

Slaughterhouse "Microphone"

Visit "[Microphone](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The mic, the microphone
The mic, the microphone
The mic, the microphone
The mic, the microphone
The mic

Too many Indians and no chiefs
I pull out the pistol when I pull no piece
I'm the blueprint, I have your clothes
Lookin' like they was designed by bullet holes and shoe
prints

When I bless a joint, it's like Spock
Came up in the spot and grabbed the beat by the
pressure point
I got the voc in touch, I tell my bitch
I'm a give up drinkin' when she give her emotions up

Too many enemies and no killers
Too many that hate snitchin' but know squealers, I get
stacks
I blam hard with the click-clack, that Antarctica wrist
wrap
I spit crack for yard niggaz to get dope
Y'all gotta wait for the transporter to get back

So who's the illest? What you talkin 'bout?
Die Hard like you Bruce Willis when I shoot to kill it
Too many hood guys, not enough good guys
The way you say pussy in plural is puss-i

I don't be fuckin' around on that microphone
When I'm kickin' them flows on that microphone
The illest nigga that's holdin' that microphone
I put my heart and my soul in that microphone
I put it down on that microphone
Turn up the motherfuckin' sound on that microphone

But turn it down if you weak on that microphone
Lame niggaz shouldn't speak on that microphone
My ultrasounds show me holdin' a microphone
That's on my momma, I was born with a microphone

Groupies love Crooked I on the microphone
Like James Brown I'm a die on the microphone
Too many rappers need to leave this mic alone
They on the same bullshit that Mike was on

You're lookin' at the unseen, missin' and to the
unheard
I kill your career with one word Slaughterhouse
You're verbally flirtin' with murder, you got some nerve
I lift your skirt like a young perv knock 'em out

We the mob, homie who need a job?
Plus I'm so fly tell Derek Fisher I need a lob
Too many in this industry I need to rob
And if eatin' niggaz made you obese, I be The Blob

Fuck props, nigga this a different conquest
Listen this hear me spittin' think it's a pissing contest
I'm in it for power, if cowards try to stop me
They better off usin' a fishin' pole to reel in the Lock
Ness

Yes, I got a barrel that'll spot wussies
If you are what you eat, how come I'm not pussy?
You lil' niggaz better come off that microphone
I'm educated but I'm dumb on that microphone

Don't even bother, you'll be done on that microphone
I turn a father to a son on that microphone
I'm a revolver in the slum on that microphone
And tell his R's I don't need no microphone

Too many critics tend to be silly
Too many frogs go rabbit but never leave lilies
I get it poppin' like a ineen milli
Now I'm havin' a whale of a good time, I'm a Free Willy

Y'all lip singers take a pic, click, cheese really
Fans, who their man, I'm they quick pick easily
None of you kids spit evenly
You body my verse is like a thick bitch leavin' me

Ha ha, too many fantasies and no fame
Too many claimin' insanity and they so sane
Less than wack Scooby Snack lack flow game
Rappers everything I do be that crack cocaine

Your career is doobie wraps, slap Joe name
In any one of them verses say hello to the hearses
Too many monkey see, monkey doers

I slaughter pigs on my tail like Punky Brewster

Niggaz know I get it in on that microphone
Y'all don't know where to begin on that microphone
I don't see how y'all could win on that microphone
A pioneer, I set trends on that microphone
Decide who you wan' be on that microphone

I see a bunch of lil' me's, micro clones
Too many 20 milligram Vic's I'm on
Killed the web, it don't matter what site you on
Save his mouth 'fore he's runnin' off
I tell 'em bridge or a tunnel, give a fluck how I come
across

All these wanna be tough guys, son is soft
Gun go off, havin' like a good show, just spun 'em off
Treat old-timers like fags who drop the soap
They mic got Alzheimer's, forgot that they was dope

Too many dogs, not enough barkin' yet
Too many blueprints, not enough architects
Rhyme ain't started yet, still every bar's a mess
Fuck record sales or who the machine markets best

I'm the last motherfucker that y'all should test
I'm the sharp shooter, you the nigga I target next
Too many frontin' like y'all that fly
Reach it 'cause we set the bar that high
(Fool)

I don't be fuckin' around on that microphone
You lame niggaz shouldn't speak on that microphone
You lil' niggaz need to come off that microphone
Niggaz know I get it in on that microphone

The mic, the microphone
The mic, the microphone
The mic, the microphone
The mic, the microphone
The mic, the microphone
The mic, the microphone

Visit [Slaughterhouse](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.