Lyrical Murderers

Slaughterhouse

This is the life, we gone
I ain't with the leanin' and rockin'
That ain't even seen as a option
You're nothin' without focus
Woo, Long Beach
(Lay your seats back)
New Jersey
(Turn your speakers up)
Brooklyn
We we, we lyrical murderers
(Detroit)
Welcome to the Slaughterhouse
(What you talkin 'bout?)
Where we bring them verbal llamas out, bloaw
We, we, we lyrical murderers
Man, we own these streets and the freaks they love us
We ain't worried 'bout you fuckers
(Slaughterhouse)
Lyrical murderer, blame Rakim
I'm a sniper shootin' my way into your lame top 10
Pistol at your head if I ain't next to Eminem
Then I bust in your face like I'm fuckin' Lil' Kim
Niggards, better pray to the lyrical Lord
That I fall off like the umbilical cord before I fill up the morgue
This is how a killer record
With the double edged triple syllable sword, I'm iller than all
Dineri, see I'm a literary genius
Bury niggaz with words, a cemetery linguist
Most rappers are comedy gold
They like they boyfriend's sodomy hole, they full of shit
Now you could walk through the shadow of death next to that shady street
Where the verbal cocaine business and 80's meet
Where them niggaz is backwards
I'm ridin' with my daughter in the front with the A.K. in the baby seat
We them copycat killers, unleashin' venom
Commit them lyrical murders and then we re-commit 'em
Lyrics be high quality, bitches be givin' me brain
My dick be deep in they heads like psychology
Independently pennin' the best words that were ever said

The mixture of Leatherhead and Everclear
You can't hide, we everywhere
Now, picture a grizzly standin' next to a teddy bear
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Yeah, hello hip-hop, I am here
You dyin'? Yeah, and I'm aware
A beast so at your wake I'll cry lion's tears
And that's no disrespect to the pioneers
If we ain't who you tryin' to hear
Somethin' either wrong with your eyes and ears
I came in this game screamin' Jers'
Ain't an MC in our lane to try and merge
Try and run with our wave
But I'm cool with bein' Eddie Levert seein' my son on stage
Gun gon' blaze, act up in this joint
And I'm a be Nate Robinson and back up the point
Your run's over, run with us or get run over
I'm here to save this shit and I brung soldiers
This is lyrical murder
Me and every track have a physical merger
When I stab it in the chest I'm a bit of a curver
So it bleeds to death, like the middle of a unfinished burger
Or sometimes I wrap my hand around his throat
'Cause he think his kick is slick or his little snare is dope
Shoot the bass in the face but sometimes I carry a rope
To hang the piano keys when they hittin' every note
I'm what no beat's able to withstand
If you suffer from writer's block and your label got big plans
Listen to this fam, slide a little dough out that budget
And hire the instrumental hitman
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