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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