

Slaughterhouse

"She Will"

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Mic check 1, 2, 1, 2

[Verse 1: joe budden]

I told her

Now go and pop that p-ssy for a real nigga

Fade as text me or deep but I still eager

Don't do the small talk, wrong got a bill with it

She asked for a vay-cay, all she get is a guilt trip

Niggas is talking to the feds now bugging out

Even got cassettes in they chest, teddy ruxpin style

B! tches is wildin' treating me like they husband now

Tho I got this white girl upstairs like this the drummin'
house

[Verse 2: joell ortiz]

Now go and pop that p-ssy for another real nigga

House gang bang bang, no deer injure

Long rifle, big bulls, drip ooz shout when I come round
the corner

Like a vick cruz route

Suck it with you're boobs out, you f-cking skank

Deep tho, please choke, yeah gag like a f-cking prank

You know what's reeking, be freaking so tho we got
dinner reservations

Later this evening I'm eatin'

[Hook: joe budden & joell ortiz]

She's started to pop it for a nigga they look back

And told me baby, it's real

And I said b! tch you crazy if you think I believe

but I'mma still get a feel

She said that a head ground breaking so it's only right
that I show her, what a drill?

And she cute, so maybe she want

Yeah, ought nigga trust me she will

Yeah, do it for the hardest niggas spitting in the game
right now

She will, yeah

Do it for the hardest niggas spitting in the game right
now

She will, she will

If I can drop her off and she ain't gotta take the
train right now she will, yeah
Do it for the hardest niggas spitting in the game right
now
She will, she will

[Verse 3: joell ortiz]

I mean...

Why the f-ck would she not, she'll play my side just to
be hot
Hop in my ride, crushing these blocks, swallow her
pride
F-ck them reebok, red bottoms glide, girl get on top
and
Leave those on and go with your squat, let's make this
porn
See the red dot? the camera is on
Here's your big shot
They say you're shy, I know you're not
Now prove em wrong
Make it

[Verse 4: royce da 5'9"]

He can't go the places I go
He ain't been the places I've been
He can't f-ck the hoes that I've f-cked
He don't spend they way that I spend
Wait she hold that p-ssy hostage like a pimp is near by
With me she always wanna lay up like a rim is near by

[Verse 5: crooked I]

Hop up on that pole and wind
Overtime, take off your clothes and grind
She know she fine, she low-key no she mind
Look at the neck and the ho get blind
F-ck your man, got a loaded nine
With a? for colon bind
Put a bullet in his head, leave him with an open mind
And I poke his dime
Crooked I!
In the p-ssy and I go for?
Why do you think they call it box
Gotta hit baby below the belt
Whether coka or moka after I stroke a
I never broke myself
We into march, but may 15th, we be on your shelf!
Welcome to our house nigga (house nigga)
No clarence thomas
We running your lane, we sunning the game
So pay your parents homage
Each one of my gang is one of the same, I'm being

very honest
Bust that paint so black on a bentley coup I'm feeling
farrah conish
I promise, so many tattas got my name on it
These strippers, they bring the parade on stage and I
rain on it
Real nigga!
Man I'm getting this money don't ask how
You get cheese cause of dairy air is a cash cow

[Hook: joe budden & joell ortiz]
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