

Sound Off (Produced By STREETRANNER)

Slaughterhouse

You herbs we merged, we're an alliance
We fight fire with flamethrowers, why would you try us?
We an outfit, equivalent to voltron's
That boy crooked I is equivalent to four arms
Joell Ortiz is the body
The cannibal slash killer, kill you then eat your body
Joe Budden is the pair of legs
He runs shit alongside I, the apparent head
I am the general, bow now
Fuck saluting!
I don't really think y'all niggas get it
Run up on your with a army it is
On until it's done, finished
You got a problem with any one of my slaughters
Then y'all niggas can come with it
Me and joey, we a perfect fit
He like starting shit, I like ending shit
I don't squash the beef, I don't bend a bit
It ain't intricate
I'm gon' shoot your stupid ass
You too could laugh, you gon' die smiling
Try wilding, I get hostile then I'm violent
I don't make threats nigga I promise
My style is stalin mixed with sick lyrics
If you hear it, it'll lift your spirit
Turn your appearance into a disappearance
Di, di, di, di, di, di, di, di, di, ding I fuck with nothing but gangstas
Nothing but hustla niggas, sound off, sound off, hut!
I fuck with nothing but my clique
Nothing but hot shit, follow me, sound off, sound off, hut!
I fuck with nothing but gangstas
Nothing but hustla niggas, sound off, sound off, hut!
I put my money on my clique, hot shit
Coming out the barrel of my fifth I got a raw flow, and I stay hungry more so
Guess that's why I'm the torso
I pour sweat when I perform shows
What I record goes down as the best, but the vets won't let that torch go
Y'all could keep it, they got flashlights now
And flamethrowers, and I got one on my back right now

Remain focused, that's what I tell myself now and then
Don't want to go back to that block like when variation defends
Uh-oh, my stomach growls again, I ain't none of you cowards friends
Every human out of my sight before I count to ten
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight
I'm hungry like I never ate
Set a table up with knives, forks and spoons, I'm 'bout to get a plate
All these sweet dummies looking me like a pepper steak
Means we never separate, we ain't married
Jab it every time I touch a pen, I sort of set a date
I'll devastate your career, look I'm a demonstrate
Let me get a good breath take before I regulate
(takes breath) okay, bye bye you guys, don't try to rhyme
Cause line for line
What I design is mine and mine
My joint's divine, meaning right behind
And thank god it shines all the light in mine
So my eyes can find a nice dime to grind
Come here girl, toma, toma, take that, take that I fuck with nothing but gangstas
Nothing but hustla niggas, sound off, sound off, hut!
I fuck with nothing but my clique
Nothing but hot shit, follow me, sound off, sound off, hut!
I fuck with nothing but gangstas
Nothing but hustla niggas, sound off, sound off, hut!
I put my money on my clique, hot shit
Coming out the barrel of my fifth You rappers chasing popularity by any means, doing silly things
Buying too many size twenty skinny jeans
The west treat me like I'm really king
I'm pacquiao in the Philippines, illest thing niggas seen
You rappers dressing like you fittin to sing Billie Jean
I got to intervene, fuck you I'm a intervene
You loud talking, wouldn't kill a thing
Matter of fact, where's your head nigga? I got the guillotine
Fuck your Hollywood limousine and rented bling
I give you three red dots and I call it a triple beam
I'll put your pad on your property, fag
Properly rob you and hop in the jag
If you stopping the profit, the glock will be popping your body
You'll rock a colostomy bag
Shot in the abs, moms will be sad
Pops will be mad, doctor be glad
Possibly be stopping the plasma dropping
Clock running out and the outcome bad
Any one of you niggas fuck with my team
Pretty ass thing with the infrared beam

Sleep on that and get killed while you dream
Fuck a rap group slaughterhouse a machine
Slaughterhouse, a regime
I'm gooned up if you know what I mean
Everybody want to be down with the king
No, no, no, no, no fly zone. I fuck with nothing but gangstas
Nothing but hustla niggas, sound off, sound off, hut!
I fuck with nothing but my clique
Nothing but hot shit, follow me, sound off, sound off, hut!
I fuck with nothing but gangstas
Nothing but hustla niggas, sound off, sound off, hut!
I put my money on my clique, hot shit
Coming out the barrel of my fifth My one goal's to astonish
Tell the President, VP, (you could) notify the congress
They say I'm arrogant, pompous, but I'm honest
I tell them keep an accomplice away from the accomplished
They still making threats on your highness
But I tell them where I be, they just ignore the compass
I think all your mans' play dough, I don't buy that movie, fandango
Fans they know that what you a soldier to a general
Baby steel, got it in a bag, airtight navy seal
Tell them little dudes I ain't mad at y'all
College kids like Asher Roth
Y'all just trying to put food on the table
While I'm a just come and try to snatch it off
If it ain't for me
Most young dudes would be angrily
But anxiously awaiting bankruptcy
Wonder what makes little motherfuckers think they the same as me
I'm synchronized you and your men should die
Learn certain shit you ain't meant to try
Got the ground covered with some niggas in disguise
Best bet is to attempt to fly
Shit's a game, you down, you in for life
Fuck y'all, I ain't got to generalize
Y'all enabled to write what the pen describes
So when he asked what I meant and why, I tell him I fuck with nothing but gangstas
Nothing but hustla niggas, sound off, sound off, hut!
I fuck with nothing but my clique
Nothing but hot shit, follow me, sound off, sound off, hut!
I fuck with nothing but gangstas
Nothing but hustla niggas, sound off, sound off, hut!
I put my money on my clique, hot shit
Coming out the barrel of my fifth

Songwriters

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