

Slaughterhouse

"Who I Am"

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House Gang House Gang
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And you know how we ride
In that SI playin SLV
On the house, get 'em

Guess who's back, turnin' the track in the mix made for
diabetics with
Diarrhoea, think it's just sweet
All the MC, even though I'm all about money
I found time to throw it away with swiss beats
House Gang, hardest fools 'round
Don Juan's up, garden tools down
Black Rolls Royce ridin' up the coast
Niggas left me for dead, I came back in that Ghost
The resurrection
Can't spell sex without the letter X so this is a letter to
every X
I'm sexin', I get the best aura, no question
Pectoral shit, we ouchea flexin'
Yea, that's the Slaughterhouse team
Looking down on ballers as if we as tall as Yao Ming
Fly is what we are without wings
Like scientist studyin' the environment, we all about
green

I fuck who nigga I want
I let you more comin' from
Told me I wouldn't go far
Am I nobody to a star?
If that's where you're takin' me
You've been mistakin' me
I'm still here amazingly
If you can, thank God for making me who I am

These raps from a smoker's lungs
Climb the ladder to success, get the broken wrongs
See I'm now never guessin', was a token bum
Mail box full of subpoenas, I might open one
Guess the cops didn't learn that these warrants don't
phase 'em

Live in my mind, how could bars ever cage him?
Give me a break, I'm a law abiding citizen
And I kill the cell mate if there's nothing there
Some say that I'm mean
Now they got it fucked up, I just say what I mean
It was never 'bout money, I was chasin' a dream
And now I'm proof that rage can beat the machine
I took being the sickest way over being the richest
If you focused on me I ain't doing half bad
Right there in the airs, I solemnly swear
That the joke was on me but I got the last laugh

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My real name, my rap shit
No bed frame, just a mattress
Tryna light the stove, lookin' for a book of matches
Losin' in a hole but your medals getting practice
Flickin' drow action
In a zip lock from an old package
Niggas better be lucky that I'm so passive
I'm a blow pass it like a coke habit
You afraid of me then you afraid you'll ever flow
massive
I sit a raid and fit it over Beau Jackson's jeans horse
shoe
Under the horse polo relaxin'
With a horse shotgun and a porchlight
And the horses brag
You be doing horse tryna call cab
A merrier with the New York of swag
Got me a cast as Massachusetts, I be throwin' in the
Boston crap
This a toast to the streets
Where they eat your food down to the bon apetit
So don't turn your cheek
My real name, my rap shit
The Messiah of real rap shit
Nod your head, make a face like you're sitting on the
toilet
And it's real hard to crap shit, yea I make that shit
Put it gat clappers on a silver night
Who opens soda to the right? You know
Switch your gat backward

I wrote a track with a tack in my gen sport
So who the fuck said I don't do this for the
backpackers?
Come on
One hit in my piff and you call if I got pot
Top notch at the minimum cost
Do me a favour, take your little nix and get lost
The only time you get to pee is when I'm pissin' you off
I mean ringin' the bell, everybody would tell you the
same thing, I'm
Thorough
And I could still kill in the field where they kill cause I'm
real, never
Ran, never will

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