

# Weight Scale

## Slaughterhouse

(Today's agenda)  
riding with them sodomy sisters  
Pistol on hip, hip to your pistol,  
the day I bow down to a bitch will  
Be the day I throw a bottle at Rihanna inside of a strip club  
Leave the booth  
just to leave a tooth floating around inside of your pimp cup  
What goes around comes around in the form of karma  
Nah, that's probably just me riding around your town in a Fisker  
Penning a rhyme equivalent to a winning lottery ticket  
Uh, fresh off that weight scale  
Living a crooked heaven on Earth giving them straight hell  
Kick in the door of them awards, wondering where are we sitting  
Niggas with tight jeans looking like where are they fitting  
Beware of they writtens,  
it's parallel to an Arab sitting  
In the terrorist cockpit heading for hell's kitchen  
I talk greasier than Harold's Chicken  
Don't cross me I leave scales tipping  
I'm coming (fresh off that weight scale, fresh off that weight scale  
Fresh off that, fresh off that, fresh off that weight scale)  
My bitch curvy as a Persian virgin's features  
She here to serve me, she here to disturb the reaper  
I keep bank, speak Franklins, word to Aretha  
I'm fly as a bird  
and high as the Burj Khalifa  
I ride with kings, y'all ride with fiends  
You fraudulent niggas remind me of a ponzi scheme  
One of y'all niggas was probably cool in school  
The rest of y'all niggas was clowns, we should call you the Fonzi team  
I'm hate-prone  
Niggas listen like ain't this about a bitch like it's a Drake song 'cause my cake long  
'cause your bitch giving me cheekbone  
Like Grace Jones  
using my dick like a payphone  
But she ain't getting the call back  
She getting the ball sack, hitting the jaw just where we parked at  
Quick as a car jack,  
I ain't tryna be funny

I?m tryna be missionary lying on top of my money  
I?m coming (fresh off that weight scale)  
what the fuck would I stop for  
Knowing I need more guap stored in my sock drawer  
They want an encore when the flow is at mach four  
King of the jungle no lying, I let the Glock roar  
And this bulletproof vest is irrelevant  
I?m telling them look at your melon, I?m nailing a shell in it  
And the shell is moving right through your  
melon into your skeleton  
Then the felon is belling the same pitch the fella was yelling and  
Police sirens respond to heat firing, I?ma keep firing  
I?ma flee, I?ma be quiet, I?m a G, I?m a beat tyrant  
From Long Beach and I?m East Side  
I oughta  
bury you artists like an artifact  
serious as a heart attack  
Dodger hat  
slaughter tats,  
roger that, art of rap  
That?s me, can?t believe Ice never thought of that, who the fuck brought it back  
(Fresh off that weight scale, fresh off that weight scale  
Fresh off that, fresh off that, fresh off that weight scale)  
Fresh off that weight scale  
I guess I?m Canibus and Kool Moe Dee, ?cause it?s hard for me to take L?s  
I?m tryna make more cake than a bake sale  
Tell the jakes I?ma make bail then escape ?cause I hate jail  
All these rappers saying they spitting hard raps  
Before I buy that shit, show me the Barfax  
I got a tongue like a sharp ax  
I got a ton of rhymes flyer than anything launching off tarmacs  
This is how real it is  
when I ghostwrite for niggas  
I?m speaking through them, I?m really just a ventriloquist  
  
A iller lyricst,  
a hint of ignorance  
A pinch of militant, a perfect description of what this nigga is  
Pull out a scale and weigh CDs  
Then distribute it to the fans ?til they need me  
I?m a drug dealer so put out an APB  
The same shit that gave these 80's babies ADD  
pyrex sit in the kitchen feeling your eye sweat  
Gripping your wrist and watching that pie stretch  
Pitching to different niggas for figures, never slipping

5-0 tripping, I dip on them through the projects  
Dope boy mindset, gotta get this money  
Apply the same grind to this rhyme shit, dummy  
Pick a pad, pick a pen, pick a track, pick a flow, I pick it apart  
Like a locksmith digging in his nose,  
sit in the park  
With the Dre's on,  
waist gone, heavy to eight long  
Put brains on pre-K, the shell is a crayon  
Man, I'm just tryna write, please leave me alone  
'Cause I ain't trying to fight, I'm a different Iron Mike  
Bite your ear with a syllable, lay a hook that'll finish you  
Throwing jabs at you little dudes, my opponents get rid of you  
Hit my corner and listen to Eminem,  
Crook and Nickel  
While Joey fucking the ring girl  
and this fight is unfixable, uh  
You rocking with a BQE boy  
That BBQ's EQ's and BB Kings with D-boyz  
Today's agenda, flame contenders  
And have their dame giving brain to they favorite member  
yaowa  
(Fresh off that weight scale)  
diary of a mad man  
Machete Joe Joe  
Ain't gotta lie, what you see is what you get, ain't nothing modified  
Me, I give them the same song, go check with  
Spotify  
Don't get the context wrong, I'm the same G  
Spending old money, y'all swear it was the same G  
Yeah, these model hoes cute and entertain me  
And though I let them go to the head, they never change me  
Far from innocent  
Your favorite rapper got a head nod before he approached  
and check my temperament  
I wake sleepy hollow, should've done a CT scan  
Go to Colorado right now and watch Batman  
So my dad think I'm styling, how when  
I'm everything he'd be if these new drugs was out then  
I owe it to holmes, rolling stone  
But how I wouldn't let a stone roll  
, wonder why I'm stone cold  
Problem child to aggravated adult  
Got bad cards but I ain't blaming my hand, it's logic  
I hate jewelry and authority the same

So how the fuck you think I feel about a chain of command,  
I tell you how you different from I  
You always hugging the block, I kiss it goodbye  
Sober, my last drinking game started with truth or dare  
And ended with me thinking a name  
So y'all call it out of control, I'm confused when  
in something to me is the illusion  
There's your answer, verbal slash cancer  
Now the strip club is a basement, I just came in with some dancers  
House gang, the clan made it  
A-Treats,  
Klan  
Joey the fan favorite  
Love then hate it both 'cause I can't fake it  
And if I did, I would never tell  
I said that all wrong, y'all would never tell  
I keep the mind fucked up for the Jezebel  
Even if they help make it shit would never fail

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