

Our Way (Outro)

Slaughterhouse

We them back pack niggas
Rap rap niggas
Youll be talking shit about all day
Internet underground, niggas
Our intellect just won't allow use to make records y'all way
Get over yourselves, fucker
Get over yourselves, sucker
Guess that we them back pack niggas
Rap rap niggas
Who will never sell a record, no way
Guess what sucker
We made it, we made it, we made it
But we did it our way, our way, our way
Though it took some time but we finally made it
Now can you truly say that you made it? Your Way
Dear mister end all be all of an opinion
Fuck what youre saying, youve got fans but weve got minions
Plus Eminem got Stan's like an arena, I went and seen it
From abroad to back home, y'all ain't got to clap
Were gonna make this track clap, clap, clap for him
Let me take your back, we turn one song to a group, to a concert, to a record deal
And yes it feels more like carpentry than artistry
God's work lets get real
All you hear is them niggas like 50 too while we in the 62
But it aint no industry business I aint privy to
Yeah and for y'all niggas that tired of it
Just lay down and picture your soul over your body
Get over yourselves, fucker
Get over yourselves, sucker
Guess that we them back pack niggas
Rap rap niggas
Who will never sell a record, no way
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We made it, we made it, we made it
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Now can you truly say that you made it? Your Way
Check my rhyme, timeline, I took time with every line
Now I don't rhyme unless a check gets signed
My bank account, it dont look bad
I got house gang, hood swag
I'm a Crook that'll Jump Off with 5 9's or a good jab
Hell yeah, I could brag, dude ain't never switch
Whether the booth or on the strip I kept a Mac in my book bag
You mad little nigga cause I'm holding the belt
Do some ad-libs nigga, get over yourself
Im here for the duration, youre here to reputation
Slide them Dre's over your shit, prepare your ears for devastation

Cause if YAOWA on that motherfucker Yaowa going in
Y'all wan' be mad go right ahead but once again Get over yourselves, fucker
Get over yourselves, sucker Guess that we them back pack niggas

Rap rap niggas

Who will never sell a record, no way
Guess what sucker We made it, we made it, we made it

But we did it our way, our way, our way

Though it took some time but we finally made it

Now can you truly say that you made it? Your Way As a poster child for Photoshop my whole image was wrong

Straight out a movie, took a pill and all my limits were gone

Now you mention the best and you gotta argue, son

Clothes I used to borrow some now it's name brand drawls

Just so my dick can see how far I've come

Changing the topic to women they know me to keep mine in labels

That's how they drape judging of shapes I should keep mine in stables

They left him for dead, took him to watch me resurrect, that shit's pathetic

Shouldered the blame it's a shame it took hindsight to give me credit

I got kitchens in the masters, the fish tank is a wall

I got couches in the closets, my estate is confused

We say that blatantly for the fools that missed with a blessing that steal

Theres no other outcome when you question my will Get over yourselves, fucker

Get over yourselves, sucker Guess that we them back pack niggas

Rap rap niggas

Who will never sell a record, no way

Guess what sucker We made it, we made it, we made it

But we did it our way, our way, our way

Though it took some time but we finally made it

Now can you truly say that you made it? Your Way They say Id never make it, never make it

My rhyme scheme is a crime scene, dog I yellow tape it

For lyrical murder, Im on the verge of my next merger

Had to crawl before I walk so after I ex Gerber

I took it a step further

I took over the web servers

I took over the west word to these fresh words

And rode the wave of web surfers

A circus- thats what this industry makes me think about

Cause selling out's a shortcut integrity's the scenic route

But you have never seen a crew or better team

While you forever sleep were doing everything you fuckers dream about

Sucker Slaughterhouse is what they scream and shout

Not the crowd, I mean your bitch now Get over yourselves, fucker

Get over yourselves, sucker Guess that we them back pack niggas

Rap rap niggas

Who will never sell a record, no way

Guess what sucker We made it, we made it, we made it

But we did it our way, our way, our way
Though it took some time but we finally made it
Now can you truly say that you made it? Your Way

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