

Joe Budden f/ Crooked I, Joell Ortiz, Royce Da 5'9" "We Outta Here"

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[Intro: Royce] Your left shoulderrrr (HUT!) Your right shoulderrrr (HUT!) {*gunfire*} Your left shoulderrrr (HUT!) Your right shoulderrrr (HUT!) {*whistle blows*}
[female] Slaughter [Royce Da 5'9"] Poppa-Poppa Pistol stuck his dick in Momma Missile and created Mr. Got-to-Get-You if he opposite just split You niggaz bitches cranberry like a vodka mixer Whippin bitches niggaz black, ass like a cotton picker Bomb through debris - I'm holdin two pistols in the form of a crosshair, I am armed to the T I put on for my city, I take off for whoever think I'm soft for my job of rappin, go back to clappin Back to illin, back to dealin, back to coc-a-ina Up the nose, that's the feelin, sky the limit, that's the ceilin And the women is the whores, puttin numbers up for sales It's the score into hell, it's the feel, it's the feel
[Chorus: Royce Da 5'9" - singing with AutoTune] I can make noise when the gat blowwww-ooooooh-oooh The Slaughterhouse boys make the gat blowwww-ohhhhh-ooooh It's a muh'fuckin Slaughterhouuuuuuse We outta here, we outta here, we outta here It's a muh'fuckin Slaughterhouse We outta here, we outta here, we outta [Joe Budden] {*starts off screwed*} I live my life like a hood bopper touched by evil, all about bread and evil Regular people lookin like bread to eagles with the desert eagle Cordially they forcin me to act accordingly When according to me my thoughts disorderly just like they outta be It's more to me in accord to me Just mad at the smoke and the mirrors, image, perceptions and the forgery Everything is a fraud to me So until the boys wake up, me and my boys make up Be with the toy sprayers, aimin noise makers at the noise makers {*blam*} Best group ever, group of whoever who do it better Bets placed on it (nigga!) number one got our face on it And I make a case on it, treason Every twelve months it's huntin season They call us Slaughterhouse for a reason! [Chorus] [Royce] Crooked! [Crooked I] Piano face Audemars, you haters know the time Drug abusin fourth-grader, I mean a loaded nine Hits in the stash, Ferrari Spider, the road is mine Like lap dancers and bad brakes, I'm on the grind So tell Officer Crawford that this is (Slaughterhouse)

And I left the next black president in his daughter's
mouth Swallow my kids then I'm like, "Yo I gotta
bounce" Ben Franklin's a math genius and every dollar
counts We takin over the game, go at you little wussies
(Why?) Cause that's the sweetest joy next to gettin
pussy Somethin bad is emergin Slaughter's blowin up
like a suicide bomber promised 70 virgins nigga
[Chorus] [Royce] Ortiz! [Joell Ortiz] One quarter of
Slaughter reportin to you live from a corner where
reporters stop by Since somebody playin pow-pow
shots fly out a glock-9 'til you cooked like a potpie Take
a look at everybody in my crew bet you can't find a
member of the squad that is not fly Anybody say they
can see us they either lyin or not wearin they glasses,
apparently cock-eyed We don't shit, we ca-ca We don't
spit, we emit lava Got a grip on these hip-hoppers like a
big lobster Everybody know the deal when the hear the
kid YOWWA! Goo-goo, ga-ga, baby cryin 'bout the
internet They get on the site but they showed me and
Joe the other night takin flights then lightin up a
cigarette Motherfucker we ill, not one insect step short
of the best thing Everything we touch make they head
swing and, y'all ain't really interestin Throw a shot, and
our fans do the interceptin You got the crowd fooled
but I ain't really into wrestlin (into wrestlin) [Chorus]

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