

# Lyrical Murderers (featuring Kay Young)

## Slaughterhouse

"This is the life, we gone!" - [Royce Da 5'9"]  
"I ain't with the leanin and rockin  
That ain't even seen as a option..."You're nothin without (Focus)  
Woo, Long Beach (lay your seats back)  
New Jersey (turn your speakers up)  
Brook-lyn! Detroit![Chorus]  
We-we, we lyrical murrrrrrrrrrderers  
Welcome to the Slaughterhouse  
(What you talkin 'bout?)  
Where we bring them verbal llamas out, bloaw  
We-we, we lyrical murrrrrrrrrrderers  
Man, we own these streets  
And the freaks they love us  
We ain't worried 'bout you fuckers (Slaughterhouse)Lyrical murderer, blame Rakim  
I'm a sniper shootin' my way into your lame top 10  
Pistol at your head if I ain't next to Eminem  
Then I bust in your face like I'm fuckin' Lil' Kim  
Niggaz better pray to the lyrical lord  
That I fall off like the umbilical cord before I fill up the morgue  
This is how a killer record  
With the double-edged triple syllable sword, I'm iller than all  
Dineri, see I'm a literary genius  
Bury niggaz with words, a cemetery linguist  
Most rappers are comedy gold  
They like they boyfriend's sodomy hole, they full of SHIT!Now you could walk through the shadow of death  
next to that shady street  
Where the verbal cocaine business and 80's meet  
Where them niggaz is backwards  
I'm ridin' with my daughter in the front with the A.K. in the baby seat  
We them copycat killers, unleashin' venom  
Commit them lyrical murders and then we re-commit 'em  
Lyrics be high quality  
Bitches be givin' me brain, my dick be deep in they heads like psychology  
Independently pennin' the best words that were ever said  
The mixture of Leatherhead and Everclear  
You can't hide, we everywhere  
Now, picture a grizzly standin' next to a teddy bear[Chorus]Yeah  
Hello hip-hop, I am here, you dyin yeah and I'm aware  
A beast so at your wake I'll cry lion's tears

And that's no disrespect to the pioneers  
If we ain't who you tryin' to hear  
Somethin' either wrong with your eyes and ears  
I came in this game screamin' Jers'  
Ain't an MC in our lane to try and merge  
Try and run with our wave  
But I'm cool with bein' Eddie Levert seein' my son on stage  
Gun gon' blaze, act up in this joint  
And I'ma be Nate Robinson and back up the point  
Your run's over, run with us or get run over  
I'm here to save this shit, and I brung soldiers This is lyrical murder  
Me and every track have a physical merger  
When I stab it in the chest I'ma bit of a curver  
So it bleeds to death, like the middle of a unfinished burger  
Or sometimes I wrap my hand around his throat  
Cause he think his kick is slick or his little snare is dope  
Shoot the bass in the face but sometimes I carry a rope  
To hang the piano keys when they hittin' every note  
I'm what no beat's able to withstand  
If you suffer from writer's block and your label got big plans  
Listen to this fam  
Slide a little dough out that budget, and hire the instrumental hitman [Chorus]

Songwriters

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Published by  
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