

Slaughterhouse

"Sucka MC's"

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Sometimes you gotta wonder
Many think about it as nature of the game
This story kills

This is the way the story goes when you're in the fuckin'
dough
And you swingin' for the fists, those friends are turned
to foes
Yea just like hoes want you to get the dinner for 'em
Niggas drivin' slow, fuck me cause I've been there for
'em
Fuck me cause part of me got love for 'em
But a part of me got sloak for 'em, it's heartfully
He was there from the start of this year gear
See, part of me still cares
But part of me feels he 'bout to try to come to my
house, the slaughter den
Wait till I hit the balcony, about the mark of me
This heart full of Larsen
They think I'm a dollar tree
Since I'm the nigga with the weight and they ain't
They P90x tryna make me lose polervy
State brought Chain Gang maintain salary
3% is goons, do hourly, empowering
It's just a Philly infinite
One that you'll be crack jealous

What's envy? Sucka MCs
Fuck haters ditchin'
(I can see my friends)
(Time for the whippin')
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What's envy? Sucka MCs

I said with friends like these who needs enemies?
Inside this evil industry where the green's green envy
and schemes of
Being these and schemes of seeing me upon the

guillotines
But if that's illegal I'm bringin' with me, could be it's
queens
It's supposed to be about respect
Your boys will watch you sepnd some of your dough
and then they'll count the rest
Then bounce before you can bounce a check
Be not jealous, he just wants you two split
Whatever you get, what up and all of these sees all that
you bought
And it sticks with 'em, the snakes in the grass from the
garden of Eve, it bit him
The first recorded sin, from 4 to 10, from 25 to life
I can post stories to lead from off the top of my head
like I don't write
Drunk and high on life, I've learned to back up my own
height
When I had to steal back my own bike
Passes on me like passive collection places right on
rights
God fearin', my only flaw's my given heart
It's not confusive to be in through if you're living smart
Maybe I'll die dumb, leaving behind a beautiful court
Known for my hand on my balls like side young
Eyes numb from constantly stayin' open and constantly
being haunted by promises they had broken
We supposed to get money

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The bottom of a vodka bottle describes my dream but
hate ya
You're from biblical scriptures if you thinkin' that
drinkin' save ya
What happens when your semen don't elite the streets
to raise you
You raise your heat, ready to go ham like Lincoln Abra
Aye bruh, I know this stripper
She was talkin' to this nigga who was talkin' while he
tipped her
About the pictures and sippers, he be trippin' to get
them chippers
He told her about his dash, slip of the tongue off the
liquor
Yea I used to dig her, now I call her my play sister

Yea, we could trust 'er, we've been bustin' on that
buster while he's with 'er
With ski mask gloves and snuves, doing it like a quick
should
Slap the bitch up a couple of times to make it look good
He said damn Crookes you frozen cold
When I'm broke these are the types of thoughts that
overload my dome
When I'm alone I done dirt that I have never ever even
told a soul
But my soul knows, Ortiz I need to slow my roll
You little suckers, motherfucker
I'll put a purch from every one of you dud busters and
thud rockers
Ya'll swingin' but going nowhere, mud putters
Walkin' 'round on sour, you little bud puffers
I'm done blutter, shot this, pop 'er, I let the gun stutter
Clap that bootie niggas I gun but ya
One mother, no father, no sisters, no brother, couple
cousins
Why bother? I'm one of one plusser
Who gives a fuck about the next man? My jet land
Your face all blue, armored you man like a Metz fan
I'm Brooklyn like the Atlantic ass Metz in
I run with wild cats like the next season check plans
Feelin' fire like Rex man
You make one half of Smith and Wesson inside of
Russell, man you tech gen
This is, trust me, you ain't been poppin' forever
My shlocks over your top
Better not giddy bop through my block and your lever
pussy

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