

Our Way (outro)

Slaughterhouse

We them back pack niggas
Rap rap niggas
Youâ€™ll be talking shit about all day
Internet underground, niggas
Our intellect just won't allow us to make records y'all way

Get over yourselves, fucker
Get over yourselves, sucker

Guess that we them back pack niggas
Rap rap niggas
Who will never sell a record, no way
Guess what sucker

We made it, we made it, we made it
But we did it our way, our way, our way
Though it took some time but we finally made it
Now can you truly say that you made it? Your Way

Dear mister end all be all of an opinion
Fuck what youâ€™re saying, youâ€™ve got fans but weâ€™ve got minions
Plus Eminem got Stan's like an arena, I went and seen it
From abroad to back home, y'all ain't got to clap
Weâ€™re gonna make this track clap, clap, clap for him
Let me take your back, we turn one song to a group, to a concert, to a record deal
And yes it feels more like carpentry than artistry God's work letâ€™s get real
All you hear is them niggas like 50 too while we in the 62
But it ainâ€™t no industry business I ainâ€™t privy to
Yeah and for y'all niggas that tired of it
Just lay down and picture your soul over your body

Get over yourselves, fucker
Get over yourselves, sucker

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Check my rhyme, timeline, I took time with every line

Now I don't rhyme unless a check gets signed
My bank account, it don't look bad
I got house gang, hood swag
I'm a Crook that'll Jump Off with five 9's or a good jab
Hell yeah, I could brag, dude ain't never switch
Whether the booth or on the strip I kept a Mac in my book bag
You mad little nigga cause I'm holding the belt
Do some ad-libs nigga, get over yourself
I'm here for the duration, you're here to reputation
Slide them Dre's over your shit, prepare your ears for devastation
Cause if YAOWA on that motherfucker Yaowa going in
Y'all wan' be mad go right ahead but once again

Get over yourselves, fucker
Get over yourselves, sucker

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As a poster child for Photoshop my whole image was wrong
Straight out a movie, took a pill and all my limits were gone
Now you mention the best and you gotta argue, son
Clothes I used to borrow some now it's name brand drawls
Just so my dick can see how far I've come
Changing the topic to women they know me to keep mine in labels
That's how they drape judging of shapes I should keep mine in stables
They left him for dead, took him to watch me resurrect, that shit's pathetic
Shouldered the blame it's a shame it took hindsight to give me credit
I got kitchens in the masters, the fish tank is a wall
I got couches in the closets, my estate is confused
We say that blatantly for the fools that missed with a blessing that steal
There's no other outcome when you question my will

Get over yourselves, fucker
Get over yourselves, sucker

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They say I'd never make it, never make it
My rhyme scheme is a crime scene, dog I yellow tape it
For lyrical murder, I'm on the verge of my next merger

Had to crawl before I walk so after I ex Gerber
I took it a step further
I took over the web servers
I took over the west word to these fresh words
And rode the wave of web surfers
A circus- thatâ€™s what this industry makes me think about
Cause selling out's a shortcut integrity's the scenic route
But you have never seen a crew or better team
While you forever sleep weâ€™re doing everything you fuckers dream about
Sucker Slaughterhouse is what they scream and shout
Not the crowd, I mean your bitch now

Get over yourselves, fucker
Get over yourselves, sucker

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written by BUDDEN, JOSEPH ANTHONY / EPSTEIN, ZALE / KRUGER, BRETT RYAN / SAMUELS,
MATTHEW JEHU / MONTGOMERY, RYAN D. / ORTIZ, JOELL / WICKLIFFE, DOMINICK
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