

Offshore

Slaughterhouse

[Verse 1: Joell Ortiz]

They say the tongue is the perfect weapon
All I hang around nowadays is verse perfection
I knew these three niggas for years but when they each get in that booth they make a first impression
Time and time again I just want them to thyme again on some fan shit
I used to rock boom in the hoopty on the van whip with my man Zick, rest his soul
Before I had a clue what Joe was like
I used to cop clues just to hear what Joe would write
Mowi? Used to tell me, me and Crooked sounded so alike
An 07 XXL shoot, he came over like I'm Crook, I'm like oh hi
Pleasure to meet you brother
Seven years later I'm like wow I met my brother on the freshmen cover
We saw the world together
Back of that bus fucking girls together
Got home and broke up with our girls together
Homie this is special
Y'all rescued me from special forces back home forced to wear a 38 special
Cause none of 'em jam ya'
Summer jam was cool but we hung in Japan
I dont think y'all niggas truly understand
I used to think my only way out of the hood was through the number man
Get drunk and pop shit about running the can
Damn a whole lot to look forward to
Papi I was going through
What any other thorough nigga in my hood was going through
The G code I know it's true
You throw at every one of them niggas before they throw at you
Back then I thought that made me real
Listening to myself now that shit just gave me chills man
Cause Id've missed this bus
I mean this private jet no middle seat cause it's just us shiit'
All of this cause I can spit
It's crazy how this get when you can say that shit
For the haters being a bitch like he ain't making no cream
I just bought my lady a whip without a radio hit, bitch
I'd rather talk to you niggas
Cause really it could be on the way I'm off in (offing) you niggas feel me
And lets just leave it at that
Cause if I decide to crumble paper it ain't to rewrite raps

I got shooters on retainers that would bring me your medulla in containers
Please be on your cool behavior homey
And lets just leave it at that
I know I said that shit before
But I'm trying to save yall from a war[Interlude: Crooked I]
Yeah you know how you got a Godmother
I got a God grandmother
Attie May Johnson man I just got the phone call tonight that she-
She passed away man know what I'm saying
She went to the other side
Attie May I still got that brute cologne you bought for me for my birthday
I love you let me holler[Verse 2: Crooked I]
I was opening up a can of spam putting ketchup on fake meat
Still thankful though cause so many hungry nights I ate sleep
Talking to my cousin before I dropped him off in grape street
He said crook who we gotta kill to get you a Dre beat
Cause I don't wanna' see you on this ratchet shit these niggas is on
And how come niggas don't pick up the phone for you to get on a song
I said probably cause ima' pick 'em apart as soon as I get in the zone
And I definitely didn't condone dick riding so I did it alone
Industry don't want a real nigga to creep in fuck it ima' sneak in
And fuck going back to that book store I used to sleep in
My homie let me stay on Saturday and Sunday I used to be homeless like the weekend
Same three outfits switching them shifts till the week ends
Drowning in my sorrows drinking till I'm sinking in the deep end
Made myself a promise ima' be the one in the end
With these rehabilitation bars ima' clean 'em up with the pen
Then my problems gonna be over and solved
They finally let me in the damn door now I hope it revolves
Let me out of this mother fucker too many corny ass bitch ass
Kiss ass punk ass buster ass fuck ass niggas
Faggots playing hide the salami
This is a snake business my nigga and I ain't the swami n'aw
This is crooked remember I rap circles around your favourite MC
While calling George Zimmerman a bitch on cable tv
In racially profile hoodie using BETs cypher just to push my agenda
I'm Dominick Wickliffe, I'm James' son
Even though he wore a condom I busted through it I can't forget where I came from
I keep hearing that there's real niggas in the game alright name some
All I know is raps a circus
Your reaching again y'all bleaching your skin y'all bastards searching
For plastic surgeons to make sure that all of your facial features are thin
You're turning Hip-hop to pop you maggots singing again
Just snap your finger and spin
What the fuck you rapping for

And mother fuck a grammy just hand them bitches to Macklemore
I don't need you to tell me that I'm more gifted then a Capricorn
Born before Christmas get it y'all on some nonsense
And I'm the type to laugh soon as I hear about Donald Sterling's bitch choking on Magic's Johnson[Verse 3:
Royce Da 5'9"]
(Let me get 'em Crook)
I'm cool calm collective smooth
I'm from using coupons with a true mom with infectious views
Number one with you honour and respect the rules
I'm five feet nine inches tall but boy when I'm standing next to dudes
It's like I'm standing on a stepping stool
'cept when im standing with the wrecking crew
We can turn the tables if we could just make these records move
I know I know it's easier said then done but until the day that I'm done and dead
I'll be remembered by more shit being done then said
Listening to rap you gon' hear lies told
But not from me and not on this this one goes out to every blogg'in columnist around the globe
I want my rhyme flow solidified in time so
I gotta get on my grind bro
I'm thankful for the success that I have with Em' but honestly he could've sold more records than that on his
own in a blind fold
And all I'm picturing is my daddy with his arms folded
And looking at me with that look like that's cool but get your own
Confidence breeds success when it's spoke on
Then Patron comes into play then it's postponed
For whatever reason Shady Records still believes in us
And whatever they see in us Interscope don't
Comments being made like niggas old and they pathetic
Now how many times have we proved niggas wrong
And how many niggas you think gon' come out of them offices
And try to show up when we blow up some are gon' even try to take the credit
While we was doing the album the Justice League manager was like
Them niggas album ain't never coming out them niggas don't even like each other
Well fuck the Justice League manager
I would tell you to tell him I said it but talk behind backs is for amateurs
Bitches fake niggas and punks
I don't know it all I just know how to ball and go out and get eight figures in chunks
I'm a fucking warrior I'm a true survivor of having death at your door step, drama in your foyer
That's probably why I looked at that bottle like that's euphoria
When you an addict nobody gotta ask if you wanna' drink that habit will actually ask you for ya'
And that'll destroy ya'
Take it from a G they call me a soul survivor
Cause my soul done floated on to the crossroads for change more than coal for drivers
I made my oldest a promise
To keep my balls off the net and stay devoted to his Mama[Verse 4: Joe Budden]

(Let me get 'em Nickle)
Tell me what if this is big as I'm supposed to be
I'd hate for that to get confirmed don't take the hope from me
Cause that's a deep threat
I mean I'd like to think that I ain't take a peek at my peak yet I got my feet wet
In '98 they said I was close to my death bed
Vom' and fluid on my cig' it was a meth head
Was hard back then ain't have a car back then
Still in on mase had me wishing I had tvs on the head rest
B.I.G.'s Suicidal Thoughts was getting him through
Would've took my life had id've known who I was giving in to
Mama screaming listen to rules if you gon live in this roof
In retrospect hidden jewel it helped me get in this booth
Now my notoriety trumping how incognito I try to be
Even make my bitches keep it low they on their Nayeli
I don't trust none of these hoes
Sad part is I'm such a tortured soul I had that thought when I proposed
Suited up ring in my hand while in my head I'm saying fuck this bitch
Makes sense that she was thinking even less of me
Got ruined in my youth when the first one got the best of me
When she said she'd never leave then she left fuck y'all expect of me
That resentment only had me fucking different bitches different weeks
But most of them was bad that made it bitter sweet
Those are growing pains call it paying dues
She killed a nigga then birthed one all with the same move
We could hit the hookah spot and do a dinner
But thanks to my baby mother i'll bust anywhere but in her
Cause a baby for her is just a problem i'll be stuck with
Like what gives so n'aw I ain't arrogant but my nut is
I'm scarred happened years ago I'm still effected
If she suck and a swallow then she'll get high it's pill infested
500 proof laced with addict deficiencies
But accent in my son another owed to inconsistency
Ugh' looking at all my life's typos
Just trying to remove the fat provide the lipo'
Two words for my enemies die slow
Full time pyros' we do this with our eyes closed[Outro: Joe Budden]
Word up man one more time for the half wits and the simpletons
It go two words for my enemies die slow
Full time fuck it word
La slaughter, La Familia
Ya' know what I mean
No matter what we ride, so lets ride

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