

Slaughterhouse "Salute"

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[Intro: 50 Cent sample]

Fix your motherfuckin face nigga!
Look at these fuckin chimpanzees
Bunch of fuckin monkeys...

(Mr. Porter!)

[Chorus: Pharoahe Monch]

I been shot, I been stabbed
I took all that I have to give
And I never ran, never have
Just so all you niggaz can live
I never thought there would come a day
When my people would turn me away
And it really tears me apart
Cause I deserve a Purple Heart
Nigga you should salute me, nigga you should salute
me
Nigga you should salute me, nigga you should salute
me
Nigga you should salute me, nigga you should salute
me
I, I showed you what a soldier's about, nigga you
should salute me

[Joe Budden]

Typical Joe Budden shit, ridiculed and lovin it
The hood know I'm the dude that governed it
Paved the way for my sons, laid down the cement for
my semen
Ain't my fault y'all got stuck in it
Lately, it change like the weather, one minute they love
me
then they hate me; I'm through with shenanigans
I don't care if dudes ain't a fan of him
Can't checkmate a 8-figure nigga with the moves of a
mannequin
Talkin 'bout they wan' go somewhere to meet me
Man they just wan' go somewhere to meet me
Easy don't involve cops in it
Got the key to my city, how the FUCK you think you got
locked in it?

Bitch!

[Royce Da 5'9"]

21 Rugers

On the hip of 21 goons, 21-gun salutin

Bloody funds is what murder money becomes

21 bodies on all 21 guns

You from the D and you don't fuck with me, you lame

The streets and the internet fuck with me the same

So later for that punk shit

Cause nigga I'll smoke you, that's why they say I stay
on that blunt shit

Niggaz'll spray you up before they wet your lady up

Then shoot the baby bassinet to shut your baby up

And I'm in line with the bread

I hold niggaz down doin time in the feds

Pharoahe talk to 'em

[Chorus]

[Joell Ortiz]

Properly greet a general

I'd have to take steps down to be on a pedestal

I am what the 1-8 after the 7 do

Give it my all but you want more, you lil' beggar you!

Mean it's terrible, I showed hip-hop anyone's edible

Never give somethin that's not respectable

Never spit somethin that's not incredible

Never sold my soul for numbers left of the decimal

I done fucked up movements like cerebral palsy

You don't know me, don't pause me - I'll throw lead at
you

Mean I earned e'ry stripe and you know it

When you see me put yo' hand on yo' head and push it
forward

[Crooked I]

Before shots land on your head and push it forward

Eastside Long Beach, I'm only pushin four words

I organize a street massacre

You haters know I broke bread with at least half of ya

Out of town, hundred pound weed trafficker

Got niggaz rockin Long Beach fitteds in East Africa

I been stabbed, I been shot, a imperfect part

Like my Grape Street niggaz I got a Purple Heart

I kill your bitch at the beauty salon on Windham

They take a nap on your lawn on a Louis Vuitton pillow
Waitin for you to run out and say somethin

Come out your face frontin, dumb out and spray
somethin

Bloaw! So move now

[Chorus]

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