

# Coffin (feat. Busta Rhymes)

## Slaughterhouse

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Slaughterhouse!

Bussa Buss!

Somebody better find a hurry up to find the nearest fucking exit  
Barge our way through, they wouldn't open the  
door

First time high, they couldn't know what's raw  
You would die if you smoked it, too potent to snort  
If you think by the bar, you probably choke on the thought  
(What up, what up, what up) Speed dial a coroner  
Done with subliminals, now I'm talking to all of ya  
Try my patience, wearing it thin

I put my prints in your heart without piercing the skin  
(What up, what up, what up) I only need knuckles  
Tell him to travel safe, then make his knees buckle  
Before they love you, they gotta hate you

They say that real recognize real, we can spot fake too  
Y'all know what it is, cause we do it often

Caught another body, buy another coffin  
(What up, what up, what up) Buy another coffin  
(What up, what up, what up) Buy another coffin  
We burn shit down, blow torch scorching  
Slaughterhouse bitch, buy another coffin  
(What up, what up, what up) Buy another coffin  
(What up, what up, what up) Buy another coffin  
Knick knack paddy whack, Yaowa wanna bone

Click clack acrobatic coward with the chrome  
Purchase another casket, I'm murdering ya bastards  
My Desert Eagle's a bird, dirty little ratchet  
Yous a partner, dont wanna hollow one touch ya  
Screamin' "Oh ahh", when I Bussa Buss ya  
I dress my baby up, she got a custom muffler  
She be like "pew pew" you be like "uh, uh, uh"  
Can you lean with it? Can you drop with it?  
Next time I tell you shoot, put a sock in it  
(What up, what up, what up) Act calm chief

We Sasquatch beef, big foot up your butt (shut up)Y'all know what it is, cause we do it often

Caught another body, buy another coffin

(What up, what up, what up) Buy another coffin

(What up, what up, what up) Buy another coffin

We burn shit down, blow torch scorching

Slaughterhouse bitch, buy another coffin

(What up, what up, what up) Buy another coffin

(What up, what up, what up) Buy another coffinThe most beautiful thing in this world

Are the funerals I bring to this world

(What up, what up, what up) Gimme the beat, I'mma body it

John Gotti it, Crooked probably bodied the audience

(What up, what up, what up) then I'm tryna find a whore

Dick in that vagina like I'm mining for diamonds or

I'm tryna find China or some kind of dinosaur

Try to score like Kentucky in the final four

Yeah, you niggas still will see my gun

Is my other dick, cause it kill pussies

I'm hood, you good? I'm just checking homie

Still hammer dancing, still 2 steppin' with my weapon on meY'all know what it is, cause we do it often

Caught another body, buy another coffin

(What up, what up, what up) Buy another coffin

(What up, what up, what up) Buy another coffin

We burn shit down, blow torch scorching

Slaughterhouse bitch, buy another coffin

(What up, what up, what up) Buy another coffin

(What up, what up, what up) Buy another coffinI said if I ain't fucking with you, you can suck a short for

Richard

Until you hiccup, hiccup, need I say more?

Listening to a free beat by Dre, in some free Beats by Dre, or

Tell my attorney to cook it and eat it

I play catch with the body of Bernie from Weekend

At Bernie's with Crooked this evenin'

I'm up in y'all spot with Jersey Joe Walcott

And Brooklyn Ortiz, just please give us a reason

(What up, what up, what up) Fuck all the singin'

I'm about to be a rich nigga, and waste the whole last bar screamin'

You ready? (screams)Y'all know what it is, cause we do it often

Caught another body, buy another coffin

(What up, what up, what up) Buy another coffin

(What up, what up, what up) Buy another coffin

We burn shit down, blow torch scorching

Slaughterhouse bitch, buy another coffin

(What up, what up, what up) Buy another coffin

(What up, what up, what up) Buy another coffinHaha, we here

Ready? (screams)

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