

Move On (remix)

Slaughterhouse

[Joe Budden] Frequency!
[Joell Ortiz]YAOWA! What's up my nigga?
You say your name is John?
Joell Ortiz
Yeah yeah I know, I'm familiar with the interview shit
I know what you gon' ask
I got you, don't even stress it
No I don't respond with answers that fit a script
So the repetition'll make a nigga flip
We in the game of smoke and mirrors, those engineerin a bigger spliff
blowin circles out they mouth, gettin praised but the shit'll shift
I never lived a myth, if I said it I did it
Never alleged, word to dead I gripped a fifth (boom!)
I made my housing tenement a strip, movin medicine and nicks
When I seen 'em comin I jetted from them pricks (ohh!)
And still to this day though she clean I wish my mommy never sniffed
But the hurt is makin me better with this gift (look)
I'm live with this ink you could, die in a blink and
Y'all got the nerve to ask me why do I drink and
Motherfucker sometimes I cry when I think and
Y'all ain't there when them tears bein dried by the sink (damn)
It was cold in the winter, my community centers who gave me dinner
I ain't mind, my table chairs gave me splinters (haha!)
Set up to be loser but was made to be a winner (look)
If they paint hip-hop I bet my face be in the picture
If they wrote a rap bible bet my name be in the scriptures
If shorty say I'm her idol bet her face be in my zipper (woo!)
I came a long way from the staples in my scrilla
Stains on my pants, hardly had a gut
The ladies ain't wanna dance so house parties would suck
All my friends on the wall, I'm in the hall with a couple
Nah I ain't complainin, just tellin y'all what it is
So if y'all goin through it now just know that another kid
made somethin outta nothin, well I'm frontin, I was never nothin
Older ladies used to tell my mother "Ain't he somethin?" (oww)
I look at a lot of you cats and laugh
Cause I'm the shit man, and y'all ain't even passin gas
When I spit I'm the definition of mastered craft
And all y'all ask about is Aftermath ? motherfucker move on!

[Chorus: Iyana Dean + Iffy] I'm tryin to be, more than what it is you see
For every take, do it just like eternally
But I won't let it hold me down, I turn it all around
I'm movin on, oh-ah, oh-ahhhh, yes I'm movin on
[Joe Budden] I gotta give my own interview
Since niggaz that do my interviews focus on whatever's miniscule (like!)
Or paint me as a cynical, but the canvas'll limit you (dawg)
You can't go beyond what there's no limit to
If I think hip-hop is dead I think it's being revived
And that comes from me being inside
Where the demons get by, see 'em good-bye, if I'm vehement here's why
Come from hearin it seein ve-nom-ous lies (oh!)
So the beast in me cries, cause when it's all you hear
Shit can overbear, just when the obey near
And so I try to think straight cause when you stare in the rear
Rest in peace Stewart Shakir, nigga yeah!
I'm on another label, not that other label
That mean it's no longer my problem, it's theirs
Some say it's a conspirac'
I say if e'rybody's on the throne, that's just more motive to kill the heir
Ask me 'bout "Pump it Up" and I'ma think you SHEEP
Or you must not know I'm DEEP!
I'm so off of music so y'all could SoundScan every week
Me? I just got my lil' man every week
Jersey City loves me despite y'all beliefs (why?)
Cause they was baby steppin, I showed 'em how to leap (ohh!)
Ask me about swag - I'ma change the topic to lyrics
and then brag, plus look at you like a fag
I love e'rybody, don't ask 'bout who I beefed with
They burned the bridge but they was standin underneath it
I'm on my grind, Benjamin huntin
Was old since I was young, call me Benjamin Button
And stop usin slang just for you to be cool
Cause I go BACK to when it was cool to be you
I'm a hero (nah)
No I mean I'm Hiro from "Heroes," y'all chase zeroes
Muh'fucker I just got finished hatin ME feelin like a zero
They played DeNiro, never been there though
So before your next thought, understand

Know it's MUCH more to me than the man
Either that or move on
[Chorus][Royce Da 5'9"] My rhyme's reflection of Scarface and Preme's soul
Before Jordan was wearin fo'-five, I just look like this, I just seem old
But I had to bleed the blood of a Dirty motherfucker

to suffer clean clothes and touch what a king holds
 The real estate market is harsh, everything goes
 from foes to who you was doin everything fo'
 But I cut 'em off and move on to the new checks
 New friends chasin my new ends with new threats
 Watchin my dreams fold, like a stack of bills
 in the pocket of who ain't tryin to push up daffodils
 But we the supergroup
 You couldn't handle this shit if you was standin before us carryin a pooper-scoop
 You dealt with shady shit? I dealt with Shady shit
 But I'm the only one can truly say I dealt with Shady's shit (that's me!)
 I mean that with all respect to Paul and Sheck
 But Ryan and Marshall is all you get (that's it)
 My flow's superb, I love Paulie Rosenberg
 What I say in a track, those just words (woo!)
 Baby boy forgive me, I'm just street
 Cause I can change into anything niggaz want me to be like Mystique
 I don't gotta dig deep
 To realize Slim bought Big Proof a big jeep
 Because he deserved it; how can I mourn
 the same way Shady did over him when he knew him when he attended Osbourne? (yes!)
 Marshall I'm sorry (sorry) I knew it went left (left)
 I ain't into fuckin my family like incest
 If you remember Ice used to be my life's interest
 Tell Hailie my wife just had a princess
 Since I made up with Em it's nothin else
 that I can move on from, so who wants some?
 Like a jar of Grey Poupon
 You gotta ask anybody in any car, one of them move on
 [Chorus][Crooked I]When fans picture my interviews
 They think I'm in a swimmin pool with women who been abused
 So they turn into strippers makin they livin in the nude
 One in the middle blowin my inner tube, while the interviewer's gettin ridiculed
 Is this your vision? Cool; let me give you a little jewel
 Any dude who wanna sit in my tennis shoes is missin SCREWS
 Don't get it misconstrued, don't get this shit confused
 I'm two seconds from prison food, I'm a different dude!
 Pistol in my reach man, still in Long Beach man
 Hopin if my grind don't help me get out, my speech can
 I been in the streets longer than Yao Ming's wingspan
 You can be MTV, I'll be C-SPAN
 I deal with politics, bandannas and hollow tips
 Half you rappers follow this, role models can swallow DICK!
 Was stressed out over cash flow
 Hip-Hop used to console my soul, now it's a bunch of assholes

Rap about a dance while I'm targetin cops
Spit some shit for Oscar Grant, hit the sergeant with shots
Make him a (Ghost) like he part of The Lox
I won't stop recordin, 'til I'm makin songs harder than 'Pac's
If it don't happen, at least a nigga know he right there (I'm right there!)
Every memory under my Dodger hat's a nightmare!
As a kid I had to steal breakfast
And now the best question you have to ask me, "Is this a real necklace?
Where's your beat from Dre? Your feature from Cube?"
These things leave people confused
Cause they know I leave speakers abused, I eat the EQs
I eat through the beat, what's the secret? I think it's the SHOES!
Back in Cali niggaz blaze and stress
Waitin on "Detox" to save the West, ha ha
Even if the shit is dope it ain't givin you niggaz hope
unless your signature's wrote on a check from Interscope
NOPE! Move on
[Chorus][Crooked I - over Chorus]Move on West, Coast, knahmean?
West Coast move on
And all that shit in the past about me bein on Death Row?
Move on
SLAUGHTERHOUSE!!

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