

# Loud Noises (Feat Slaughterhouse)

## Bad Meets Evil

Life handed me lemons  
I jump back in the public eye and squirted lemon juice in it  
By now you just wish I'd fucking die but I electrify  
Get electrocuted, executed by an executioner of my flow  
Too quick for the human eye to detect zooming by  
Guess who, what's happening guys?  
They told me to shit, I fell off that pot  
Hopped right back up on that crapper and I  
Said "fuck it" with a capital I  
Look who's back to antagonize  
You don't like it? You can eat shit, fuck off little fagot and die  
You right back like a maggot on my dick grabbing at my shit,  
Better get to the back of the line  
You wanna get your shot at me what kinda crap is that  
Battle, what kind of rapper  
Would I be before I let another rapper think he's hot  
I'll bury my face in his stinky twat and go ala la la  
Girl my head space is limited, ain't even room in the back of my mind  
That's why I ain't thinking about you,  
I don't got time and I told you a thousand times  
So how can I find the time to put an alkaline battery  
In Royce's back and at the same time put Juice in mine?  
Goddamnit Slaughterhouse is signed Slaughterhouse! I'm a menace villain, my pen is sitting spilling, my lyrics  
killing  
Then I let you witness shit when it hit the ceiling  
The niggas willing to give the listeners the sickest feeling  
Like mixing some Benadryl and penicillin  
Then I'm filling the clip with a written  
Can you picture my pistol drilling?  
A million women and children when I'm illing  
But it isn't real, it's a rap  
On the real, it's a wrap  
How could you possibly stop the Apocalypse  
When I'm atomic bombing the populous  
Shock the metropolis hostile as a kid  
Popping the Glock at his moms and his pops  
Then he hops in his drop with his iPod rocking the Slaughterish  
Documentation and lyrics I write with confidence  
Write like a columnist slash novelist

I'm in this game to demolish, establish my dominance  
Over prominent rappers you popping shit till you opposite  
I can spit ominous so spit politics now  
I'm Haile Selassie, Gandhi, and Pac of this hip hop genre,  
Bitch!Slaughterhouse!Lyrically I'm a cocaine Altoid  
Ability told brain it's a no brain bout boy  
Physically I'm literally a cocaine cowboy  
Wait wait, did I just go almost four bars  
Without talking about my big dick?  
The other day me and your thick bitch had a great day and we ate cake  
And then we walked and then she tried to jack me off but she lost  
Cause she couldn't handle my shit, wait I swore  
Irony of Ryan is I am bipolar  
While I'm rhyming standing beside a big old white bear  
Neither one of us fight fair,  
You are literally looking at Woody and Wesley in a movie  
With a white boy ain't got to jump no where 'cause I'm here  
Nigga I'm on fire yeah and I'm every bitch's dream  
One, two I'm coming for you, I'm a big old (big old) nightmare!  
Nigga this the slaughter stepping up  
I'll pretty much slap your ass and tell you to shut the fuck up  
After that I'll slap your ass again  
And tell you to shut the fuck up shutting up  
And that's how you body a fucking beatSlaughterhouse!I should be the one that goes slow  
Get a stopwatch, clock my flow  
Hit the button on top watch the drug drop  
O O dot dot O, Yaowa  
When I drop I go outer space  
Blackout like Darth Vader's face  
Placed in a molten shower  
Say something and get them proper  
Mama poppa pouring out vodka  
Mama Mia, 'em' pass me the seeds  
It's a disease that's in the Slaughterhouse casa  
Better jet boy go home, better yet boy G four chrome,  
Better jet boy, Mark Sanchez, Santanio Holmes  
I'm not just any old homeboy  
Sitting in a lab picking up a pad  
I be spitting bad, I'ma get you mad with this gift I have  
Lord duck suffering succotash when the trigger blast  
I'ma put your beak on your fitted hat  
Where the liquor at? Sip of yak  
That bitch and a vicious track I'ma get into that  
Sly Pro tools to boast Joe smooth I coast to the West  
Like we're tired of living at

New York here's a piggyback ride to the motherland  
Hold on brother man, on the other hand get down  
I'm gutter fam, gun butt you with the Eagle handle Cunningham  
I don't wanna talk, I just wanna beef  
I don't want a piece, I want it all baby boy  
I don't wanna eat, I wanna feast up you rough piece of shit  
You done weak, I'm the one, capiche?Slaughterhouse!Insane what they call us  
How you married to the game  
But you probably shouldn't have came to the altar  
Every bar like propane for the sawed-off, used ya hand to forge you  
Eminem, Mr. Porter, slaughter my cinnamon's imminent torture  
All of you feminine marauders, that's women at war  
Men will assault you, time is a bastard symbol of sorter?  
Kidnap your trembling daughter, at least a quarter  
I'm administering supporters, got an aura more like Sodom and Gomorrah  
Normally something's wrong with me  
Claiming a quantity of the porn I see on the pause to me  
When I fix the game they'll think shit came with a warranty  
How the fuck are they gonna stop when I was born to be  
Corner me, shit belong to me, two choices, you can get along with me  
Or sit your fagot ass right there in dormancy  
Wait, all you missing is heels to be Ru Paul  
Ain't nobody that's real ever knew y'all  
Second to none and I'm dealing with Marshall  
This time I never come down, deal with the blue balls  
You ain't gotta fear me but you'll respect me  
Niggas who never met me threaten me, want to Gillete me  
Coming off soft, I got some machetes  
Swinging spaghetti like it's heavy some said he deserve an ESPY  
In a Chevy like Andretti, put the Dezzy where his chest beSlaughterhouse!

#### Songwriters

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