

Joe Budden f/ Crooked I, Joell Ortiz, Nino Bless, Royce Da 5'9"

"Slaughterhouse"

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[Joell Ortiz] Aiyyo Joey what you said, 24 right? Aight cool, I got you Uhh, I define gutter - every time I rhyme I climb up another notch, hip-hop got my spine smothered But I'll be fine brother - my mind hovers above all you jive suckers wishin, that's word to my mother You throw a shot at me, I'm throwin a shot back Yours is on a joint, mine's whistlin by your top hat Yeah I'm cool but you violate and I'll cock back Open the mac's mouth and black out like I do not rap I'm sick and tired of niggaz lyin They fifth is lyin in the second drawer next door to some bullshit they iron Y'all be makin up stories the little kids is buyin I do everything my +Penn State+ like a Nittany Lion I ain't gotta mention the streets on a song to get in a nigga ass on these beats like a thong, pause Veterans co-sign me, the up-and-comers scared The pretty girls go "Papi, here's my underwear!" Never in a hundred years I thought I'd be a rapper But in less than a hundred bars I knew I'd be a factor I'm PS4 in HD and the screen is plasma You're Atari 2600 with a weak adapter Between us the gap's so crazy I'm Gucci, Louis V; you're Gap, Old Navy I get coochie in the V, you attract no ladies You're suburb, I'm gutter where the gats go crazy!

[Nino Bless] Look, you know, look Fuck a lecture, ain't tryin to be Pun's successor That term's done fucker, what up whatever You birds is food, I'm about to pluck some feathers I'm young and clever, plus clutch under pressure Yup! Who does this better? Walk around with medal all on me like the front of Shredder I lust for cheddar you owe me Leave holes in your vest that'll open your chest like a sunken treasure I'm somethin, like a phenomenon Droppin bombs for fun then dine in hell during Ramadan Whatever I'm rhymin on or whoever I tear 'em apart; swear on my pops No, fear in my heart, shit, been through it all Done swam with the sharks, snapped fins with my jaws I'm all that, and a bag of the baddest piff off of a brick of hash mixed with acid hits like sick cracker shit Get back, dumb birds I ignore the hype Click-clack, Yung Berg'd if you flossin ice Dawg, cross me twice, can't afford the price It'll cost you, I'll off your life! You soft, I told you I'm raw

white when I'm on this mic Still mourn at night, don't
wanna see mornin light And I feel like I'm forced to
fight When the +Chips+ are down like Ponch fallin off
his bike (AHHH!) Of course my metaphors are type
awesome, right? I got 'em in awe, my aura's Jordan like
What's really poppin? Who diddy-boppin? You wasn't
really, now you all Common and really conscious I ain't
with that silly nonsense, I really pop shit My gun stay
cocked like Biggie's optics I, I stay evolvin but grown
bitter On your grave they're carvin "Fucked with the
wrong nigga" [Crooked I] I don't write I kill a pen, leak
its blood on the page I breathe bars like oxygen locked
my lungs in a cage Instrumentals get fucked on the
stage A pedophile unless I dig in the crates and fuck
with somethin my age Forever vow, to never smile
when I'm at peace Only when I'm eatin the deceased
like quiche Only when my enemy's internal organs are
a smorgasbord in a feast The Dahmer with melanin led
'em in the belly of the beast You'll be missin until
fishermen see your corpse I'll be in Michigan stickin a
chicken in my Michelin ready to pigeon pitch again
from Switzerland to New York I was whippin Bentleys
before them pictures up in the Source I'm a gorillas
behind these bars, on some zoo shit Shoot you while
you're talkin on some news camera crew's shit Sicker
than flyin in past tense on some flu shit Day-old
asshole flow, I drop new shit! Exclusive! You don't want
it in fact I'll have the doctors operatin on the front of
your back Tryin to keep your stomach intact The
spiritual you, leavin your body, he don't wanna go back
That's when the tunnel go black; I send your soul to the
atmosphere Fuck outta here, and your ringtone rap
career! It's Crooked I, the face of Eastside Long Beach
Put your ear to the street so you can hear my heartbeat
[Royce Da 5'9"] Nickel! Yeah I hope niggaz know I'll
show up to your show I'll show up where you go, show
up to your do', fo's will explode shells 'fore they hit the
flo', I know niggaz know I got a open window flow, I air
shit OUT In the D they used to call me Mayor Royce Now
they call me Clay Davis Guess why? "Sheeeeeeeeeeeeeee-
it" Cause when it come to them words you know I wear
shit out I write rhymes like, white lines on a nose tray
Ice cold Ice Cube flow like O'Shea Ridin shotgun with
Chris Martin my DJ Not the white boy, but I'm down for
the +Coldplay+ Forever stay violent, better stay silent
Hammers stay hummin like strummin the mandolin
violin Speakin of, I done played a tune of violence More
than my nigga Charles Hamilton played Sonic I wrap
niggaz up, clap niggaz up, scrap niggaz up Either that
or we gon' slap niggaz up Dump dirt on you - right
before I go into my Maino mode if I smell the scent of

Yung Berg on ya 'Til it ain't no mo', ain't no dough Get into his ass cause I ain't opposed, I'm a livin anal probe I'm a lame-ophobe, matter fact my nigga JumpOff Can I keep goin? (Why the fuck not!) When I was a teen, I used to pack a three-eighty Now I'm spittin sittin between Shady and Jay (ohh!) I pull the jeans down on my bitch and then wave Cause the pussy Max B wavy when she ain't shave I leave the booth smellin like somebody ain't sprayed I would talk about Kimbo but I ain't crazy I'm like Marty McFly goin back in time and dissin his momma nigga you can't fade me [Joe Budden] They say he a bastard for real, then they see the ass on his girl So they wonderin, why's he so mad at the world? I take it out on tracks, I R.I.P. it So even to the producer it's hard to I.D. it Bars tremendous, it's in your best interest I insist your men just, do your best Bush rendish Endless, move more than two inches My blood'll boil like I got a big skin cyst So end this or see me maÃ±ana Or see the speed of a llama, underground primadonna That ain't hard to find, pop a E in a Honda with hands like E. Honda, he a monster! I love war, it's like my pet peeve kinda But for us to even BEEF you should be honored! My DICK gettin hard, I see vagina, pause Nah, rewind each line each time Speak mine and meet 9, mano a mano When it rains it pours, grab a teflon poncho You now fuckin with Mouse, the head honcho Nigga I could fix yo' house in my condo! I walk around like ratchets been legalized Just me and the desert eagle, and an eagle eye Closed casket, now you havin a boxed wake Zipper over your head, dudes callin you Crotchface! So y'all could bump "Swag Like Us" But the next time rap's discussed, add this as a plus Don't nobody hit the pad like us And would get up in that ass but the fag's might bust (bust) And since poppin tags is a must (what?) I hit the bank - all I do is withdraw Chicks removin their drawers now, your crew is in awe How you ball? Your jewels from a cubicle in the mall You gon' need another processor, to process it I'll set it, I said it! So keep runnin around hot-headed, 'til you get hot leaded 'Til everything but your torso on you is prosthetic Digest it, niggaz is pie-thetic Rap what you can't afford, y'all must got credit All you gotta know is Crooked I, Royce, Bless and Joell With Joe spell, NO L!

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