

Slaughterhouse

"See Dead People"

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I, I see dead people
I, I-I see dead people
I, I-I, I see dead people
I, I, I see dead people

[Royce Da 5'9":]

I see different day same sick language
You a game, I'm a game of Russian roulette
Pain and Kurk Cobain mixed with Bane
Drenched in purple rain
And I rearrange your prints, cut ya fingers off
Mail 'em to your sons, kindergarten class
In a Remy Martin glass
Note attached sayin Billy, call your dad
Signed sincerely, he really caught it bad
He clearly could not doubt you
The alcoholic induced me in a coma you sweep
The hostile you, see murder, my style true
Basquiat, Reebok shoe
Our guns ain't coming out if we not shooting
Yours? Yours is coming out with Detox 2
When we shot, woo, we shock
Which one of y'all niggas wanna box the King Cobra?
I'll mop ya team sober
I'm not stoppin' till they drop me in a box in a
mausoleum
Sayin': "here lies an artist with an audience broader
than Joselyn's shoulders"
Hip hop played with the flow, related to poem
The greatest to go in, favor Patrone
Maybe record a poem with Oprah and played it back for
Raven Simone
Later niggas! (later niggas)
I got a crush on Queen Latifah cause I had a dream
We gotta fuck on without the Monie love
I'm wyling on these drugs
It's just me and my team and an obscene amount of
girls
You can eat our dust, we playing ring around the world

[Hook:]

I said you know, that we are
Some crazy (I see dead people)
And plus, we know (I-I-I see dead people)
That we are (I, I-I, I see dead people)
Some crazy (I, I-I see dead people)

[Crooked I:]

Yea, I see 'em too with my sixth sense
They prowling while I'm browsing through your housing
With the authority to do you horribly
Leave you in 8 sections like fixed rent
While your bitch bent over extending my dick's lift
Doggystyle literally when she make my cock expand yo
And you barking up the wrong tree again
Nothing's three-dimensional, different plain of
existence
The only role the clairvoyant human being can see me
in
My theatrics lean, psychiatrics right
Like these raps getting ghost-written
By somebody psychopathic residing inside of my
psyche's attic
Inspirin' rap shit that the coke get in
Or it might be acid, constipation
No shit and it might be magic, that's it!
Speaking of magic
All I need is a package of the Magnums and a thick
snow bunny to pull off the illest rabbit in hat trick
I'm throwing verbals at you before my circles slapped
you
Hey, guess what I heard
If you anti-snitch it can bring down even the greatest
person, that true?
I guess so, go ask Joe Paterno statue, uh (Crazy nigga!)
The instrumental's looping, I sit in a mental institution
With screws loose in my temple, sending you simpleton
delusions
Confusing your views with simple distribution
The lyrics I'm using to abuse you

[Hook]

[Joell Ortiz:]

Y'all crazy man, I ain't crazy man, tell them Swayze
man
They think I'm nuts like a squirrel baby hands
Patting the ground, burying my ex-girl's new man's left
testicle
Next to two stands, yellin' shady fans
Starting to rescue range of Anadelle painted grand

tans

But that ain't the case man, I'm just tryna save fans
from the same damn million and 80 grams
3-80 blam bars while I wipe my Ray Ban's sunny cause
they can't mummy
I mean rap, y'all get the point like E.T. back in the 80's
So ease back when Ortiz rap, it's the Navy, Air Force,
Army in my reese pack
Then an ABC opposition operative robot
Built by the fans who feel ya'll so not that I'll so scream
yaowa when your show start
Will devour you cowards, firin' rounds from high power
go karts
Till your entire town's in a shower and the soap drops
Fuck! Like the last nut who sucked my blow pop
Cause I'm charming and schlong felt like King Kong's
arm and I pulled twice
Antibiotics, my psychotic is sick
Recite The Bible on the toilet cause my God I'm the shit
Grab my ipod and it skips
All you hear is the house like sittin' on Amityville couch
sayin' Michael you a bitch see
See? Pumping with thorozone, I can't see
Sido, e-mail from horror scenes, see C dog
Thought I see red people like C.C. Sabathia's scum
track
Maybe it's a whole bunch of dead people

[Hook]

[Joe Budden:]

Wonder why he different from these boys
My temperament's annoyed, Sigmund Freud
Belligerent on Ritalin and Rory don't
Look for a reason, all sentiment is void
Oh and pencil when I'm coy when I enter and destroy
Watch the tape slow mo and took the stand, face blam
Raised my left hand, spit on the Bible as I approached
Then grabbed the mic screamed it's over for you
roaches
We can close this only thing that make me crazy, they
can't figure out a motive
See I'm bipolar, you minimize my mental strides
Memorize the track enterprises if I've been inside it
My eyes flashes meat tenderized
My heart will arise
If God put my sins aside I swear I'll start genocide
My funeral should look like a general died
Dog's there, let the kennel inside
And they'll say he insane though
Me, I'd agree with that claim though

Peep my angle, but some would say he is an angel
Never gave a fuck, druggin' way too many in my state
of serenity
Keep it, How can man be here the same boat
Ain't no chokes read Fantasia with the written rainbow
Peeing, fleeing, the same clothes
It's just 2012, Lou Ferigno, just blow
Head in a fish bowl
Headed to hell, dipped in crisco
And walk over your eclipse, show me where it is
You have eaten, turned into Al Green with a phobia of
grits
I know dudes that never took the fall for they body
Skipped childhood perhaps couldn't afford an Atari
Record the homie, call Ferrari, try to mawl the real Paul
McCartney
You mighta thought this out awkwardly
Not neurotic, this perpetual
And homeboy that ain't saliva, it's last week's Molly
residue
That demon I carry is heavy
So whoever said that's a hard pill to swallow must
never met me
My new nickname's "Approach With Caution"
Owe me money, I resurrect if you approach that coffin
Take my kindness for weakness it would be your last
error
Wrote my thin line between love and hate and mascara
Give me gasoline, pliers, cleaver don't forget the
wrench
More oil on his tongue, easier to get him pitched
Slaughterhouse fuck, leaves you, you ain't get the hint
Basement full of insides, freezer full of ligaments
Let that be a warning if you eager to getting rich
Gut you niggas whole you Febreeze just to rid the
stench
Your devoured, work magic with a weapon
And I'm as indecisive as D Howard you bleed coward
Be certain if you see a guy lurking through your blinds
and curtains
It's Tyler Durden, and verbal, can't merge and emerge
as if it's just artificial insemination
Only here for revenge cause to him it's just ventilation
Pissed off and annoyed he was goin' in incineration
By a virgin menstruating as a nurse continue racing
Truman Show his whole life, watch the demonstration
And that's one way of fuckin' the world, no penetration
Don't know what to make of you
The six sense is equal in life form but way more than
unbreakable

[Outro:]

The game of the super group is being changed right
now, my nigga

House gang, that's right pops, let me talk my shit
before we go off

Alright pops I guess that's enough shit talking

Ya'know what I mean

Y'all know, right?

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