Coffin

Sony Computer Entertainment

Slaughterhouse!
Bussa Buss!
Somebody better find a hurry up to find the nearest fucking exit
Barge our way through, they wouldn't open the door
First time high, they couldn't know what's raw
You would die if you smoked it, too potent to snort
If you think by the bar, you probably choke on the thought
(What up, what up, what up) Speed dial a coroner
Done with subliminals, now I'm talking to all of ya
Try my patience, wearing it thin
I put my prints in your heart without piercing the skin
(What up, what up, what up) I only need knuckles
Tell him to travel safe, then make his knees buckle
Before they love you, they gotta hate you
They say that real recognize real, we can spot fake too
Y'all know what it is, cause we do it often
Caught another body, buy another coffin
(What up, what up, what up) Buy another coffin
(What up, what up, what up) Buy another coffin
We burn shit down, blow torch scorching
Slaughterhouse bitch, buy another coffin
(What up, what up, what up) Buy another coffin
(What up, what up, what up) Buy another coffin
Knick knack paddy whack, Yaowa wanna bone
Click clack acrobatic coward with the chrome
Purchase another casket, I'm murdering ya bastards
My Desert Eagle's a bird, dirty little rachet
You?s a partner, don?t wanna hollow one touch ya
Screamin' "Oh ahh", when I Bussa Buss ya
I dress my baby up, she got a custom muffler
She be like "pew pew" you be like "uh, uh, uh"
Can you lean with it? Can you drop with it?
Next time I tell you shoot, put a sock in it
(What up, what up, what up) Act calm chief
We Sasquatch beef, big foot up your butt (shut up)
Y'all know what it is, cause we do it often
Caught another body, buy another coffin
(What up, what up, what up) Buy another coffin
(What up, what up, what up) Buy another coffin

We burn shit down, blow torch scorching
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(What up, what up, what up) Buy another coffin
The most beautifulest thing in this world
Are the funerals I bring to this world
(What up, what up, what up) Gimme the beat, I'mma body it
John Gotti it, Crooked probably bodied the audience
(What up, what up, what up) then I'm tryna find a whore
Dick in that vagina like I'm mining for diamonds or
I'm tryna find China or some kind of dinosaur
Try to score like Kentucky in the final four
Yeah, you niggas still will see my gun
Is my other dick, cause it kill pussies
I'm hood, you good? I'm just checking homie
Still hammer dancing, still 2 steppin' with my weapon on me
Y'all know what it is, cause we do it often
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(What up, what up, what up) Buy another coffin
We burn shit down, blow torch scorching
Slaughterhouse bitch, buy another coffin
(What up, what up, what up) Buy another coffin
(What up, what up, what up) Buy another coffin
I said if I ain't fucking with you, you can suck a short for Richard
Until you hiccup, hiccup, need I say more?
Listening to a free beat by Dre, in some free Beats by Dre, or
Tell my attorney to cook it and eat it
I play catch with the body of Bernie from Weekend
At Bernie's with Crooked this evenin'
I'm up in y'all spot with Jersey Joe Walcott
And Brooklyn Ortiz, just please give us a reason
(What up, what up, what up) Fuck all the singin'
I'm about to be a rich nigga, and waste the whole last bar screamin'
You ready? (screams)
Y'all know what it is, cause we do it often
Caught another body, buy another coffin
(What up, what up, what up) Buy another coffin
(What up, what up, what up) Buy another coffin
We burn shit down, blow torch scorching
Slaughterhouse bitch, buy another coffin
(What up, what up, what up) Buy another coffin
(What up, what up, what up) Buy another coffin
Haha, we here

Ready? (screams)

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