

Sun Doobie

Slaughterhouse

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

"Get more for your money, when you fuck with Mr. Porter-r-r-r..."[Joell Ortiz]
As long as I got my pen I don't need a friend
We got ears that we each'll lend each other, my brother just hollered at me again
He said he tired of all the lyin, deceivin and
dick-ridin the people providin on every beat but when
I do it it's stupid, I bruise it like a bad bitch
I lose it, my music's a movement and they just mad stiff
I told 'em it's mathematical in this pad lift
Point 'em out and I will subtract him, with an ad lib
See the fact is (what) I'm a bastard
How can I not be (Macho, Man)? I'm a (Savage)
In the past I was passive, now I'm mad bitch
I'm spazzin, you get an Adidas classic where yo' ass is[Royce Da 5'9"]
Eh-eh, eh-eh, Nickel ain't the one at all
Snatch your vocal chords out then plug 'em in my wall
You a knife at a gun fight, our shit is raw
You a square, you're silverware in a civil war
The Slaughterhouse wolf pack, riders under the moon
The reason you itchin wit'cha lighter under your spoon
I'm a lover, the lead bustin is old to me
You put your head in her butt, I headbutt the ovaries
God dipped me in war paint for all weathers
I'm Mr. spill the liquor on my alcohol tether
No need to ride with nobody, I feel the heat can help me
Your jean's skinnier than Em is when he eatin healthy, hahaha[Chorus]
WHOA, WHOA, WHOA
WHOA, WHOA, WHOA, Shaaady!
WHOA, WHOA, WHOA, WHOA
WHOA, WHOA, WHOA, WHOA
{"Mr. Porter-r-r-r-r..."}[Joe Budden]
Outnumbered, outspoken, outcasted
Outweighed outrageous odds and outlasted

Outlandish, so I learned to outwit 'em
I outsmart 'em, outgrew 'em, I outdid 'em
Cream, out-bid 'em, team can't out-spit him
(You could) Keep sleepin, your wet dream is out with him
(See) Do a lil' yoga, a lil' kama sutra
Steakhouse nigga, used to be a Ramen Noodler
Heavy on B and E's, was a calm intruder
Pumped a Ruger, moms called me con and loser
I suggest you and your mans'll regroup (why?)
Bet against it, and probably can't recoup - out![Crooked I]
I point a pistol at your mamma mia
I'm sick as Tyson in the ring at the Colosseum with gonorrhea
Fuck a rapper, my clapper black as Muhammadiya
Fuck you R&B bitches, shut up! You not Aaliyah
(Ha ha!) When Mr. Porter record a piano
Producers may wanna order some ammo
I'm a California corner reporter
Your boy wasn't born with a quarter bein poor as a whore and I'm an aura
It's sorta Soprano; look here
We reinvent the wheel to have a (Good Year) - and y'all tired
We like Tyler Perry mixed with Everlast
The House of Payne/Pain, Slaughterhouse gang nigga![Chorus]

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