

## Slaughterhouse "Hammerdance"

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[Verse 1: Joell Ortiz]

My real name, my rap shit  
No made up nigga, I'm straight up, nigga  
Still in the projects where I came up, nigga  
On a scaffold doing ten sets of ten, getting my weight  
up, nigga  
I'm no shooter, but my shooters I'll have your  
brain exposed  
But I'll shoot five in a second, homie, and break  
your nose  
Talking past, I'm dead ass, I was living  
Life fast with my pistol in the grass  
Digging in my ass tryna finish up the last  
So I can sit it in a stash  
Old E. sweat dripping from the bag  
Milk crates sitting on the ave  
While I'm looking left and right for the niggas with  
the badge  
My mom's dishes really had crack on 'em  
12 12s and I kept that shit packed for 'em, yeah they  
came back for 'em  
I can paint it so vivid cause I really lived it  
If rap fail, I stack bail, and show you how to get it!

[Hook: Royce da 5'9"]

I'm in the club, bottle in my hand doing my two step  
While I got my gun in my pants, call it the hammer  
dance  
Bitches dancing on a nigga when they feel the gun  
I tell 'em we're doing the hammer dance  
Two steppin' with my weapon on me  
You good? I'm just checking, homie  
Fam-a-lam, you don't stand a chance  
While I got this gun in my pants doing my hammer  
dance

[Verse 2: Crooked I]

In these LA times, I wake up on one  
House slippers and coffee, I know the paper gon' come  
I drop shit that make the gangstas go dumb  
Keep a bad bitch naked like my waist with no gun  
I'm for real, how are you?  
Got street power, from the Watts Towers to Howard U

How would you become me? I don't do what you  
cowards do  
Flip a thousand pounds of that sour dies in a hour,  
dude  
I'm out my muh fuckin' mind  
Fuck a punchline, salute my muh fuckin' grind  
Ditching feds on the regular, they're trying to catch  
a predator  
Not the Chris Hansen type, but the Danny Glover kind  
I'm a killer, everybody know I body your audio  
When a shotty blow, say goodbye to your barrio, you  
maricon  
You don't think that I'm about this  
Ice grill, nigga, put your money where your mouth is  
[Hook]  
[Verse 3: Joe Budden]  
My real name, my rap shit  
Fuck with Chase, but the real bank is the mattress  
Money ain't new to me, been getting G-stacks  
Since Smoove B took his shawty back from rehab  
Knife work with me, but the chrome is extra  
Case I'm in the same taxi as the bone collector  
Y'all rappin' 'bout models, I get hounded by  
'em  
Not a killer at all, I'm just surrounded by 'em  
Just a real nigga, straight from my mother's  
stomach  
Ain't enough cloth for all of us to be cut from it  
Not decided by who toast led  
Cause all of us would be angels for Pujols' bread  
Lot of hostility, hollering is killing me  
Screaming "Over my dead body, like it's not  
a possibility  
On my Jers' bullshit, never mind me  
But if it's ever problems, niggas know where to find  
me  
[Hook]

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