

## **Slaughterhouse "Killaz"**

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I'm not afraid of the storm, no  
It seems like you're slipping away  
I'm not afraid of the storm, no  
I'm not afraid of the storm

You fuckin' with a killa  
(I love you, baby)  
You fuckin' with a killa  
(You're so sexy)  
You fuckin' with a killa  
Lyrical, serial, evil or killa

Uhh, I'm in love with this pep  
Switch a nigga up, put a thug in a dress  
Chop a nigga head off, pick his head up  
Turn it upside down, drink his blood from his neck

Uhh, I fly across you with the Coupe now  
I'm fire, the fire marshal shut the booth down  
Uh, you fuckin' with a killa

Take your body, rape your body, dump it in the river  
Turn myself in then, beat the case for it then  
Turn around and put I really did it on my Twitter

Uhh, I'm a fucked up, nigga  
Pill poppin', everybody fucked up with us  
Me and Joey the cottonmouth kings  
(I love you, baby)  
What the fuck you talkin' 'bout? Sing

Uhh, uh, I'm fuckin' with a killa  
(So crazy)  
I'm fuckin' with a killa  
I'm fuckin' with a killa  
Lyrical, serial, evil or killa

First the clouds form, then they dark in the sky  
Then the heavens roar when a couple of them collide  
Then the most toxic rain landed on my  
Caesar then Jesus Christ, the storm arrive

6 foot somethin' made of Spanish descent  
What I write is fresh air like my hand's in a vent  
Y'all 'bout to be lost like you don't know where your  
manager went  
That's just a heads up 'cause none of y'all was plannin'  
a vic

I'm from the projects, Grey Goose, a crate on the  
bench  
Mike's Hard Lemonade'll get you amateurs bent  
Where I'm from they don't hesitate the cannon that  
spits  
Stand by the wrong man and watch your thoughts land  
on a fence

I'm the voice of the gutter where your boys serve your  
mother  
And the noise from a clucker puts your boy on a cover  
We annoy undercovers 'cause they never put on, we  
from the hood  
We don't snitch boy we weather the storm, we some  
killaz

You fuckin' with a killa  
(I love you, baby)  
You fuckin' with a killa  
(You're so sexy)  
You fuckin' with a killa  
Lyrical, serial, evil or killa

I'm comin' with flash just to blast your face mask  
Bullets flyin' faster than the NASA spacecraft  
Get half your face smashed by the click clack  
The impact's a passion of massive plane crash

The mic minister write literature, rhyme sinister  
Might injure, your nine endin' your life when it's the  
Prime miniature time witness the prime  
Innocent lives kissin' goodbye, picture the I, givin' a  
fuck

The truth walkin' just walked in the booth talkin'  
Too often I put a hot beat in a new coffin  
For instrumentals I dig a grave then drop so many bars  
Around you when you listen feel like you in a cage

Niggaz styles is sour, you makin' lemonade  
Take a thousand hours to write, our rhymes minute  
made  
Me, Joey and Joell leave you crippled  
Motherfuck five cents but we'll kill you over Nickel, we

some killaz

You fuckin' with a killa  
(I love you, baby)  
You fuckin' with a killa  
(You're so sexy)  
You fuckin' with a killa  
Lyrical, serial, evil or killa

I disagreed with my shadow when he got on Twitter  
(so I)  
Don't like bein' followed so I shot that nigga  
A known loner, that's backwards  
I'm a loner that's known to attempt to put a comber in a  
coma

You lookin' at the prime suspect, with enough stress  
If you can give a fluck then I can give fluck less  
Obsessed with who I struck next so I set it for  
Success when I spit 'cause the vic is my next metaphor

Self-destructive mixed with light lies  
If, you lookin' for psychotic, I got it or don't  
Maybe y'all are retarded, absurd  
And I observe while the whole world tries to act  
reserved

Need a Oscar, I'll put on an act that's superb  
Everybody relax, it's words, maybe it's not  
It's gotta be reasonable doubt but  
Reason don't come out my mouth, I let it come out of  
hers

I'm fuckin' with a killa  
I'm fuckin' with a killa  
I'm fuckin' with a killa  
I'm fuckin' with a killa

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