Onslaught 2

Slaughterhouse

Yeah, I said, "Once upon a time in a city that's mine"
There was a nigga named Nickel that spit like Big in his prime
He got a 52 box, original tick in the mind
Listenin' to 'Pac and them drop with a prestigious design
My niggaz is dimes, my bitches is dimes
I came up behind Eminem in '99 and I took the baton
I been runnin' shit ever since then, slaughtered MC's
Sit and watchin' my green grow like I'm waterin' seeds
The problem with me is I'm the heart of the streets
Niggaz callin' for peace, they can't even call the police
If I ain't better than you I'm harder to beat
Probably 'cause I live by the art of for keeps
I get indicted after my product's released
We a different form, a different centrifugal force
Every line is like grippin' on a stick shift in a Porsche
My niggaz asked for direction to go on this track
I said, "Fuck a direction, spaz out, get 'em up high"
Crooked and for them wack songs that you made
I want you to throw your pin, but hold the grenade
Explode to your grave and go straight to hell
When your soul is en-flamed for the road that you paved
The role that played, in fuckin' up hip-hop
You owe so you paid, the fo'-fo' close to your brain
Closer than the close shave of a low fuckin' fade
Don't fuck with me, don't fuck with J O E
With Nickel we gon' make more cheese
Heavy hitter, call me Joell David Ortiz
I point a burner at the plaque on your teeth
On some leftover shit, it's a wrap on the beef
I'm one in a mil', comin' to kill
It's like you wanting a pill, my gun put your back on the streets
Spine on the concrete lookin' at the sun
Eyelids heavy, "Why did Crooked have to come?"
He was full of 'gnac and rum, like a bully actin' dumb
Fully automatic umm, that's Crooked havin' fun
Listen, don't make a nigga find your dame
And make the dime give me brains 'til my mind is drained
Listen, don't make me grab a 9 and aim
And how your dime did me, do yo' mind the same

But different, the West Coast king Crooked I
I'm a kamikaze pilot, I stay fly 'til I die, get 'em up high
Joell, here we go again, you know I'm him, Mr. Ortiz
Soon as I hold a pen I co-defend the sickest MC's
Pick a disease we got it, I vomit sniffle and sneeze
Lyrics squeeze, listen please, Lord, help get rid of this fever
I'm like 150 degrees
16's used to be sweet, now they're a bit of a tease
A nigga need a infinite instrumental just to be pleased
Used to dream about livin' now I'm livin' my dreams
The bitches fiend, made my dick a machine
Maybe I'm wrong, maybe I am just as fuckin' big as I seem
When I'm spittin' this mean, me and government intervene
A couple presidents, literally live in my jeans
I give 'em residence, they just let me pick anything
When I'm in the mall, they show me the latest kicks on the scene
And I get 'em all, I ball like the nigga I am
Niggaz hate, bitches cheer like Norm, Cliff and Diane
I'm in a state, of mind that should be the fifty verse
I run radio but I don't use them itty bitty words
I ain't shabby with the nouns, I ain't shitty with the verb
When I reach heaven I want the nigga Biggie to be like word
City slicker, New York delivery when I swerve
Hold that mic like the Statue of Liberty, I deserve
A shot at the title, spitter of the year, every year, let's be clear
Put some fingers in the air and hold 'em up high
Joey, work on your half-court shot, I'm money from far
Get 'em mad, see a ape on your monkey bars
And that's rate, gettin' hate from the wannabe stars
And that's great, mean he feel it and know he numb
See that bullet comin' from around the corner
Like a shot from Angelina Jolie's gun, think Joey the one
I'm a fake, ain't your run of the mill?
I'm from where they kill you for one of your bills
For me it's fun, your man think we evenly skilled
He Mel Gibson, all that shit he believe, gon' get his son killed
Play with a match, fuck what you take it as
No good straight jacket, all I did break the match
They say he talk tough with his fake ass
Four pounds put me in another weight class
Great Escape the pad
Took the jumpsuit off my naked ass and ate the mask
You diss me, you wanna be a great that fast?
Take a fully automatic and spray at gas
Me? Body a whole shit with a verse probably atrocious

In your whole camp, nobody focused
They say you the Ultimate Warrior, I agree
You die and come back , won't nobody know this
Drive by, screamin' it's a new crew reppin'
Hangin' out the window, like it's 227, get 'em up high
Get 'em up high, get 'em up high
Get 'em up high, get 'em up high
Get 'em up high in the sky
Put 'em up high, put 'em up high
Put 'em up high, fingers in the sky
Put 'em up, Slaughterhouse, Slaughterhouse
Ohh, ohh, Fatman Scoop, Slaughterhouse
Fatman Scoop, Slaughterhouse
Put 'em high, woo, ohh

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