

## **Feldman Barry**

### **"Slaughtahouse \*"**

Visit "[Slaughtahouse \\*](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

\* This song has two parts:

- A. "The cutting edge of hardcore rap; the most innovative stuff for 1993" -- gangsta parody following the "Classroom" skit
- B. Paula Perry introduces the \_real\_ Slaughtahouse

Part A:

(Yeah... yeah... yeah...)  
This is MC Negro  
And this is this Ign-ant MC  
And this is our new motherfucking single  
OUR NEW SHIT  
Slaughtahouse  
This shit is called Slaughtahouse  
Negro! Coming off our last platinum LP  
Platinum LP  
\_Shit's Real Killin' Motherfuckers Dead\_  
Killin em dead  
And this is how we gonna rock shit for the nine-tray

Verse One: MC Negro

Here come the craziest niggaz on earth  
Cutthroats, ever since birth  
Blood and guts are gonna spill  
Cuz it's murder murder murder, and kill kill kill  
Chainsaw in my holster  
Barb-wire rope, and I'll hang ya like a poster  
So when I grab my axe you better drop  
Cause I'm "swing swing swing, and chop chop chop" in  
the Slaughtahouse

Yeah, yo Ign-ant MC  
Whassup?  
Show these niggaz what the dress code is  
Aight

Verse Two: Ign-ant MC

Strictly Raiders and Kings gear  
Only wear black and I don't know how to act  
no more... so come and take a chance and  
Mess around with the black Charles Manson  
Body parts in the freezer  
I'm not Jeffrey Dahmer but I'll slaughta ya momma  
So open up the do'  
To the Slaughtahouse, so I can kill a little mo'

Outro:

Yeahhh, motherfucker  
Yeah!  
This is MC Negro  
And this the Ign-ant MC  
And this shit is real over here, motherfucker, real real  
This is the brand new LP, it's called \_Brains on the  
Sidewalk\_  
Brains on the sidewalk!  
And all we wanna do now  
Is murder murder murder, kill kill kill

Part B: Paula Perry, Masta Ase

One two, one two  
This is Paula Perry and it's a brand new year  
Time for the weak-ass, wack-ass  
No-skills, negative, anti-everything  
MC's to get shut down  
They're gettin Slaughta'd!  
[Lord Digga] Death to the wack MC's --> repeat 4X  
(Welcome to the Slaughtahouse!)  
Too many suckas, too many wack records gettin played  
Too much money bein made, it's time for the wack to  
get slayed  
Take these suckas to war Ase, take em to war!

It's the jeep (ass niguh), it's the jeep (ass niguh)  
Whatcha know about the jeep (ass niguh)  
It's the jeep (ass niguh), it's the jeep (ass niguh)  
Here we go, with the jeep (ass niguh) (Welcome to the  
Slaughtahouse!)  
Never hear me talking "I could kill a man!!"  
Started making records but I'm still a fan  
I'll take you down, I break your crown  
I make you frown, I wake the town  
Tick, check it out tock I rock your whole block  
Got the funk dialect in stock  
With the boom, bashin, bass drum is smashin  
and crashin your bedroom walls, and monster mashin  
Dashin, man with the kick, that be flying

Kids don't be trying, this trick cause I'm scien-  
-tifical, ninety-nine rappers wanna kill  
to sound ill, you couldn't find their brains with a drill  
Check it...

\*sound of a drill\*

[What a funny little house!]

(Welcome to the Slaughtahouse!)

Welcome to my Slaughtahouse, it's like a playpen  
Welcome to my Slaughtahouse, there's no escapin  
This is the place where freestyling skills  
are sharp like axes, and suckas get the chills  
Drum is the cash, like the rash you'll be itchin  
for the green and, everybody's talking like they're  
mean and  
crazy, oh baby, you're ready, for this yo  
Make me, a poster, holdin, a pistol  
Then I can be the (man)  
I can be the (man)  
Cause they see me with the gun in my hand  
I, am not, down with the standard  
The man did, not do, what every other man did  
Candid, just like the man Allen Funts  
And there's nothing worse than, a rapper when he  
fronts  
So throw your hands up in the air  
If you really don't care  
about the next man's life, you get the chair  
In the Slaughtahouse  
[The price a rapper must pay]

Outro:

Whassup kid you hear that new album \_Brains on the  
Sidewalk\_  
Yeah it's FAT right?  
Yeah I like that part  
MURDER MURDER MURDER, and KILL KILL KILL  
Yaknow that's what it's all about  
Yeah I'm gonna be just like that when I grow up  
You think I ain't?

[Lord Digga]

This is a brand new year for motherfucker's heads to  
start burstin  
Masta Ase, Incorporated  
Ase, Lord Digga, Shiloh, Eyceurok, the Brooklynites  
And the Floor Builder  
Watch your back black man  
Your biggest enemy's in the mirror  
Long is the road to freedom from self-destruction

The Slaughtahouse, breeds death  
Death to the \*faggot-ass\* average wack MC's  
And death of the original man, turned killer man

Visit [Feldman Barry](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.