Loud Noises (ft. Slaughterhouse)

Bad Meets Evil

Life handed me lemons
I jump back in the public eye and squirted lemon juice in it
By now you just wish I'd fucking die but I electrify
Get electrocuted, executed by an executioner of my flow
Too quick for the human eye to detect zooming by
Guess who, what's happening guys?
They told me to shit, I fell off that pot
Hopped right back up on that crapper and I
Said "fuck it" with a capital I
Look who's back to antagonize
You don't like it? You can eat shit, fuck off little fagot and die
You right back like a maggot on my dick grabbing at my shit,
Better get to the back of the line
You wanna get your shot at me what kinda crap is that
Battle, what kind of rapper
Would I be before I let another rapper think he's hot
I'll bury my face in his stinky twat and go ala la la la
Girl my head space is limited, ain't even room in the back of my mind
That's why I ain't thinking about you,
I don't got time and I told you a thousand times
So how can I find the time to put an alkaline battery
In Royce's back and at the same time put Juice in mine?
Goddamnit Slaughterhouse is signedSlaughterhouse!I'm a menace villain, my pen is sitting spilling, my lyrics killing
Then I let you witness shit when it hit the ceiling
The niggas willing to give the listeners the sickest feeling
Like mixing some Benadryl and penicillin
Then I'm filling the clip with a written
Can you picture my pistol drilling?
A million women and children when I'm illing
But it isn't real, it's a rap
On the real, it's a wrap
How could you possibly stop the Apocalypse
When I'm atomic bombing the populous
Shock the metropolis hostile as a kid
Popping the Glock at his moms and his pops
Then he hops in his drop with his iPod rocking the Slaughterish
Documentation and lyrics I write with confidence
Write like a columnist slash novelist

I'm in this game to demolish, establish my dominance
Over prominent rappers you popping shit till you opposite
I can spit ominous so spit politics now
I'm Haile Selassie, Gandhi, and Pac of this hip hop genre,
Bitch!Slaughterhouse!Lyrically I'm a cocaine Altoid
Ability told brain it's a no brain bout boy
Physically I'm literally a cocaine cowboy
Wait wait, did I just go almost four bars
Without talking about my big dick?
The other day me and your thick bitch had a great day and we ate cake
And then we walked and then she tried to jack me off but she lost
Cause she couldn't handle my shit, wait I sweared
Irony of Ryan is I am bipolar
While I'm rhyming standing beside a big old white bear
Neither one of us fight fair,
You are literally looking at Woody and Wesley in a movie
With a white boy ain't got to jump no where 'cause I'm here
Nigga I'm on fire yeah and I'm every bitch's dream
One, two I'm coming for you, I'm a big old (big old) nightmare!
Nigga this the slaughter stepping up
I'll pretty much slap your ass and tell you to shut the fuck up
After that I'll slap your ass again
And tell you to shut the fuck up shutting up
And that's how you body a fucking beatSlaughterhouse!I should be the one that goes slow
Get a stopwatch, clock my flow
Hit the button on top watch the drug drop
O O dot dot O, Yaowa
When I drop I go outer space
Blackout like Darth Vader's face
Placed in a molten shower
Say something and get them proper
Mama poppa pouring out vodka
Mama Mia, 'em' pass me the seeds
It's a disease that's in the Slaughterhouse casa
Better jet boy go home, better yet boy G four chrome,
Better jet boy, Mark Sanchez, Santanio Holmes
I'm not just any old homeboy
Sitting in a lab picking up a pad
I be spitting bad, I'ma get you mad with this gift I have
Lord duck suffering succotash when the trigger blast
I'ma put your beak on your fitted hat
Where the liquor at? Sip of yak
That bitch and a vicious track I'ma get into that
Sly Pro tools to boast Joe smooth I coast to the West
Like we're tired of living at

New York here's a piggyback ride to the motherland
Hold on brother man, on the other hand get down
I'm gutter fam, gun butt you with the Eagle handle Cunningham
I don't wanna talk, I just wanna beef
I don't want a piece, I want it all baby boy
I don't wanna eat, I wanna feast up you rough piece of shit
You done weak, I'm the one, capiche?Slaughterhouse!Insane what they call us
How you married to the game
But you probably shouldn't have came to the altar
Every bar like propane for the sawed-off, used ya hand to forge you
Eminem, Mr. Porter, slaughter my cinnamon's imminent torture
All of you feminine marauders, that's women at war
Men will assault you, time is a bastard symbol of sorter?
Kidnap your trembling daughter, at least a quarter
I'm administering supporters, got an aura more like Sodom and Gomorrah
Normally something's wrong with me
Claiming a quantity of the porn I see on the pause to me
When I fix the game they'll think shit came with a warranty
How the fuck are they gonna stop when I was born to be
Corner me, shit belong to me, two choices, you can get along with me
Or sit your fagot ass right there in dormancy
Wait, all you missing is heels to be Ru Paul
Ain't nobody that's real ever knew y'all
Second to none and I'm dealing with Marshall
This time I never come down, deal with the blue balls
You ain't gotta fear me but you'll respect me
Niggas who never met me threaten me, want to Gillete me
Coming off soft, I got some machetes
Swinging spaghetti like it's heavy some said he deserve an ESPY
In a Chevy like Andretti, put the Dezzy where his chest beSlaughterhouse!

Songwriters
JOSEPH BUDDEN, HORACE JACKSON, MARSHALL MATHERS, MARSHALL B III MATHERS, ALEXANDER MERZIN, RYAN MONTGOMERY, JOELL ORTIZ, DENAUN M PORTER, LUIS RESTO, DOMINICK WICKLIFFEPublished by
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