

Hammer Dance

Slaughterhouse

[Verse 1: Joell Ortiz]

My real name, my rap shit
No made up nigga, Iâ€™m straight up, nigga
Still in the projects where I came up, nigga
On a scaffold doing ten sets of ten, getting my weight up, nigga
Iâ€™m no shooter, but my shootersâ€™ll have your brain exposed
But Iâ€™ll shoot five in a second, homie, and break your nose
Talking past, Iâ€™m dead ass, I was living
Life fast with my pistol in the grass
Digging in my ass tryna finish up the last
So I can sit it in a stash
Old E. sweat dripping from the bag
Milk crates sitting on the ave
While Iâ€™m looking left and right for the niggas with the badge
My momâ€™s dishes really had crack on â€™em
12 12s and I kept that shit packed for â€™em, yeah they came back for â€™em
I can paint it so vivid cause I really lived it
If rap fail, I stack bail, and show you how to get it!

[Hook: Royce da 5'9"]

Iâ€™m in the club, bottle in my hand doing my two step
While I got my gun in my pants, call it the hammer dance
Bitches dancing on a nigga when they feel the gun
I tell â€™em weâ€™re doing the hammer dance
Two steppinâ€™ with my weapon on me
You good? Iâ€™m just checking, homie
Fam-a-lam, you donâ€™t stand a chance
While I got this gun in my pants doing my hammer dance

[Verse 2: Crooked I]

In these LA times, I wake up on one
House slippers and coffee, I know the paper gonâ€™ come
I drop shit that make the gangstas go dumb
Keep a bad bitch naked like my waist with no gun
Iâ€™m for real, how are you?
Got street power, from the Watts Towers to Howard U
How would you become me? I donâ€™t do what you cowards do
Flip a thousand pounds of that sour diesâ€™ in a hour, dude
Iâ€™m out my muhâ€™fuckinâ€™ mind

Fuck a punchline, salute my muhâ€™™fuckinâ€™™ grind
Ditching feds on the regular, theyâ€™™re trying to catch a predator
Not the Chris Hansen type, but the Danny Glover kind
Iâ€™™m a killer, everybody know I body your audio
When a shotty blow, say goodbye to your barrio, you maricon
You donâ€™™t think that Iâ€™™m about this
Ice grill, nigga, put your money where your mouth is

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Joe Budden]

My real name, my rap shit
Fuck with Chase, but the real bank is the mattress
Money ainâ€™™t new to me, been getting G-stacks
Since Smoove B took his shawty back from rehab
Knife work with me, but the chrome is extra
Case Iâ€™™m in the same taxi as the bone collector
Yâ€™™all rappinâ€™™ â€™™bout models, I get hounded by â€™™em
Not a killer at all, Iâ€™™m just surrounded by â€™™em
Just a real nigga, straight from my motherâ€™™s stomach
Ainâ€™™t enough cloth for all of us to be cut from it
Not decided by who toast led
Cause all of us would be angels for Pujolsâ€™™ bread
Lot of hostility, hollering is killing me
Screaming â€™œOver my dead body,â€™• like itâ€™™s not a possibility
On my Jersâ€™™ bullshit, never mind me
But if itâ€™™s ever problems, niggas know where to find me

[Hook]

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