

Not Tonight (Produced By STREETRUNNER)

Slaughterhouse

Ladies and gentlemen (heyyyy! hoooo!)
Slaughterhouse (heyyyy!)
Woo! [Chorus]
Slaughterhouse in the place to be, see
And we got what it takes to rock the mic
We gon' take it back to when niggaz was rockin' right
We gon' take it back, fuck with me? not tonight
(heyyyy!) not tonight
(hoooo!) not tonight
(heyyyy!) not tonight
We gon' take it back to when niggaz was ah, ah, ah Nickel, uhh
Round of applause for the dope boys
Here's to the phenomenal quote boys
Y'all don't understand this a phenomenal brand
The smack goin' down like cube diamond on hand
Haha, if that rapper alive
He probably happy just to slap me a five
Homie the game ain't dead, it's just a couple key athletes died
It's why I'm rappin' like I have to revive (slaughterhouse!)
The mix of magic and m.j. passion
Get in the way it's gon' be tragic as M.J. passin'
With ears like d-are, the CPR
The game'll never breathe its last breath because we are The house gang, rap's holy alliance
Why you so scurred? I'm only a giant
I do it late night, call me Conan O'Brien
And the nose on my gun look like Pinocchio lyin'
Last king to Scotland sippin' good liquor
If you're Meagan Good, I'm Forest Would-dick-'er
Oscar winner, Oscar wiener
If you're flow's Aquafina, I'm Katrina
Uh, y'all say that your pockets are big
I'd rather say that I'm 'pac mixed with big
You're lookin' at a microphone rocker on vodka
That's why I be walkin' awkward, ya dig? [Chorus] (Joey!) look, forever had to warm him
Take him to the cleaners, plastic bag on him
I ain't like y'all, I don't like y'all
Put him in lyrical jail with suicide thoughts
Kick the chair hang him from his mic cord
What's the fight for? never back down

I'm on some bullshit, quick sippin jack now
Royce on Patron, crook got the chron'
Guess what I'm tryna say is leave them boys alone
How you got hope, had nothin' to prove
And had nothin' to lose and now we got both
Celebration bitches, now we got toast
But with no ratchets, Joell go 'head attack it, uhReal nigga, rhyme spitter, hoe bagger
Boast swagger, flow dagger, hip-hop toe-tagger
No slacker, I could chill but I'd so rather
Eat a nigga cause he's sweeter than a glass of Goldschlager
Poor rappers, here on y'all won't matter
And I'm out braggin' every interview so you mo' matter
I'm the man in the booth
With (a few good men), and "you can't handle the truth" (no!)
And y'all could say I'm nice but I'm not
I'm mean, flow coke with ice in the pot
The fiends gon' go broke, they dyin to cop
My team is so dope you like it or not! [Chorus] We out!
Not tonight (heyyyy!)
Not tonight (hoooo!)
Not tonight (heyyyy!)
Not.. [scratch]
Not tonight (heyyyy!)
Not tonight (hoooo!)
Not tonight (heyyyy!)
Not tonight, ohh!
Heh heh

Songwriters

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