

Slaughterhouse

"Put Some Money On It"

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Aiyyo Joell, I'm on this son
{"Put some money on it"}
flyin out a Tito
The further I get the ground look more mosquito
Dutch burnin, other hand big Mojito
I don't mean Dorito when I say {"Put some money on
it"}
Yeah, you ain't really all around all that stuff
The coke, the crack, the guns, heard 'bout enough
They said, "Yo Donny, you gon' really sign with Puff?"
I said I'll live too long as Diddy
{"Put some money on it"}
What? I'm the L.O.X. Jeter
Tattooed up in a white wife-beater
Aston Vanquish parked at the meter
I forgot to feed her, better go {"Put some money on
it"}
Yeah, now they all love the Don G
I'm on BET more than "Leprechaun 3"
They say I'm on fire, it don't hurt when I pee
I don't layaway, only y'all {"Put some money on it"}
Put your guap up hot stuff, you not tough
Let's play a game of Trouble and when I pop up
It's with the Glock tucked, crotched up in a dropped up
Low like you know how this go {"Put some money on
it"}
I'm a product of the corner
Cornered the market with the product I would offer,
slaughtered the garbage
Slide a condom on your daughter on the floor in the
projects
Homeboy I make more than a promise {"Put some
money on it"}
I know the amount of hate that my worth sparks
But I ain't goin nowhere like a birthmark
I pound puppies before they get to they first bark
Anybody wanna get they first spark? {"Put some
money on it"}
Hey, what's the matter? Cat got your tongue?
Your words so feint they collapsed in your lungs
Put some bass in your voice like you snacked on a
drum

Watch my fist make a track on your gums
{"Put some money on it"}
Never been wack so that ain't one of my issues
Get my bread and take care of my pistols
Soon as I open a brick you can see the crystals
Soon as the piff come in you can
{"Put some money on it"}
Trust me it's important, shoot it or snort it
Oxy's, {?}, profit is gorgeous
Stay off the phone cause the calls are recorded
And if you can afford it then you better {"Put some
money on it"}
Tryin to be a diamond in the game I been one
Killin niggas with the flow, H1N1
You can get a buck-fifty quick
Before rap I had a drug dealer's income
{"Put some money on it"} Master Jason
God on the rocks with a splash of Satan
Stash right here with the ratchet waitin,
since you hatin
Name the place and the date and {"Put some money
on it"}
Never trust niggas no further than I can throw 'em
Long with the razor and the doctor can't sew 'em
Said I as the hardest out, now I gotta show 'em
Cocksucker doubted me, I owe 'em {"Put some money
on it"}
You could be that dude in cement shoes
Or the next soft nigga on this evening's news
Rap beef, street beef, breeze through crews
Freeze, handguns, machine guns {"Put some money
on it"}
I don't even need guns, play me like I'm poppa shit
End up with a hawk in your esophagus
Hardest nigga to walk in the metropolis
Genocide mixed with apocalypse {"Put some money on
it"}
Kill niggas real easy dawg
Ghost in the flesh, fuck a Ouija Board
Droptop Beamer with the BB's on
and I ain't shoot BB's dawg
{"Put some money on it"}
[Crooked I] SLAUGHTERHOUUUSE!
Slaughter gon' be runnin you over over a century
You ain't one of The L.O.X., you don't flow nowhere
near me
You ain't Tip, Ali Shaheed, Phife
Nigga you probably +The Low End Theory+
{"Put some money on it"}
You still doin shows for fifty seats
Still writin rhymes 'bout "LeBron is with the Heat"

Still writin raps 'bout Kat and Chippy D
My next freestyle I'mma blast through WikiLeaks
{"Put some money on it"}
Maserati ridin with that Mary on
It's a black and white thang, call that chick Arione
Talkin all that shit you a fuckin fag
I do you like a Louis duffle bag, at the airport {"Put
some money on it"}
Bitch, a carry on
my head growin
Gettin my Barry on
lead throwin
With necessary while you
puttin on a show for them hoes
Gettin your Tyler Perry on
, c'mon {"Put some money on it"}
Uh, my mic manners is quite mannish
I got these young bitches tongue flippin just like
Spanish
You gotta feed her just to hit it, that don't count to me
I take her, fill her tummy up, I don't mean out to eat
Nickel! {"Put some money on it"}
Floor seats at the Knick game, I'm traffickin weed
I'm at The Garden in The Apple like Adam and Eve
And my gat'll put your hat on your sleeve
Now you really ahead of your time,
I'm out of your league {"Put some money on it"}
See I get dough and cop the Benz-o
My job credentials is confidential
It's not pretend so everything is autobiographical
Weight of the world on my shoulder, the planet on my
clavicle {"Put some money on it"}
But it don't matter though cause I'mma go get it
Life's a bitch and then you get thrown in it
That's why I get +Cash Money+ like it's +No Limit+
This material shit, I'm so wit it, get it? {"Put some
money on it"}
This is for you rap stars feelin y'all clever
I'm the penitentiary's sick ward, illest bars ever
I ball in the paint hard
It's like I'm acceptin bank cards the way that I take
charge {"Put some money on it"}
Low tints on the CL, gray coupe
Only out of the cage when all hell breaks loose
Focus pimpin - all my shooters veered off
The road to redemption, so it's no exemptions {"Put
some money on it"}
When Joe is mentioned, the flow is pinchin
Got me in a mansion with a gopher, Benson
If you said you rap you better than that
What we'll do is treat your head like a tab {"Put some

money on it" }
The outfit is fresh,
foam {?} is cobwebs
She don't look like a model then I probably wouldn't
pop her
Dudes is my son, should be callin me poppa
I won't acknowledge it, treatin me like a Focker! {"Put
some money on it" }
Hip-Hop ain't dead, I been puttin the pulse in from long
ago (since)
I mean back when Tracey Ullman had her own show
(uhh)
Want fire? Put Mouse on it
If I'm a liar go ahead {"Put some money on it" }

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