

# Salute

## Slaughterhouse

[Intro: 50 Cent sample]Fix your motherfuckin face nigga!

Look at these fuckin chimpanzees

Bunch of fuckin monkeys...

(Mr. Porter!)

[Chorus: Pharoahe Monch]I been shot, I been stabbed

I took all that I have to give

And I never ran, never have

Just so all you niggaz can live

I never thought there would come a day

When my people would turn me away

And it really tears me apart

Cause I deserve a Purple Heart

Nigga you should salute me, nigga you should salute me

Nigga you should salute me, nigga you should salute me

Nigga you should salute me, nigga you should salute me

I, I showed you what a soldier's about, nigga you should salute me

[Joe Budden]Typical Joe Budden shit, ridiculed and lovin it

The hood know I'm the dude that governed it

Paved the way for my sons, laid down the cement for my semen

Ain't my fault y'all got stuck in it

Lately, it change like the weather, one minute they love me

then they hate me; I'm through with shenanigans

I don't care if dudes ain't a fan of him

Can't checkmate a 8-figure nigga with the moves of a mannequin

Talkin 'bout they wan' go somewhere to meet me

Man they just wan' go somewhere to meet me

Easy don't involve cops in it

Got the key to my city, how the FUCK you think you got locked in it?

Bitch!

[Royce Da 5'9"]21 Rugers

On the hip of 21 goons, 21-gun salutin

Bloody funds is what murder money becomes

21 bodies on all 21 guns

You from the D and you don't fuck with me, you lame

The streets and the internet fuck with me the same

So later for that punk shit

Cause nigga I'll smoke you, that's why they say I stay on that blunt shit

Niggaz'll spray you up before they wet your lady up

Then shoot the baby bassinet to shut your baby up  
And I'm in line with the bread  
I hold niggaz down doin time in the feds  
Pharoahe talk to 'em  
[Chorus][Joell Ortiz]Properly greet a general  
I'd have to take steps down to be on a pedestal  
I am what the 1-8 after the 7 do  
Give it my all but you want more, you lil' beggar you!  
Mean it's terrible, I showed hip-hop anyone's edible  
Never give somethin that's not respectable  
Never spit somethin that's not incredible  
Never sold my soul for numbers left of the decimal  
I done fucked up movements like cerebral palsy  
You don't know me, don't pause me - I'll throw lead at you  
Mean I earned e'ry stripe and you know it  
When you see me put yo' hand on yo' head and push it forward  
[Crooked I]Before shots land on your head and push it forward  
Eastside Long Beach, I'm only pushin four words  
I organize a street massacre  
You haters know I broke bread with at least half of ya  
Out of town, hundred pound weed trafficker  
Got niggaz rockin Long Beach fitteds in East Africa  
I been stabbed, I been shot, a imperfect part  
Like my Grape Street niggaz I got a Purple Heart  
I kill your bitch at the beauty salon on Windham  
They take a nap on your lawn on a Louis Vuitton pillow  
Waitin for you to run out and say somethin  
Come out your face frontin, dumb out and spray somethin  
Bloaw! So move now  
[Chorus]

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