

# Slaughterhouse

## "Put Some Money On It Remix"

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Grind Music bitch!

[Sheek Louch]

Aiyyo Joell, I'm on this son {"Put some money on it" }

Yeah, Don Corlito 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" }

[Joell Ortiz]

Uhh, yaowa!

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" }

[Jadakiss]  
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 niggaz with the flow, H1N1  
You can get a buck-fifty quick, a thin one  
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" }

[Styles P]  
Never trust niggaz 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 niggaz real easy dawg  
Ghost in the flesh, fuck a Ouija Board  
Droptop Beamer with the BB's on  
Gun in your face, and I ain't shoot BB's dawg {"Put  
some money on it" }

[Crooked I] SLAUGHTERHOUUUSE!

[Royce Da 5'9"]

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 that's with the Heat  
Still writin raps 'bout Kat and Chippy D  
My next freestyle I'ma 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" }

[Crooked I]

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'ma 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" }

[Joe Budden]

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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