

Slaughterhouse "Sound Off"

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You herbs we merged, we're an alliance
We fight fire with flamethrowers, why would you try us?
We an outfit, equivalent to Voltron's
That boy Crooked I is equivalent to four arms

Joell Ortiz is the body, the cannibal slash killer
Kill you then eat your body, Joe Budden is the pair of
legs
He runs shit alongside I, the apparent head
I am the general, bow now, fuck saluting

I don't really think y'all niggas get it
Run up on your with a army it is on until it's done,
finished
You got a problem with any one of my slaughters
Then y'all niggas can come with it

Me and Joey, we a perfect fit
He like starting shit, I like ending shit
I don't squash the beef, I don't bend a bit
It ain't intricate

I'm gon' shoot your stupid ass
You too could laugh, you gon' die smiling
Try wilding, I get hostile then I'm violent
I don't make threats nigga I promise

My style is Stalin mixed with sick lyrics
If you hear it, it'll lift your spirit
Turn your appearance into a disappearance
Tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick

I fuck with nothing but gangstas
Nothing but hustla niggas, sound off, sound off, hut
I fuck with nothing but my clique
Nothing but hot shit, follow me, sound off, sound off,
hut

I fuck with nothing but gangstas
Nothing but hustla niggas, sound off, sound off, hut
I put my money on my clique, hot shit
Coming out the barrel of my fifth

I got a raw flow and I stay hungry more so
Guess that's why I'm the torso
I pour sweat when I perform shows
What I record goes down as the best
But the vets won't let that torch go

Y'all could keep it, they got flashlights now
And flamethrowers and I got one on my back right now
Remain focused, that's what I tell myself now and then
Don't wanna go back to that block like when VarejÃ£o
defends

Uh, oh, my stomach growls again, I ain't none of you
cowards friends
Every human out of my sight before I count to ten
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight
I'm hungry like I never ate
Set a table up with knives, forks and spoons, I'm 'bout
to get a plate

All these sweet dummies looking me like a pepper
steak
Means we never separate, we ain't married
Jab it every time I touch a pen, I sort of set a date
I'll devastate your career, look I'm a demonstrate
Let me get a good breath take before I regulate

Okay, bye, bye you guys, don't try to rhyme
'Cause line for line what I design is mine and mine
Sport a joint divine, meaning right behind
And thank God it shines all the light in mine
So my eyes can find a nice dime to grind
Come here girl, toma, toma, take that, take that

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You rappers chasing popularity by any means
Doing silly things, buying too many size 20 skinny jeans
The west treat me like I'm really king
I'm Pacquiao in the Philippines, illest thing niggas seen

You rappers dressing like you fitting to sing Billie Jean
I got to intervene, fuck you I'm a intervene
You loud talking, wouldn't kill a thing
Matter of fact, where's your head, nigga? I got the
guillotine

Fuck your Hollywood Limousine and rented bling
I give you three red dots and I call it a triple beam
I'll put your pad on your property, fag
Properly rob you and hop in the Jag

If you stopping the profit, the glock will be popping your
body
You'll rock a colostomy bag, shot in the abs, moms will
be sad
Pops will be mad, doctor be glad
Possibly be stopping the plasma dropping
Clock running out and the outcome bad

Any one of you niggas fuck with my team?
Pretty ass thing with the infrared beam
Sleep on that and get killed while you dream
Fuck a rap group Slaughterhouse a machine

Slaughterhouse, a regime
I'm gooned up if you know what I mean
Everybody wanna be down with the king
No, no, no, no, no fly zone

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My one goal's to astonish, tell the President, VP
Notify the Congress, they say I'm arrogant, pompous
but I'm honest
I tell them keep an accomplice away from the
accomplished
They still making threats on your highness

But I tell them where I be, they just ignore the compass
I think all your mans' play dough, I don't buy that
movie, Fandango
Fans they know that what? You a soldier to a general

Baby steel, got it in a bag, airtight Navy SEAL

Tell them little dudes I ain't mad at y'all
College kids like Asher Roth
Y'all just trying to put food on the table
While I'm a just come and try to snatch it off

If it ain't for me, most young dudes would be angrily
But anxiously awaiting bankruptcy
Wonder what makes little motherfuckers think they the
same as me
I'm synchronized you and your men should die

Learn certain shit you ain't meant to try
Got the ground covered with some niggas in disguise
Best bet is to attempt to fly
Shit's a game, you down, you in for life

Fuck y'all, I ain't got to generalize
Y'all enabled to write what the pen describes
So when he asked what I meant and why, I tell him

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