

# Microphone (Produced By The Alchemist)

## Slaughterhouse

"The-the-the mic, the-the-the microphone" [repeat in background] Yeah, yeah

Too many Indians and no chiefs

I pull out the pistol when I pull no piece

I'm the blueprint, I have your clothes

Lookin' like they was designed by bullet holes and shoe prints

When I bless a joint, it's like Spock

Came up in the spot and grabbed the beat by the pressure point

I got the voc' in touch

I tell my bitch I'ma, give up drinkin' when she give her emotions up

Too many enemies and no killers

Too many that hate snitchin' but know squealers

I get stacks (stacks)

I blam hard with the click-clack, that Antarctica wrist wrap

I spit crack for yard niggaz to get dope

Y'all gotta wait for the transporter to get back

So who's the illest, what you talkin 'bout?

(Die Hard) like you Bruce Willis when I shoot to kill it

Too many hood guys, not enough good guys

The way you say pussy in plural, is puss-I

I don't be fuckin' around on that microphone

When I'm kickin them flows on that microphone

The illest nigga that's holdin' that microphone

I put my heart and my soul in that microphone

I put it down on that (microphone)

Turn up the motherfuckin' sound on that microphone But turn it down if you weak on that microphone

Lame niggaz shouldn't speak on that microphone

My ultrasounds show me holdin' a microphone

That's on my momma, I was born with a microphone

Groupies love Crooked I on the microphone

Like James Brown I'ma die on the microphone

Too many rappers need to leave this mic alone

They on the same bullshit that Mike was on

You're lookin' at the unseen, missin' and to the unheard

I kill your career with one word (Slaughterhouse!)

You're verbally flirtin' with murder, you got some nerve

I lift your skirt like a young perv, knock 'em out!

We the mob, homie who need a job?

Plus I'm so fly tell Derek Fisher I need a lob

Too many in this industry I need to rob

And if eatin' niggaz made you obese, I be The Blob!  
Fuck props, nigga this a different conquest  
Listen this hear me spittin' think it's a pissing contest  
I'm in it for power, if cowards try to stop me  
They better off usin' a fishin' pole to reel in the Lock Ness  
Yes! I got a barrel that'll spot wussies  
If you are what you eat, how come I'm not pussy? You lil' niggaz better come off that microphone  
I'm educated but I'm dumb on that microphone  
Don't even bother, you'll be done on that microphone  
I turn a father to a son on that microphone  
I'm a revolver in the slum on that microphone  
And tell his are's I don't need no microphone  
Too many critics tend to be silly  
Too many frogs go ribbit but never leave lillies  
I get it poppin like a ineen milli{?}  
Now I'm havin' a whale of a good time, I'm a (Free Willy)  
Y'all lip singers take a pic, click, cheese really  
Fans, who their man, I'm they quick pick easily  
None of you kids spit evenly  
You body my verse is like a thick bitch leavin' me  
Ha ha, too many fantasies and no fame  
Too many claimin' insanity and they so sane  
Less than wack Scooby Snack lack flow game  
Rappers everything I do be that crack cocaine  
Your career is doobie wraps, slap Joe name  
In any one of them verses say hello to the hearses  
Too many monkey see, monkey doers  
I slaughter pigs on my tail like Punky Brewster Niggaz know I get it in on that microphone  
Y'all don't know where to begin on that microphone  
I don't see how y'all could win on that microphone  
A pioneer, I set trends on that microphone  
Decide who you wan' be on that microphone  
I see a bunch of lil' me's, micro clones  
Too many 20 milligram Vic's I'm on  
Killed the web, it don't matter what site you on  
Save his mouth 'fore he's runnin' off  
I tell 'em bridge or a tunnel, give a fuck how I come across  
All these wanna be tough guys, son is soft  
Gun go off, havin' like a good show, just spun 'em off  
Treat old-timers like fags who drop the soap  
They mic got Alzheimer's, forgot that they was dope  
Too many dogs, not enough barkin' yet  
Too many blueprints, not enough architects  
Rhyme ain't started yet, still every bar's a mess  
Fuck record sales or who the machine markets best

I'm the last muh'fucker that y'all should test  
I'm the sharp shooter, you the nigga I target next  
Too many frontin' like y'all that fly  
Reach it, cause we set the bar that high (fool)I don't be fuckin' around on that microphone  
You lame niggaz shouldn't speak on that microphone  
You lil' niggaz need to come off that microphone  
Niggaz know I get it in on that microphone "The-the-the mic, the-the-the microphone"

Songwriters

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