

## Joe Budden f/ Joell Ortiz, Crooked I, Nino Bless, Royce Da 59, "Slaughterhouse"

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Joell Ortiz:

I define gutter, everytime I rhyme I climb up another notch  
Hip hop got my spine smothered  
But Iâll be fine brother  
My mind hovers above all you jive suckers  
Listen, thatâs word to my mother  
You throw a shot at me  
Iâm throwing a shot back  
Yourâs is on a joint  
Mineâs whistling by your top hat  
Ya Iâm cool but you violate and Iâll cock back  
Open the macâs mouth and black out like I do not rap  
Im sick and tired of niggas lyin  
They fifth is lyin in they second drawer  
Next door to some bullshit they ironed  
yall be makin up stories that them little kids be buyin  
I do everything my Penn State like a Nittany lion  
I ainât gotta mention the streets on this song  
To get in a nigga ass on these beats like a thong,  
pause  
Veterans co-sign me, the up and coming scared  
The pretty girls go âgPapi hereâs my  
underwearâh  
Never in a hundred years I thought Iâd be a rapper  
But in less than a hundred bars I knew Iâd be a factor  
Iâm PS4 in HD and the screen is plasma  
Youâre Atari 2600 with a weak adapter  
Between us the gapâs so crazy  
Iâm Gucci, Louis V, youâre Gap, Old Navy  
I get coochie in the V, you attract no ladies  
Youâre suburb, Iâm gutter where it make catâs  
go crazy

Nino Bless:

Fuck a lecture, ainât tryin to be Punâs sucessor  
That termâs done fucka, what up whatever  
You birdâs is food  
Iâm about to pluck some feathers, Iâm young and  
clever,  
Plus, clutch under pressure, yup! who does this better?

Walk around with metal all on me like the front of  
Shredder

I lust for cheddar, you owe me  
Leave holes in your vest that I'll open your chest like a  
sunken treasure  
I'm somethin' like a phenomenon  
Droppin' bombs for fun then dining 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 a brick of hash mixed with acid hits  
Like sick cracker shit  
Get back dumb birds I ignore the hype  
Click clack, Yung Berg if you flossin ice  
Dog, 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, the mourn at Knight  
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  
Of course my metaphors are type awesome, right  
I got em in awe, my aura's Jordan like  
What's really poppin', who's diddy boppin'  
You was a willy  
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 stay evolv'n, but grown bitter  
On your grave they carvin' I fucked with the wrong  
nigga's

Crooked I:

I don't write I kill a pen leak his 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 kiesh  
Only when my enemies eternal organs are a  
smorgasborg in the feast  
The dahmer with melanin and let em in the belly of the  
beast  
You'll be missin' till fisherman see your corpse

Iâfll be in Michigan stickinâf a chickin  
In my Michelin ready to pigeon pitch again  
from Switzerland to New York  
I was whippinâf Bentlyâfs before them pictures up in  
the Source  
Iâfm a gorilla behind these bars, on some zoo shit  
Shoot you while youâfre talkin, on some news camera  
crew shit  
Sicker then flying in past tense, on some flu shit  
Day old asshole flow, I drop new shit  
Exclusive, you donâft want it in fact  
Iâfll have the doctors operating on the front of your  
back  
Tryin to keep your stomach intact  
The spiritual you, leavin your body he donâft wanna  
go back  
Thatâfs when the tunnel go black  
Iâfll send your soul to the atmosphere  
Fuck outta here, and your ring tone rap career  
Itâfs Crooked I, the face of east side Long Beach  
Put your ear to the street, so you can hear my heartbeat

Royce Da 59:

I hope niggas know  
Iâfll show up to ya show  
Iâfll show up where you go  
Show up to ya door  
4âfs will explode shells  
For they hit the floâf  
I know niggas know  
I got an open window flow  
I air shit out  
In the Dâf they used to call me Mayor Royce  
Now they call me Clay Davis  
Guess why?  
Shiiiiiiiiieett  
Cause when it come to them words  
You know I wear shit out  
I write rhymes like white lines  
On the nose tray  
Ice cold, Ice Cube flow like OâfShea  
Riding shot gun with Chris Martin my DJ  
Not the white boy, but Iâfm down for the Coldplay  
Forever stay violent, better stay silent  
Hammers stay humminâf  
Like strumminâf the mandolin or violin  
Speaking of, I done played into the violence  
More then my nigga Charles Hamilton played Sonic  
I wrap niggas up, clap niggas up, scrap niggas up  
Either that or we gonâf slap niggas up  
Dump dirt on you right before I go into my Maino mode

If I smell the scent of Yung Berg on ya  
Till it ain't no more, ain't no dough  
Get into his ass cause I ain't opposed  
I'm a living anal probe  
I'm a lame-a-phobe  
Matter fact my nigga Jumpoff can I keep goin?  
(WHY THE FUCK NOT!!!)  
When I was a teen, I used to pack a .380  
Now I'm spittin', sittin' between Shady and Jay  
I pull da jeans down on my bitch and then wave  
Cause the pussy Max B wavy when she aint 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 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 Bish's rendish  
Endless, move more then 2 inches  
My blood'll boil like I got a big skin cyst  
So end this, or see me manana  
Or see the speed of a llama  
Underground prima donna  
That ain't hard to find poppin' 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 mind and meet 9, mano e mano  
When it rains it pours grab a teflon poncho  
You now fuckin' with Mouse, the head honcho  
Nigga I could fit your house in my condo  
I walk around like ratchets been legalized  
Just me and the desert eagle, and the eagle eye  
Closed casket, now you having a box, wait  
Zipper over your head, dude's calling you crotch  
face  
So ya'll 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 fags might bust  
And since poppin' tags is a must  
I hit the bank and all I do is withdrawl  
Chicks removing they drawls  
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 running around hot headed  
Till you get hot leaded  
Till everything but your torso on you is prosthetic  
Digest it, niggas is pie-thetic  
Rap what you can't afford, ya'll must got credit  
All you gotta know is Crooked I, Royce, Bless & Joell  
With Joe spell, NO L!!!!

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