

Slaughterhouse

"Woodstock (Hood Hop)"

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"Woodstock (Hood Hop)"

(feat. M.O.P.)

[Intro: M.O.P.]

Hahaha... they think they rid ourselves
We definitely got to give the drummer somethin
(c'mon!)
Slaughterhouse (c'mon!) M.O.P. (c'mon!)
Everybody (c'mon!)

[Joell Ortiz]

H-E- (what?) L-L-O, I'm one hell of a show
I'm the best, you stuck in the middle like L-M-N-O
I'll piss on you, let every toxic elements go
All you pussies is fucked, call me now celibate Joe (ay!)
Ay Slaughterhouse, let's go rock "Ed Sullivan Show"
I literally can't front, I'm back like never befo' (oh!)
I'ma rap my letter to hoes
Dear prostitute, I miss y'all lettin me slap my head on
your nose
Where the fuck is my guitar? It couldn't of went far
Oh yeah, I smashed it on homie head in that Brook-lyn
bar
Man I'm somewhere in between a crook and a star
Had some more bars but I left my rap book in the car
(yo yo yo yo yo)

[Chorus: M.O.P.]

Yo, this that Woodstock hood hop!
Hands up if you fuckin with it
We reppin Brooklyn (c'mon!) Jersey (c'mon!)
Long Beach (c'mon!) Detroit (c'mon!)

[Crooked I]

Geah, spaz out, knock a nigga ass out
Knew he had a paper thin chin and a glass mouth
West Coast shit, seven-deuce glass house
Got a (Lil' Fame) so me and my (Posse Mash Out) (ohh!)
I ain't got a college degree
Just the Circle of Bosses, the Slaughter's in me - pardon
me G
I just wanna fuck your daughter and flee

And leave all that married shit in the background like
I'm Father MC
Ha ha, cocky, but don't be a copycat
When you see me rockin that, L.A. Kings hockey hat
I'm the king of L.A., do you copy that?
It's time for some change like Obama in a laundry-mat

[Chorus]

[Royce Da 5'9"]

Do y'all want problems with us? I guess not
Broadcastin live from a Pyrex pot
The steets know that we nice, try your best shot
Speech coded in ice, dialect's hot
Everybody (c'mon) get cool
Beef in big shoes, gun talkin repetitive call it Chip-Fu
You ain't never heard of me mami you excused
I don't only diss dudes
You sleepin on us, that's what it is - just understand
that I ain't gettin a wink of sleep 'til you lookin at the
back of your lids
I'm a lyrical ounce of PIFF
Still countin them chips, for real mami, Slaughterhouse
in this {"BITCH!"}

[Chorus]

[Joe Budden]

Look, I'm not a gang-banger, more like game changer
with tamed anger, alias lover name changer
Liable to pop at kids and aim flamers
I'm why your parents told you not to entertain strangers
Dope get it, top notch, flow sickest
Best out, don't blame me it's no spitters
So vicious on the road to riches
From now on call me Mr. Weiss, they chasin all of your
old bitches
From the hood New Jersey and I claim this
Oxymoron, rob with the dirty and stainless
Cock back, high saddity so I keep the top back
So when the streets is watchin, I could watch back

[Chorus - repeat 2X]

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