

# Slaughterhouse

## "Onslaught 2"

Visit "[Onslaught 2](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

feat. Fatman Scoop)

[Royce Da 5'9"]

(Ohh!) Yeah (let's go!)

I said once upon a time in a city that's mine

There was a nigga named Nickel that spit like Big in his prime

He got a 52 box, original tick in the mind

Listenin to 'Pac and them drop with a prestigious design

My niggaz is dimes, my bitches is dimes

I came up behind Eminem in '99 and I took the baton

I been runnin shit ever since then, slaughtered MC's

Sit and watchin my green grow, like I'm waterin seeds

The problem with me is I'm the heart of the streets

Niggaz callin for peace, they can't even call the police

If I ain't better than you I'm harder to beat

Probably cause I live by the art of for-keeps

I get indicted after my product's released

We a different form, a different centrifugal force

Every line is like grippin on a stick shift in a Porsche

My niggaz asked for direction to go on this track

I said FUCK a direction, spaz out! Get 'em up HIGH

[female] Crooked

[Crooked I]

And for them wack songs that you made

I want you to throw your pin, but hold the grenade

Explode to your grave - and go straight to hell

when your soul is enflamed for the road that you paved

The role that played, in fuckin up hip-hop

You owe so you paid, the fo'-fo' close to your brain

Closer than the close shave of a low fuckin fade

Don't fuck with me, don't fuck with J-O-E

With Nickel we gon' make more cheese

Heavy hitter, call me Joell David Ortiz (what up!)

I point a burner at the plaque on your teeth

On some leftover shit, it's a wrap on the beef

I'm one in a mil', comin to kill

It's like you wanting a pill, my gun put your back on the streets

Spine on the concrete lookin at the sun  
Eyelids heavy, "Why did Crooked have to come?  
He was full of 'gnac and rum, like a bully actin dumb"  
Fully-automatic umm, that's Crooked havin fun  
Listen, don't make a nigga find your dame  
And make the dime give me brains 'til my mind is  
drained  
Listen, don't make me grab a 9 and aim  
And how your dime did me, do yo' mind the same  
But different, the West Coast king Crooked I  
I'm a kamikaze pilot, I stay fly 'til I die - get 'em up HIGH

[female] Joell

[Joell Ortiz]

Here we go again, you know I'm him, Mr. Ortiz  
Soon as I hold a pen I co-defend the sickest MC's  
(Slaughterhouse)  
Pick a disease we got it, I vomit sniffle and sneeze  
Lyrics squeeze, listen please, Lord help get rid of this  
fever  
I'm like 150 degrees  
16's used to be sweet, now they're a bit of a tease  
A nigga need a infinite instrumental just to be pleased  
Used to dream about livin now I'm livin my dreams  
The bitches fiend, made my dick a machine  
Maybe I'm wrong, maybe I am just as fuckin big as I  
seem  
When I'm spittin this mean, me and government  
intervene  
A couple presidents, literally live in my jeans  
I give 'em residence, they just let me pick anything  
When I'm in the mall, they show me the latest kicks on  
the scene  
And I get 'em all, I ball like the nigga I am  
Niggaz hate, bitches (Cheer) like Norm, Cliff and Diane  
I'm in a state, of mind that should be the fifty verse  
I run radio, but I don't use them itty bitty words  
I ain't shabby with the nouns, I ain't shitty with the verb  
When I reach heaven I want the nigga Biggie to be like  
"Word"  
City slicker, New York delivery when I swerve  
Hold that mic like the Statue of Liberty, I deserve  
a shot at the title, Spitter of the Year  
E'ry year, let's be clear, put some fingers in the air  
and hold 'em up HIGH [echoes]

[female] Joey

[Joe Budden]

Work on your half-court shot, I'm money from far

Get 'em mad, see a ape on your monkey bars  
And that's rate, gettin hate from the wannabe stars  
And that's great, mean he feel it and know he numb  
See that bullet comin from around the corner  
like a shot from Angelina Jolie's gun; think Joey the one  
I'm a fake? Ain't your run-of-the-mill  
I'm from where they kill you for one of your bills  
For me it's fun, your man think we evenly skilled  
He Mel Gibson, all that shit he believe, gon' get his son  
killed  
Play with a match, FUCK what you take it as  
No good straight jacket, all I did break the match  
They say he talk tough with his fake ass  
Four pounds put me in another weight class  
(Great Escape) the (Pad)  
Took the jumpsuit off my naked ass and ate the mask  
You diss me, you wanna be a great that fast?  
Take a fully-automatic and spray at gas  
Me? Body a whole shit with a verse probably atrocious  
In your whole camp, nobody focused  
They say you the Ultimate Warrior, I agree  
You die and come BACK, won't nobody know it  
Drive by, screamin it's a new crew reppin  
Hangin out the window, like it's "227"  
Get 'em up HIGH

[Fatman Scoop]

Get 'em up high, get 'em up high  
Get 'em up high, get 'em up high  
Get 'em up high, in the sky  
Put 'em up high, put 'em up high  
Put 'em up high, fingers in the sky  
Put 'em up! Slaughterhouse, Slaughterhouse  
Ohh, ohh, Fatman Scoop, Slaughterhouse  
Fatman Scoop, Slaughterhouse  
Put 'em high, woo! Ohh [echoes]

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

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.