Slaughterhouse

Joe Budden

[Joell Ortiz]Aiyyo Joey what you said, 24 right?
Aight cool, I got you
Uhh, I define gutter - every time I rhyme
I climb up another notch, hip-hop got my spine smothered
But I'll be fine brother - my mind hovers
above all you jive suckers wishin, that's word to my mother
You throw a shot at me, I'm throwin a shot back
Yours is on a joint, mine's whistlin by your top hat
Yeah I'm cool but you violate and I'll cock back
Open the mac's mouth and black out like I do not rap
I'm sick and tired of niggaz lyin
They fifth is lyin in the second drawer next door to some bullshit they iron
Y'all be makin up stories the little kids is buyin
I do everything my Penn State like a Nittany Lion
I ain't gotta mention the streets on a song
to get in a nigga ass on these beats like a thong, pause
Veterans co-sign me, the up-and-comers scared
The pretty girls go "Papi, here's my underwear!"
Never in a hundred years I thought I'd be a rapper
But in less than a hundred bars I knew I'd be a factor
I'm PS4 in HD and the screen is plasma
You're Atari 2600 with a weak adapter
Between us the gap's so crazy
I'm Gucci, Louis V; you're Gap, Old Navy
I get coochie in the V, you attract no ladies
You're suburb, I'm gutter where the gats go crazy!
[Nino Bless]Look, you know, look
Fuck a lecture, ain't tryin to be Pun's successor
That term's done fucker, what up whatever
You birds is food, I'm about to pluck some feathers
I'm young and clever, plus clutch under pressure
Yup! Who does this better?
Walk around with medal all on me like the front of Shredder
I lust for cheddar you owe me
Leave holes in your vest that'll open your chest like a sunken treasure
I'm somethin, like a phenomenon
Droppin bombs for fun then dine in hell during Ramadan
Whatever I'm rhymin on or whoever
I tear 'em apart; swear on my pops

No, fear in my heart, shit, been through it all
Done swam with the sharks, snapped fins with my jaws
I'm all that, and a bag of the baddest piff
off of a brick of hash mixed with acid hits like sick cracker shit
Get back, dumb birds I ignore the hype
Click-clack, Yung Berg'd if you flossin ice
Dawg, cross me twice, can't afford the price
It'll cost you, I'll off your life!
You soft, I told you I'm raw white when I'm on this mic
Still mourn at night, don't wanna see mornin light
And I feel like I'm forced to fight
When the CHiPS are down like Ponch fallin off his bike (AHHH!)
Of course my metaphors are tight awesome, right?
I got 'em in awe, my aura's Jordan like
What's really poppin? Who diddy-boppin?
You wasn't really, now you all Common and really conscious
I ain't with that silly nonsense, I really pop shit
My gun stay cocked like Biggie's optics
I, I stay evolvin but grown bitter
On your grave they're carvin "Fucked with the wrong nigga"
[Crooked I]I don't write I kill a pen, leak its blood on the page
I breathe bars like oxygen locked my lungs in a cage

Instrumentals get fucked on the stage
A pedophile unless I dig in the crates and fuck with somethin my age
Forever vow, to never smile when I'm at peace
Only when I'm eatin the deceased like quiche
Only when my enemy's internal organs are a smorgasbord in a feast
The Dahmer with melanin led 'em in the belly of the beast
You'll be missin until fishermen see your corpse
I'll be in Michigan stickin a chicken in my Michelin
ready to pigeon pitch again from Switzerland to New York
I was whippin Bentleys before them pictures up in the Source
I'm a gorillas behind these bars, on some zoo shit
Shoot you while you're talkin on some news camera crew's shit
Sicker than flyin in past tense on some flu shit
Day-old asshole flow, I drop new shit!
Exclusive! You don't want it in fact
I'll have the doctors operatin on the front of your back
Tryin to keep your stomach intact
The spiritual you, leavin your body, he don't wanna go back
That's when the tunnel go black; I send your soul to the atmosphere
Fuck outta here, and your ringtone rap career!
It's Crooked I, the face of Eastside Long Beach
Put your ear to the street so you can hear my heartbeat

[Royce Da 5'9"]Nickel! Yeah
I hope niggaz know I'll show up to your show
I'll show up where you go, show up to your do', fo's will explode
shells 'fore they hit the flo', I know niggaz know
I got a open window flow, I air shit OUT
In the D they used to call me Mayor Royce
Now they call me Clay Davis
Guess why? "Sheeeeeeeeeee-it"
Cause when it come to them words you know I wear shit out
I write rhymes like, white lines on a nose tray
Ice cold Ice Cube flow like O'Shea
Ridin shotgun with Chris Martin my DJ
Not the white boy, but I'm down for the Coldplay
Forever stay violent, better stay silent
Hammers stay hummin like strummin the mandolin violin
Speakin of, I done played a tune of violence
More than my nigga Charles Hamilton played Sonic
I wrap niggaz up, clap niggaz up, scrap niggaz up
Either that or we gon' slap niggaz up
Dump dirt on you - right before I go
into my Maino mode if I smell the scent of Yung Berg on ya
'Til it ain't no mo', ain't no dough
Get into his ass cause I ain't opposed, I'm a livin anal probe
I'm a lame-ophobe, matter fact my nigga JumpOff
Can I keep goin? (Why the fuck not!)
When I was a teen, I used to pack a three-eighty
Now I'm spittin sittin between Shady and Jay (ohh!)
I pull the jeans down on my bitch and then wave
Cause the pussy Max B wavy when she ain't shave
I leave the booth smellin like somebody ain't sprayed
I would talk about Kimbo but I ain't crazy
I'm like Marty McFly goin back in time
and dissin his momma nigga you can't fade me
[Joe Budden]They say he a bastard for real, then they see the ass on his girl
So they wonderin, why's he so mad at the world?
I take it out on tracks, I R.I.P. it
So even to the producer it's hard to I.D. it
Bars tremendous, it's in your best interest
I insist your men just, do your best Bush rendish
Endless, move more than two inches
My blood'll boil like I got a big skin cyst
So end this or see me ma

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