

# Hammer Dance

## Slaughterhouse

[Verse 1: Joell Ortiz]

My real name, my rap shit  
No made up nigga, Iâ€™m straight up, nigga  
Still in the projects where I came up, nigga  
On a scaffold doing ten sets of ten, getting my weight up, nigga  
Iâ€™m no shooter, but my shootersâ€™ll have your brain exposed  
But Iâ€™ll shoot five in a second, homie, and break your nose  
Talking past, Iâ€™m dead ass, I was living  
Life fast with my pistol in the grass  
Digging in my ass tryna finish up the last  
So I can sit it in a stash  
Old E. sweat dripping from the bag  
Milk crates sitting on the ave  
While Iâ€™m looking left and right for the niggas with the badge  
My momâ€™s dishes really had crack on â€™em  
12 12s and I kept that shit packed for â€™em, yeah they came back for â€™em  
I can paint it so vivid cause I really lived it  
If rap fail, I stack bail, and show you how to get it!

[Hook: Royce da 5'9"]

Iâ€™m in the club, bottle in my hand doing my two step  
While I got my gun in my pants, call it the hammer dance  
Bitches dancing on a nigga when they feel the gun  
I tell â€™em weâ€™re doing the hammer dance  
Two steppinâ€™ with my weapon on me  
You good? Iâ€™m just checking, homie  
Fam-a-lam, you donâ€™t stand a chance  
While I got this gun in my pants doing my hammer dance

[Verse 2: Crooked I]

In these LA times, I wake up on one  
House slippers and coffee, I know the paper gonâ€™ come  
I drop shit that make the gangstas go dumb  
Keep a bad bitch naked like my waist with no gun  
Iâ€™m for real, how are you?  
Got street power, from the Watts Towers to Howard U  
How would you become me? I donâ€™t do what you cowards do  
Flip a thousand pounds of that sour diesâ€™ in a hour, dude  
Iâ€™m out my muhâ€™fuckinâ€™ mind

Fuck a punchline, salute my muhâ€™™fuckinâ€™™ grind  
Ditching feds on the regular, theyâ€™™re trying to catch a predator  
Not the Chris Hansen type, but the Danny Glover kind  
Iâ€™™m a killer, everybody know I body your audio  
When a shotty blow, say goodbye to your barrio, you maricon  
You donâ€™™t think that Iâ€™™m about this  
Ice grill, nigga, put your money where your mouth is

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Joe Budden]

My real name, my rap shit  
Fuck with Chase, but the real bank is the mattress  
Money ainâ€™™t new to me, been getting G-stacks  
Since Smoove B took his shawty back from rehab  
Knife work with me, but the chrome is extra  
Case Iâ€™™m in the same taxi as the bone collector  
Yâ€™™all rappinâ€™™ â€™™bout models, I get hounded by â€™™em  
Not a killer at all, Iâ€™™m just surrounded by â€™™em  
Just a real nigga, straight from my motherâ€™™s stomach  
Ainâ€™™t enough cloth for all of us to be cut from it  
Not decided by who toast led  
Cause all of us would be angels for Pujolsâ€™™ bread  
Lot of hostility, hollering is killing me  
Screaming â€™œOver my dead body,â€™• like itâ€™™s not a possibility  
On my Jersâ€™™ bullshit, never mind me  
But if itâ€™™s ever problems, niggas know where to find me

[Hook]

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