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 I'll be fine brother
My mind hovers above all you jive suckers
Listen, that's word to my mother
You throw a shot at me
I'm throwing a shot back
Your's is on a joint
Mine's whistling by your top hat
Ya I'm cool but you violate and I'll cock back
Open the mac's mouth and black out like I do not rap
I'm sick and tired of niggas lyin
They fifth is lyin in they second drawer
Next door to some bullshit they ironed
Ya'll be makin up stories that them little kids be buyin
I do everything my Penn State like a Nittany lion
I ain'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? gPapi here's my underwear...
Never in a hundred years I thought I'd be a rapper
But in less than a hundred bars I knew I'd be a factor
I'm PS4 in HD and the screen is plasma
You're Atari 2600 with a weak adapter
Between us the gap's so crazy
I'm Gucci, Louis V, you're Gap, Old Navy
I get coochie in the V, you attract no ladies
You're suburb, I'm gutter where it make cat's go crazy[Nino Bless:]
Fuck a lecture, ain't tryin to be Pun's sucessor
That term's done fucka, what up whatever
You bird's is food
I'm about to pluck some feathers, I'm young and clever,
Plus, clutch under pressure, yup! who does this better?
Walk around with metal all on me like the front of ShredderI lust for cheddar, you owe me
Leave holes in your vest that'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' of 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? gfucked with the wrong nigga...[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
I'll be in Michigan stickin' a chickin
In my Michelin ready to pigeon pitch again
From Switzerland to New York
I was whippin' Bently's before them pictures up in the Source
I'm a gorilla behind these bars, on some zoo shit
Shoot you while you're 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 don't want it in fact
I'll have the doctors operating on the front of your back
Tryin to keep your stomach intact

The spiritual you, leavin your body he don't wanna go back
That's when the tunnel go black
I'll send your soul to the atmosphere
Fuck outta here, and your ring tone rap career
It's Crooked I, the face of east side Long Beach
Put your ear to the street, so you can hear my heartbeat[Royce Da 5'9":]
I hope niggas know
I'll show up to ya show
I'll show up where you go
Show up to ya door
4's will explode shells
For they hit the flo'
I know niggas know
I got an open window flow
I air shit out
In the D' they used to call me Mayor Royce
Now they call me Clay Davis
Guess why?
Shiiiiiiiiieeett
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 O'Shea
Riding shot gun with Chris Martin my DJ
Not the white boy, but I'm down for the Coldplay
Forever stay violent, better stay silent
Hammers stay hummin'
Like strummin' 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 gon' 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 ain't 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 popppin' 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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