

Slaughterhouse

"Where Sinners Dwell"

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[Verse 1: Royce Da 5'9]

I'm coming from the depths of the city where sinners dwell

We finish frail niggas with shells from splinter cells
When losers win, winners fail, I'll cut your nose off
To spite your face, until you decay you can't even call
your scent a smell

Mommy dragging a donkey, I'll pin a tail
I been writing so dark and for so long, my pen is pale
For the money y'all impale, your heart with twenty ten
inch nails

Put a hole in your racket like I turned your tennis ball
into a spin and snail
I laid off, they whole flow, on my day off I sprayed off
That fofo, then made off, with more dough than
Madoff

I'm the Adolf, Hitler, of this shit bruh
No soul, my skeleton sneak
Your ho, got a hella physique
I hope she know I shoot boat loads
Bon appetit, when she get to this house
I'm a spit this out, trying to ? this mouth to a pelican
beak

Heartbeat ready, as I done, sloppy steady
Watch her do it, slob that knob. drop that jaw
And watch her come up, Roxy Eddy

[Hook]

From the depths of the city where sinners dwell
From the depths of the city where sinners dwell
From the depths of the city where sinners dwell
From the depths of the city where sinners dwell

[Verse 2: Crooked I]

I'm coming from where sinners dwell
Where ghetto America's future is poverty
We inherited Lucifer's property
They giving us niggas Hell
Choose your philosophy
Is usually hypocrisy
Lose your democracy
Nobody vote counting in 2012
So my Ruger is watching me

I move to the monopoly properly
And due to this ruthless economy
I got shit for sell
Our music's anomaly
You dudes are just comedy
In lieu of monogamy
Your pooky on top of me
I did oh well, all my neighbors heard that vixen yell
The way I make that ? quake, rate my sex on the Richter
Scale
Put it in a coffin, ? tarpin, cause all too often, I pinch
your tail
Only thing left for my pillow was a piece of a weave
And some ? of liquid gel
No one liver, yeah
Go back and find her
Nigga that mainly spit, crazy shit
Prozac and fiber
No rap survivor, nigga, don't act MacGyver
When it get real in the field you a meal
No appetizer
[Hook]
From the depths of the city where sinners dwell
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