

# Sound Off

## Slaughterhouse

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

You herbs we merged, we're an alliance  
We fight fire with flamethrowers, why would you try us?  
We an outfit, equivalent to Voltron's  
That boy Crooked I is equivalent to four arms  
Joell Ortiz is the body, the cannibal slash killer  
Kill you then eat your body, Joe Budden is the pair of legs  
He runs shit alongside I, the apparent head  
I am the general, bow now, fuck saluting  
I don't really think y'all niggas get it  
Run up on your with a army it is on until it's done, finished  
You got a problem with any one of my slaughters  
Then y'all niggas can come with it  
Me and Joey, we a perfect fit  
He like starting shit, I like ending shit  
I don't squash the beef, I don't bend a bit  
It ain't intricate  
I'm gon' shoot your stupid ass  
You too could laugh, you gon' die smiling  
Try wilding, I get hostile then I'm violent  
I don't make threats nigga I promise  
My style is Stalin mixed with sick lyrics  
If you hear it, it'll lift your spirit  
Turn your appearance into a disappearance  
Tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick  
I fuck with nothing but gangstas  
Nothing but hustla niggas, sound off, sound off, hut  
I fuck with nothing but my clique  
Nothing but hot shit, follow me, sound off, sound off, hut  
I fuck with nothing but gangstas  
Nothing but hustla niggas, sound off, sound off, hut  
I put my money on my clique, hot shit  
Coming out the barrel of my fifth  
I got a raw flow and I stay hungry more so  
Guess that's why I'm the torso  
I pour sweat when I perform shows  
What I record goes down as the best  
But the vets won't let that torch go  
Y'all could keep it, they got flashlights now  
And flamethrowers and I got one on my back right now  
Remain focused, that's what I tell myself now and then  
Don't wanna go back to that block like when Varejo defends  
Uh, oh, my stomach growls again, I ain't none of

you cowards friends  
Every human out of my sight before I count to ten  
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight  
I'm hungry like I never ate  
Set a table up with knives, forks and spoons, I'm 'bout to get a plate  
All these sweet dummies looking me like a  
pepper steak  
Means we never separate, we ain't married  
Jab it every time I touch a pen, I sort of set a date  
I'll devastate your career, look I'm a demonstrate  
Let me get a good breath take before I regulate  
Okay, bye, bye you guys, don't try to rhyme  
'Cause line for line what I design is mine and mine  
Sport a joint divine, meaning right behind  
And thank God it shines all the light in mine  
So my eyes can find a nice dime to grind  
Come here girl, toma, toma, take that, take that  
I fuck with nothing but gangstas  
Nothing but hustla niggas, sound off, sound off, hut  
I fuck with nothing but my clique  
Nothing but hot shit, follow me, sound off, sound off, hut  
I fuck with nothing but gangstas  
Nothing but hustla niggas, sound off, sound off, hut  
I put my money on my clique, hot shit  
Coming out the barrel of my fifth  
You rappers chasing popularity by any means  
Doing silly things, buying too many size 20 skinny jeans  
The west treat me like I'm really king  
I'm Pacquiao in the Philippines, illest thing niggas seen  
You rappers dressing like you fitting to sing Billie Jean  
I got to intervene, fuck you I'm a intervene  
You loud talking, wouldn't kill a thing  
Matter of fact, where's your head, nigga? I got the guillotine  
Fuck your Hollywood Limousine and rented bling  
I give you three red dots and I call it a triple beam  
I'll put your pad on your property, fag  
Properly rob you and hop in the Jag  
If you stopping the profit, the glock will be popping your body  
You'll rock a colostomy bag, shot in the abs, moms will be sad  
Pops will be mad, doctor be glad  
Possibly be stopping the plasma dropping  
Clock running out and the outcome bad  
Any one of you niggas fuck with my team?  
Pretty ass thing with the infrared beam  
Sleep on that and get killed while you dream  
Fuck a rap group Slaughterhouse a machine  
Slaughterhouse, a regime  
I'm gooned up if you know what I mean  
Everybody wanna be down with the king  
No, no, no, no, no fly zone  
I fuck with nothing but gangstas  
Nothing but hustla niggas, sound off, sound off, hut  
I fuck with nothing but my clique  
Nothing but hot shit, follow me, sound off, sound off, hut  
I fuck with nothing but gangstas  
Nothing but hustla niggas, sound off, sound off, hut  
I put my money on my clique, hot shit

Coming out the barrel of my fifth  
My one goal's to astonish, tell the President, VP  
Notify the Congress, they say I'm arrogant, pompous but I'm honest  
I tell them keep an accomplice away from the accomplished  
They still making threats on your highness  
But I tell them where I be, they just ignore the compass  
I think all your mans' play dough, I don't buy that movie, Fandango  
Fans they know that what? You a soldier to a general  
Baby steel, got it in a bag, airtight Navy SEAL  
Tell them little dudes I ain't mad at y'all  
College kids like Asher Roth  
Y'all just trying to put food on the table  
While I'm a just come and try to snatch it off  
If it ain't for me, most young dudes would be angrily  
But anxiously awaiting bankruptcy  
Wonder what makes little motherfuckers think they the same as me  
I'm synchronized you and your men should die  
Learn certain shit you ain't meant to try  
Got the ground covered with some niggas in disguise  
Best bet is to attempt to fly  
Shit's a game, you down, you in for life  
Fuck y'all, I ain't got to generalize  
Y'all enabled to write what the pen describes  
So when he asked what I meant and why, I tell him  
I fuck with nothing but gangstas  
Nothing but hustla niggas, sound off, sound off, hut  
I fuck with nothing but my clique  
Nothing but hot shit, follow me, sound off, sound off, hut  
I fuck with nothing but gangstas  
Nothing but hustla niggas, sound off, sound off, hut  
I put my money on my clique, hot shit  
Coming out the barrel of my fifth

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>