

Wack Mc's

Slaughterhouse

[Intro: sample of Boogie Down Productions' "My Philosophy"] Rap is like a set-up, a lot of games

A lot of suckas with colorful names

I'm so-and-so, I'm this, I'm that

Huh, but they all just wick-wick-wack

[Joe Budden] Ladies and gentlemen

With no further adieux {"wick-wick"}

It's your man, Joey! {"wick-wi-wi-wi-wick-wick-wack"}

Look {"wick-wick-wick-wack"}

I'm the perfect one to show ya, all that slick talkin could be over

All it's gon' take's a U-turn from the chauffeur

You test me, you just see

We mix hands with guns, that's the hood's UFC

And me? I never had gear (nah) but since last year

I swore not to cop nothin if it wasn't cashmere

You just salty, I'm fonder than sodium

Anticipate the shots like Obama at the podium

Me and y'all are nowhere near the same pedigree (nah)

Not in layman's terms, hypothetically

Metaphorically, lyrically, not especially

Theoretically (I mean) we just different genetically

And they ain't named me the champion yet

So it's, ACG's, Champion sweats

Homie this is just a thought (for)

The Donny Wall DJ's that don't wanna play the best nigga in New York, dawg

[Chorus] "Wick-wick-wack"

"Wick, wick-wi-wick-wi-wick-wick-wack"

"Wick-wick-wick-wack"

"Wick-wick-wack"

"Wick, wick-wi-wick-wi-wick-wick-wack"

"Wick-wick-wick-wack"

[Royce Da 5'9"] OHH! My nigga Spyda is BACK!

5'9", that's me, I'm back baby

Slaughterhouse what?

My nigga Jumpoff said it best - y'all niggaz married to the streets

I'm married to a bottle of Patr

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