

Slaughterhouse

"On Slaught"

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[Royce Da 5'9"]

(Yeah!) This is Slaughterhouse

Haha, we gon' get right into it

Scared yet niggaz?

You're dealin with a fo'-headed monster

Y'all are John McCain, you can't lift your arms up

These po-ranhas, live by a certain code of conduct

Fuck fly hoes and blow ganja

He a prophet, predict shit

The year 2029 is gon' be the apocalypse caused by the
Apothis - ME

I got it lock and key

Tell the labels we 'bout to go on a shoppin spree

And if y'all don't wanna sign us, you corny

Tell your hoes swallow two of these nuts and call us in
the mornin

We the answer, to the dance floor please

You gotta fuck us all bitch, you can't Ortiz

Budden, Crooked, Nickel, damn Royce please

We up in this bitch like trans or T

We the Voltron crew, it's whatever your folks wan' do

We turn this bitch into SOCOM 2

I'm the best rapper alive, Lil Wayne's migraine

Jay-Z's headache, touchin what the lead ain't

Motherfuck your feelings, you don't know with what
you're dealin

Tryin to "ketchup", you mustard spillin

I'm amongst hustlers killin

Money stacks touch the ceilin, what a fuckin feelin

You will never feel, you will never sell

You can't see me, feel me, they should use my
knuckles instead of Braille

I walk with the toast - feelin like

How the fuck is talk is cheap? Talk is what's gon' cost
you the most

I'm the one really yo

I'm the gun +Spark+ like Omilio, you a J-Hood done
video

That ain't a diss so please don't diss me

The mag' barrel longer than the cheese on 50

I tell a bitch click your heels twice and ease on with me
This is the life... we gone!

[Joe Budden]

I ain't with the leanin and rockin
That ain't even seen as a option, nigga as a teen I was
mobbin
Stick him up, if it's in his jeans then I'm robbin
Might, walk around like the thing get to cockin (what?)
But I ain't even tryna be seen when it's poppin
You ain't seen hoppin 'til you seen with a rocket
Pull up, lookin real clean in the drop and (nigga)
I ain't hit the bing or cot since
Dawg, tell your whole team ya cannot win
'Til they make some type of vaccine, I'm a problem
I don't sleep on a soul, got that wrong (nigga)
Even Ben Vereen can get tapped on
Clapped on, mashed on, like M.O.
My M.O. is Rambo, ammo
Got money now so there's marble on the handle
On wax so let's beef with no candles
Dismantled, click, bam!
Got some shit your man won't with-stand (nigga!)
I make the hood like V.I.P.
Now you can't even get in without a wrist-band
I'm just, bland
Learn when you walk with your head too high is when
shit hits the fan
Damn, Grant Hamblin, grand tamperin
In two bars I'll send your mans scramblin
Now how it feel to throw punches and can't land 'em
Or be powerless while you can't stand 'em
And treat Comp like Richard Simmons
Behind closed doors the boy gon' manhandle him
Get out-paced 'til you out the race
If you worried about your face, about face (nigga!)
Cause, if you ain't all about your pape's
then nigga you a transgender, all outta place!

[Crooked I]

When I face off, picture a thug missin his mug
Any particular stick in the mud could get hit with a Scud
missile
'til he's, drippin ridiculous blood
If you, rather stick to the fists and the gloves
then you, gettin hit on, more than the prettiest bitch in
the club
Nigga I'm itchin to bug!
Itchin like a syphilis dick, itchin like the skin of a bitch
addicted to drugs, just to hit you with slugs
I did it because I wanted to!

Shoot you in BACK of your head right in front of you
That's what the gun'll do
All I do is son ol' niggaz on the W
All I do is make all newcomers come anew
I ain't lyin, sir
You ain't gotta watch Tim Duncan jump to see a flyin
+Spur+
Bentley boy, no it's not "H to the Izzo"
But I push +Buddens+ like Jay shoulda did Joe
People's choice, the voice of my time
with Royce Da 5'9", we boys and night shine
I let Joell poison my mind
Grab a silencer and kill y'all noise with my 9
As Spalding balls'll get tossed in the hoop
Pierce from Boston explains how often I shoot
I'm a Molotov crossed with a nuke
See I swallow liquor bottles 'til they hollow then I crawl
in the booth
I'm the truth, polygraph Crooked
You prolly have a cardiac heart attack when I autograph
bullets
Mo' caskets - put so much bread on your head
when my gunners are done, man they owe taxes
Bowl-legged, knock-kneed, one irregular shoe
And you supposed to be steppin to who?
Tell 'em ALL Crooked came for war
The best EVER on the West unless your last name's
Shakur!

[Joell Ortiz]

Just be easy buddy, relax
Please don't have me bloody my axe
Or revvin my chainsaw to sever your brain off
With no "concentration" I'm better than Adolf
Never been laid off, forever put in work
As beats and skeets I fucked every bitch that said I was
a jerk
Heh, it's like you cuter when you word maneuver
Got every dot-com in my palm and I don't know how to
work computers
Yeah it's true, Slaughterhouse, I know you heard the
rumors
That's new but '02 e'ry verse was ruder
than you worthless losers
So we formed a four alien alliance, just dyin to earth
intruders
E'rybody's a president, bunch of Herbert Hoovers
If what I said had legs it could burn a cougar
Speakin of burn, I'm hip-hop sixty shots of Henny on the
rocks
You're egnog with a squirt of KahlÃa

Can't lie, it's mad fun bein zoned
My flow is straight, yours slant like Gumby's dome
Lotta guys don't want me on
But as long as I get in a spot with my fists, my gun be
home
I will beat you dudes like you stole from moms
In an audience at shows I just fold my arms
I'm so disappointed in you new rap guys
I'm like no! C'mon, how'd he do that? Why?
Oh, no, he diggity do that doe
"I'm MC so-and-so, where's my ringtone dough?"
See that ain't gon' cut it long as I'm around
That goes for every person, place or thing that
describes a noun
It's J-O-E-double what I never take
Whoever feel they could give me my first one then set
a date
+I'll Be There+ like a young Mike Jack'
Hip-Hop prayed and God gave Pun right back!
{*echoes*}

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