

## **Slimy**

### **"Woodstock"**

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[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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