

Slaughterhouse

"House Gang"

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[Hook]

Me and you, we coming, your mama and and your
cousin too

And we rappin cause we know with you
We coming, we coming for
Know what we do, why we do, how we do it

I said the kids to dog, everybody dying, no lying
Living the life of a serpent
My enemies said some shit, Im rolling up in the viper
The wiping is perfect, wipe of this person
Come out your house
This is offense of my legit to get a blind defense
This reminds me that yo, we checking consequence
Everyone enjoy their day
I sound calmer than my mind, Im hunting you down
Like you tryina climb the fence
Split your spleen while you with your queen
Fuck the mood of the room I like it aint no fiend
Obama take away my right to bear arms
Im putting a sweater around the uzzi and walking
around
With it like its my toy dog
Your boy bark like augment, augmentation takes place
Often that they face off
You calling me sober so I save the shit
I done drink so much I dont even know what being
famous is
The difference between adidas and the ailist bitch
All I know is that Im a heart skipping a sniff away
From doing a play to taylor swift
That will be the day you haters wish
That day Im standing a bet that podium at that gramy
show
Dressed up like the dream living a nightmare
Or zannys coke, handling more that I can throw
The shoulders of an addict
Im Michael Jackson, Whitney Houston wrapped up in a
plastic package
My only true concern is what am I gonna do after rappin
Maybe Ill clap your ass and just do life, before I break

into this new knife
All I wanted to do was rappidy, rappidy, rappidy,
rappidy, rap
Thats what Im good for, now, its that nigga that asked
you
Why you in my hood for?
You know them good folks, thats your cousin
Oh your aunt live in that building
Well then your uncle should have told you
Dont wear no gold like you just chilling
Now Im gonna need that chain you wearing
No hard feelings, since I know the people you said you
cant fold to
Wont be no killing
Though Im willing to leave you spillin
Like oil when it fuck up drillin
Im no villain, Im just playing the hand I was dealt
Aint none of us out here did the dealing
We all grew up in a full house, we were a boatload of
children
Straighten the project, faces flush, just finish stealing
This aint no poker face boy, you know bluffin
All that huffin and puffin, for what, you giving up
something
He would get life, on that ice, should have tucked in
Now see back in the days, dealo was a trapper
Scribbling the rap ups in my trapper
Keep up dont keep ah, calling me the same rapper
Imc, get it right, jack Dempsey with the right
Mayweather with the left, packi hour, say goodnight
You dont wanna box me papi, your footwork sloppy
I knock anybody out, that aint no punchline
Man Im like rocky, Im a quarter of the slaughter
...you know the aura

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Know what we do, why we do, how we do it

My gold levels be equal to base seagull
Shooting out of a moving vehicle from the seat of a
jeep eagle
Then Im switching the jeep eagle ditching it for a cheap
rigo
Come back with a street sweeper and continue to sleep
people
When I squeeze lethal shots you meet evil
Drop the street sweeper cope the d eagle

Pop your sea regull
Hemisphere, the end is near, nigga the menace here
Bitches asking me if hem is here
Shit he probably playing tennis in his leer
Rocking the diamond worth the city of venice in his ear
While Im getting more chin than
Hold on that shit is weird
I was gonna say getting more chin than a nigga tryina
enter the guinness with his beard
Shady records getting the ladies naked using baby
effort
While you niggas inviting hoes to your crib
Knowing your spot is smaller than those on a baby
leopard
Get on my level, maybe never, crazy Mercedes, navy
leather seats leaning
The streets fiending, to find somebody who know
about
Putting they own family on, you have to meet kimmy.

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