apart from of our squad
I put you on a crash course in a smart car
Always speeding not relying on the brake pad
In a car you should only drive on the race track
So the lines bout your feelings and the Maybach
Are ghost tails about the Phantoms, face facts
you ruin hip hop, slaughterhouse the payback
In the shape of a tatt, you done faded to black
GO...

[Verse 3 - Royce da 5'9"]

I went from eating Top Ramen to being top rhymer

Check full of commas
No regrets except for the drama
I remember a time when my only perfection was my
momma
My mind on my long erection
Now it's time ya bow down to the rectum monu-
ment in my honor cause bitch I'm bonker, plural
In a whip with my Ivanka, pompous girls
She on E, feeling on me, singing on key

While I'm bumping We Are The World
Got her sniffin Britney, no he didn't did he
"We run this town"
No we int diddy
I feel like tintin the glass,
You take a sip with me
She from the city of Jackson
I call her Mississippi, that was pretty witty
Ya man like a black man tryna get re-elected
He aint get it, did he?

[Joell Ortiz]
Sticking it to the pedal
Pedal to the floor
Just whippin' it through the ghetto
Metal in the door, case I gotta throw some lead into ya,
boy
Referee mind state, I'm settling the score
I don't know what ya'll hating for
Wait, wait, know what, matter fact
I don't know what you're waiting for
I aint finna say nothing, turn the bass up more til the
speakers pop
I get a kick outta that, like a sneakers spot
See I was a little kid with his thumbs in his ears
and his tongue in the air going na-na-na-nah-naaar
Just when you think it stop na-na-na-nah-naaar
Everything I speak is hot
But bont be mad at least everything you speak is...
I can't think of nothing nice to say, you're not nice okay

[Crooked I]
Rapper, hustler, entrepreneur
My shit fly like I'm launching manure
Lord of the underground, God of the sewer
On Hennessy black, on con to the jure
Yeah I'm off the block
This aint work, homie, I'm off the clock
I'm a syllable, Hannibal, killer cannibal
With a mechanical mandible to deliver the flammable
Ammo, lyrical animal off the top

Rep that West till I walk with Pac
We the 2.0 Boys, Tiz, Crooked, Joe, Royce
New ghost Rolls Royce, pulled off the lot
Cock me, the only way you can stop me
I'm top seed, I pop green at mach speed
So watch me, if you haven't seen the phenomenon
I spit fast as Lamborghini's in Ramadan

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