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 strech
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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