

# Slaughterhouse

## "Sun Doobie"

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"Get more for your money, when you fuck with Mr.  
Porter-r-r-r-r..."

[Joell Ortiz]

As long as I got my pen I don't need a friend  
We got ears that we each'll lend each other, my brother  
just hollered at me again  
He said he tired of all the lyin, deceivin and  
dick-ridin the people providin on every beat but when  
I do it it's stupid, I bruise it like a bad bitch  
I lose it, my music's a movement and they just mad  
stiff  
I told 'em it's mathematical in this pad lift  
Point 'em out and I will subtract him, with an ad lib  
See the fact is (what) I'm a bastard  
How can I not be (Macho, Man)? I'm a (Savage)  
In the past I was passive, now I'm mad bitch  
I'm spazzin, you get an Adidas classic where yo' ass is

[Royce Da 5'9"]

Eh-eh, eh-eh, Nickel ain't the one at all  
Snatch your vocal chords out then plug 'em in my wall  
You a knife at a gun fight, our shit is raw  
You a square, you're silverware in a civil war  
The Slaughterhouse wolf pack, riders under the moon  
The reason you itchin wit'cha lighter under your spoon  
I'm a lover, the lead bustin is old to me  
You put your head in her butt, I headbutt the ovaries  
God dipped me in war paint for all weathers  
I'm Mr. spill the liquor on my alcohol tether  
No need to ride with nobody, I feel the heat can help  
me  
Your jean's skinnier than Em is when he eatin healthy,  
hahaha

[Chorus]

WHOA, WHOA, WHOA  
WHOA, WHOA, WHOA, Shaaady!  
WHOA, WHOA, WHOA, WHOA  
WHOA, WHOA, WHOA, WHOA

{"Mr. Porter-r-r-r-r..."}

[Joe Budden]

Outnumbered, outspoken, outcasted  
Outweighed outrageous odds and outlasted  
Outlandish, so I learned to outwit 'em  
I outsmart 'em, outgrew 'em, I outdid 'em  
Cream, out-bid 'em, team can't out-spit him  
(You could) Keep sleepin, your wet dream is out with  
him  
(See) Do a lil' yoga, a lil' kama sutra  
Steakhouse nigga, used to be a Ramen Noodler  
Heavy on B and E's, was a calm intruder  
Pumped a Ruger, moms called me con and loser  
I suggest you and your mans'll regroup (why?)  
Bet against it, and probably can't recoup - out!

[Crooked I]

I point a pistol at your mamma mia  
I'm sick as Tyson in the ring at the Colosseum with  
gonorrhea  
Fuck a rapper, my clapper black as Muhammadiya  
Fuck you R&B bitches, shut up! You not Aaliyah  
(Ha ha!) When Mr. Porter record a piano  
Producers may wanna order some ammo  
I'm a California corner reporter  
Your boy wasn't born with a quarter bein poor as a  
whore and I'm an aura  
It's sorta Soprano; look here  
We reinvent the wheel to have a (Good Year) - and y'all  
tired  
We like Tyler Perry mixed with Everlast  
The House of Payne/Pain, Slaughterhouse gang nigga!

[Chorus]

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