

Slaughterhouse

"On the House"

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[Intro]

Yeah Brooklyn

I'm in the booth doin' my Joell Ortiz dance

Ah, ah, ah

Hahaa

[Verse 1: Crooked I]

Ugh

Ever since I started hanging with Slim Shady it's makin
them

Pigs hate me. They rascist as Dick Cheney. Scared to
shake my

And like maybe they get rabies. They angry this shits
crazy. So I'm fuckin'

They hoes, they ladies get mixed babies. I live mainly
like rollin' a script, written

For someone holdin' his dick. That mean I never let a
bitch play me. Ay me?

I'm off beats, stop it Young Buck. Your not hip to the
flow fallin' in awkward pockets

Like the small one in top hip dumbfuckâ€¦
(Crook keep goin'..)

Teach your class while the speakers blast

New niggas out there eatin' ass

Bottoms up like there drinkin' glass

Sinkin' fast, not on no battleship..

I'm not on no battle shit..

I'm the king of spazz, rippin' beats in half

The backroom to the cypher, nigga you name it!

For Funk Flex, to weight scale nigga you name it!

(Keep goin'!)

Hey you bitch niggas givin' me hell

Your body lean, when the shotty ring

Like freedom and crack, you're like the liberty bell

A 180 spin then he fell

I'm givin' my enemies L's

No disrespect, but I send them to where the kennedies
dwell

Sick as a Young Ozzy, osbourne

I's born to be a kamikazy, thats airborne

Popular like Asti Spumante, body meet the concrete
then I creep

Then cock beat your auntie in rare form
Lames I never care for 'em
I'm callin' shots from a lawn chair with a air horn
Goin' hard on them hoes. If soccer is part of my goals
Call it carnival closed, you've been fair warned
I even put a 1 to 7 on your spouse like she got
aids/sperm
On her mouth
That's on the house!
[Bridge: Joell Ortiz]
(Ay Crook, that's how you feel huh?)
I can dig it my G
House gang
This one's on the house fellas
Haha.)
[Verse 2: Joell Ortiz]
Hey Crook I'm doin' my dance too
It's all head and shoulders, no shampoo
Bever gang, who fuckin' with my damn crew?
Why the lights flickerin'? Why the amp blue?
Cause I'm in this bitch motherfucker, give me my
Chant (woo!). I'm right at home
I recite a poem from inside my bone marrow
Narrow the microphone. Kings down to fall
Like you crawling tryin' to get out the door
But blaze behave, while we let the gasoline
Gallons pour. Better than whoever you pointing at
So though I'm not done, like a marrow on a cypher
Bring this joint back!
Hey Crook I'm doin' my dance too
It's all head and shoulders, god damn boo
You lickin' on the bamboo stick, sugar
Prissy bitch, look where my dick took her
Don't walk with your nose in the air, if you got big
boogers
Puerto Rican 6 footers, sick shooter, 38 special with the
speed
Loader
They call me quick nuqquh
Knick pusher, turn thick booker
Rhyme spit, cooker, slice and dice rap beef
I'm the clips butcher
I got Gotham city goin' insane
I'll come out the back cave with a cane
Everyone remain calm, I'm Bruce Wayne
Where the fuck is Bayne?!
Maintain stamina, my AK caliber flow
And say hello and push your brainwaves out
Of you mayne
See how you ride with your handlebars off of your
frame

Throw grenades to your crib (bang!) housegang!
Out came the truth in 'em
Out came you lames
We don't play the skinny jeans and the blouse game
We just tryna feast! Bon Apetit, your chinese gonna eat
Chow Mein
Bitch nigga, tryna stop the kids figures
And I'll put 'cho ass on a plate, like a pitch hitter
Don't try to rob Deniro from Ben Stiller
Cause I'll meet you fuckers with a cold right
Chinchilla!

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