

# Warriors

## Royce da 5'9"

[Intro:]

Check the scene, pappas  
Slaughterhouse, still standin  
There was a murder last night  
and the shit didn't really sit right with me  
So I had to tell a story  
Ohhhhhhhhhh baby!  
Blood on the walls, {?}[Joe Budden]  
America's worst nightmare, ahead by light years  
Hip-Hop's only shining star in the night's air  
Right here, don't fight fair, what I write yeah  
Might there, throw 'em off like they Bobby Knight's chair  
I been where you tryin to be, I'm already hot  
All about cake, Betty Crock' and spit ready rock  
They know my bar came venom in a bezzie rock  
Kicked from fight club, outfit from Eddie Brock  
I'm goin for the kill, focused on a steady plot  
John Wilkes the Booth like when he dead aimed his nezzie shot  
You listenin to hip-hop's finest  
You rewind this, Slaughterhouse behind this[Joell Ortiz]  
I like rap, this shit is cool, I'm better than mad niggaz  
But I'm just as good a crack pitcher as a pad ripper  
I say that to say this  
Don't let mad liquor turn me to a bodybag zipper and not a ad-libber  
Couple joints ago I was right on that ave wit'cha  
Mad bigger than the cats David Tyree had last winter  
I'm not a made-up character  
That's a Puerto Rican Brooklynite with two kids y'all see in them mag pictures  
And however I gotta feed 'em I will  
All they ever gon' need in life is just, me and my will  
Interfere with that it's gon' be more than a beat that I kill  
Disrespect with an indirect and you will see if I'm real[Crooked I]  
Fuck you blood-suckin parasites  
I'm bringin the terror right in front of your parents' sight  
You parents' eyes, and yeah I wear a pair of pipes  
I wear 'em like Sega like on a pair of thighs  
I'm Eric Wright, I'm (Ruthless), I terrorize  
You'll either perish or be paralyzed; I'm a thousand degrees Fahrenheit  
I'm even keepin them heaters when we perform

On stage rockin like we from Korn, the people roar  
What they don't know it's a secret war  
inside of a rider I'm seekin revenge on the world for bein born!  
And the desert eagle is "mi amor"  
She'll fuck you to death, blow your brains, either or cause she a whore[Royce Da 5'9"]  
Allow me to reassure your stripe's worthless  
Like a pair of Diadora's when it leaves the Adidas store  
Don't be comparin us to rappers  
Compare us to the Arabs, this a terrorist attack, uh - BOOM!  
Lord have mercy, we here to destroy EVERY-thing  
You niggaz is butter in front a FUCKIN machete swing  
Motherfucker I'm fly, I ain't no scary goon  
Try me and I guarantee you I'ma see you very soon  
Leave a nigga ass out like Prince, take his bitch  
Put my (Graffiti Bridge) right (Under Her Cherry Moon) (woo!)  
We notorious, pushin them Porsches  
Y'all niggaz the orphans; US, we the warriors[Interlude:]  
Ohhhhh, wait a minute papis  
Royce, slow down baby[Joe Budden]  
This rap shit is a workout on my legs (why?)  
A nigga goin hard on his bike but two million dudes is jumpin on the pegs  
They know when that raw shit get recorded  
Either let your speakers enforce it or lay down in a moshpit  
Of course it's the bosses, actin like officers  
Runnin in these corporate offices  
Hungry lookin for a four-course dish no matter what the cost is  
Like the world's lawless so we don't know what remorse is  
Cause the V need like a thousand horses  
Slaughterhouse hoodie on, that's my new couture shit  
It's Jumpoff! He be the best  
Computers rank me number 1, blame the BCS  
It's they fault nigga[Joell Ortiz]  
Ask about your boy, I'm nice with my hands  
Maybe that's why, every last thing I write is a jam  
Minus the fans, the flights to Japan, I am the man  
Anyone who feel they could see me is in dire need of a eye exam  
My mind expands wider than the fanbase of a fire band  
And what I release from my diaphragm  
sticks to you, like the wrists of Spiderman  
Fool a average listeners what you liars can do but you will die a scam  
When I die they will retire my entire hand  
for years of scripted whoop-ass, makin intruders try a can  
I guess the moral of the story is Joell's victorious  
And e'rything's all gravy like Notorious[Crooked I]  
I left a nigga dead cause he said he was ready for I

Let the Beretta give him wings since he said he was fly  
I'm in my Chevy ridin to "Bar Exam" and "Mood Muzik"  
They the closest to "Reasonable Doubt" and "Ready to Die"  
Crooked I, watch for snitches and wire devices  
My fo'-fifth, fire in crisis, lift you higher than prices  
All my ice, and on the mic, I am the nicest  
Me and my bitch ride for life like Osirus and Isis  
Yeah, word to Run-D.M.C. I'm (Tougher Than Leather-face)  
Never threw a gun in the trash but they call me Weapon Waist  
It's like you movin from the projects to the Hamptons  
The way my hammers be sendin bastards to a better place[Royce Da 5'9"]  
Let me set it straight, they fans been led astray  
Niggaz keep gassin with guns with unleaded spray  
They don't know they one flow, one medic away  
From bein taken away from here in the leaded state  
I handle all of my serious issues with metal  
I stick you so deep in the earth your zipper can tickle the devil  
I'm skippin the pick and the shovel  
I'm pickin you up and I'm shovin your head in the mud until your kickings is level  
Pardon I live for the moment, you rhyming I give the atonement  
like the Indians, I scalp and I wig the opponent (yeah)  
But I'm a chief, matter fact I'm a BEAST  
I'm a motherfuckin Slaughterhouse G  
BOOM!

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