

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ft 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ft 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 evolvin, but grown bitter
On your grave they carvin' 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 ain't a living anal probe
I ain't 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 ain't 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 ain't 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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